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THE BOOKMAN

NIETZSCHEAN PILGRIM FATHERS

By Dorothy Canfield

WHEN I first spelled my way through my history primer's account of the Pilgrim Fathers, the threadbare, too familiar story was all new to me and came fresh-coined from the mint of glory. Swinging my feet and chewing my tongue as I read, I glowed with sympathy for their intrepid resistance to a tyranny which tried hideously to lay hands on the sacred freedom of thought. I was hurrahing inwardly for them as they fought their way across the hostile Atlantic, as they endured the heartbreaking difficulties of their first winter, and I nearly shed tears of admiration when they gloriously refused to go back on the ship that would have set them back where men had the monstrous pretension to dictate to other men what they should or should not believe. Swimming in a golden haze of hero worship I rolled under my tongue the quotation from Mrs. Hemans which ended the chapter:

> Ay, call it holy ground,
> The soil where first they trod!
> They left unstained what there they found —
> Freedom to worship God.

And all unsuspecting, I turned over the page for the next lesson.

Roger Williams and the Quakers were in the next lesson.

I strained my poor nine year old eyes hotly over the unbelievable story. Two hundred and sixty years divided me from the actors of those times, but that afternoon I went off into the woods and shouted excitedly at the top of my voice back across the centuries, to my forefathers, "But looky-here, looky-here! You're doing just what you left England so people wouldn't do it to you. Stop it! Stop it! Stop it! Oh, *please* don't!"

My forefathers returning no answer to my heartbroken appeal, I tried the generation immediately before mine, and shyly put a brief question to my father on the subject. My father's carelessly cynical answer brought a club down on what was left of my cracked and tottering ideal. "Oh, shucks, the Pilgrim Fathers

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wanted the same sort of 'freedom of thought' that everybody wants. . . freedom to bully everybody else into thinking as they do."

Of course the elasticity of childhood and youth being invincible, I did not keep this disillusion in the centre of my consciousness. I poked it down into the darkest corner of my mind and thought I had forgotten it. I grew up to be nineteen and twenty, and as automatically as I put up my hair and learned how to dance, I plunged into the other natural accompaniment of being nineteen and twenty, and became a radical. "Down with the tyranny of the past" resounds recurrently with healthy vigor as each generation advances toward its later teens, and I sallied forth with others of my age, a red flag in one hand and a bomb in the other. I cannot now remember just what we attacked but I suppose, from the dates, that we waged war on such moth-eaten *old formulæ* as, "Woman's sphere is the home": "My father's God is good enough for me": "Impressionism is all poppycock, paint pots thrown in the face of the public": "Organized Labor is flying in the face of the immutable law of supply and demand", etc., etc. I do remember that any adverse criticism of Ibsen made us froth at the mouth, and that we were prepared to shed our heart's blood for the right of women to wear rainy day skirts as high as their shoe tops. "Liberty, sacred liberty!" we shouted as we charged.

When did I begin to notice a certain deadly likeness to our Puritan forebears? When did the recollection of Roger Williams and the Quakers begin to seep coldly into my mind? I don't know when. With advancing years, I suppose, and with that recognition of the vast, incalculable diversity of human nature which can only come after a considerable first-hand contact with all kinds of people.

Perhaps it was the too great vogue of our campaign for emancipating women from domestic slavery that made me first wonder whether it was such an uphill battle for liberty we were fighting, and whether it was really liberty we were getting. We had repudiated at the tops of our voices the ridiculously sweeping generalization that every woman is happier bringing up children than in any other occupation. Things began to go our way; the writers on our side began to be in fashion, to be considered the knowing and sophisticated ones. The other side hung its sentimental head in defeated silence.

And then — oh, bother, take it! It seemed to me I began to see Roger Williams and the Quakers approaching. The sound, much needed axiom "Every woman is not a natural mother" seemed insensibly to have become "No woman is a natural mother". After all there are women, just as there are men, who prefer children and home life to anything else. In the generation of our grandmothers no girl "in our set" had ventured to say she wanted anything in life but to marry and bring up children. After we had said our say, no girl "in our set" ventured to say that she *did* want to marry and bring up children.

All that we had done, apparently, was to vary the kind of intimidation, from the kind that had not suited our tastes to the kind that did. We had summoned people to free themselves from the tyrannical dicta of preachers in the pulpits, and had clapped upon them the other tyranny of the radical magazines. Were they getting any more chance to be themselves? Weren't they being bullied into be-

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lieving what radical thinkers told them to believe, rather than what they really did believe? Were people with a mystical, poetic, religious turn of mind getting any fairer show now than people with a logical, clean cut turn of mind had when we were twenty? When we said "self-expression" did we mean "self-expression", or did we mean the expression of Bernard Shaw's self? Did we not yell "sentimental hypocrite" at people who ventured to express other personalities than the brisk, clear eyed, level headed, disillusioned type which happened to suit our fancy?

My early fierce outraged scorn for the Puritan Fathers began to be tempered with humility. It wasn't such an easy trick to turn . . . to leave people free to believe what you *knew* was all nonsense.

And yet, with every year that revolved before my eyes the kaleidoscope of the infinitely various differences between human beings, there was forced upon me the intolerable conviction that perhaps what we knew was all nonsense might not be all nonsense for everybody.

One's first conception of that idea is a terrible moment in life. I suppose it is the beginning of old age—certainly of middle age. It is as devastating as an earthquake to the exhilarating cocksureness which has hitherto been the solid ground under one's feet. Forever afterward one advances with craven caution, one tries to modify sweeping generalizations by those qualifying clauses which normal human beings instinctively detest. It is unpopular enough business to temper any sweeping generalizations whatever — people are uneasy when historians try to qualify to greater truthfulness even such dead issues as opinions on the causes of the Civil War, or what sort of man George Washington really was. But when anyone tries to limit with qualifying phrases the generalizations actually in fashion, then indeed do people cast him out of the righteous ranks of orthodox Plymouth and drive him off to live with the Indians.

Somewhat aloofly then — my natural inheritance of human intolerance inhibited by the certainty that there is much to be said on both sides — and considerably ashamed of my aloofness, I look on at the old struggle being fought as fiercely today as it was twenty years ago.

One of the sweeping generalizations in fashion now is that the late war was caused solely by capitalists and fought either by men naturally brutes, or by finer specimens forced against their will into the ranks by brutalized public opinion. Everybody knows in his heart that this is not a complete statement of the truth, but no one in the ranks of the sophisticated may be permitted to qualify the statement. The tyranny of what is "the thing" to think is as absolute in one direction now as it was during the war when no one was permitted to qualify the equally outrageous statement that the war was caused solely by sympathy for ravaged Belgium and was fought by snowy souled Crusaders.

Another sweeping generalization just now settling itself in the saddle is that middle western American life starves and cramps all souls submitting to it — starves and cramps, that is, more than any other organized human society puts the screws on originality and personality anywhere else. Nobody must qualify that statement under pain of a sentence of exile, passed by the new Pilgrim Fathers, battling gloriously for universal freedom to think as they do.

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Another more intimate and personal conviction is that self-control is synonymous with self-mutilation, that self-abnegation is always perverse morbidity.

Another one states that ethics based on enlightened self-interest should and will take the place of religion in human life and that any form of "religion" which involves a mystical sense of communion with a power greater than ourselves, is as out of date in the human mind as the appendix in the human body.

These, since they happen to arouse no personal passion of mine, I can consider calmly. But the Old Adam is not dead in me. Let anyone maintain that the principle of authority *qua* authority is needed in human life, and every atom of me rises up aflame in denial. I cannot conceive it calmly, cannot put my mind on it impartially as I do on other matters. Any mention of it in my presence is like dropping a lighted match into a keg of gunpowder. I go off with a shattering bang. It is my flaming conviction that *nobody* should pretend to tell *any*body how to run his life. This conviction seems so axiomatic to me that it was like turning all my brain cells inside out, to get a faint, distant glimpse of the possibility that perhaps, occasionally in some cases, once in a while, the principle of authority might be necessary for the stiffening into shape of certain especially jelly-like temperaments. I don't believe it! Heavens, no! I can never *believe* it! But as from time to time I encounter, among the maddeningly diverse specimens of human nature which surround me, a specimen especially inchoate, born without the necessary structure of moral bones, I *almost* perceive the possibility that even my own pet sweeping generalization may need occasional qualification.

This perception, faint and passing as it is, makes me so dizzy and sick that I am sure I could never act on it. I am not even sure that I could refrain from attacking someone else trying to act on it. I try to be flexible minded and tolerant but I stiffen and flame when that conviction is touched. This makes me understand how other people feel about their special generalizations, how the woman who has fought her way out of a hideous, hide bound, joy killing creed, stiffens and flames at any suggestion that some people need a mystical religion: how a man who has lived with an exasperatingly "devoted mother" flares up ragingly at the idea that self-sacrifice may be commendable. I understand that there is no help for us, that we are none of us battling for freedom of thought. We are battling to set up our dogmatic convictions just as our fathers did, and as we despised them for doing. Our convictions are different from theirs. That is all. We are ready to fight to force on others what Samuel Butler has told us to believe, instead of what Tennyson told our fathers to believe. We don't intend to allow any variation from our standards if we can help it, any more than they did.

For a time I was greatly cast down over the discovery of this invincible intolerance in all our hearts. Apparently we were no better than anyone else. Had any good come at all of our fine ideas of liberalism and freedom? Had we helped the younger generation in the least?

I began to look around me at the younger generation, the really younger ones, those under adolescence, the ones who have been brought up in the best modern manner, unrepressed by stale old restrictions, unhampered

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by stale old beliefs. And I began to think that I saw two things: first, that the beliefs from which we revolted are not stale and old to them at all, but gleaming bright with novelty; and second, as to these beliefs of ours which we have tried to force on them, they are preparing a revolt from us, as they advance toward their later teens. One of my modern acquaintances told me the other day, "What do you think? My Jeannette is just crazy about babies. She'll leave a bunch of her twelve year old playmates *any* day to fool around the whole afternoon with our neighbor's eight months old little girl. And she says when she grows up and marries, she wants to have seven children, and *not belong to a single club!* Where does she get such ideas? It's nothing *I've* taught her; nothing she's picked up at home!"

It occurs to me that the great saints and heroes of mysticism never come from religious families, but out of a free thinking, materialistic milieu. There comes to me with a clap, what every old woman knows, that rigidly neat housekeepers always have careless, slack daughters and that the daughters of careless, slack housekeepers always react violently into violent tidiness.

I begin to wonder, just wonder speculatively, how Christian ideals will seem to young people who have the intimate excitement and triumph of discovering them under protest, rather than having them crammed down their throats. It occurs to me that perhaps all we have been doing, as we impetuously emptied the baby out with the bath, was to enhance the value of babies. Will not the youngest generation have a perfectly fresh, spontaneous joy in rushing to rescue what we have thrown away? Isn't it possible that in a generation brought up to ruthless logic *à la* Shaw, there may be individuals with spiritual and mystical minds, who will revolt against ruthless logic as hotly as we against dogmas, and who, reveling in all the inimitable joys of martyrdom, will fight, bleed, and die for the right to believe in what they believe — even if it is in a religion of faith? Among children brought up to believe that self-development is the highest duty of man, may there not even now be growing up here and there some whose brain cells are different from those of the majority, who will stumble some day by accident into a self-abnegating deed, recognize in the sweetness of the pleasure it gives them their own rightful inheritance, and fleeing the intolerance of the latter day Nietzschean Pilgrim Fathers, betake themselves off to live the life they were meant for? We will persecute them I dare say, and call them reactionary, and hold them up as horrible examples of sentimental self-deception. And all that we will really accomplish, as far as they are concerned, will be to tear from the pure gold of their ideals the disfiguring rags of outgrown dogma, which we mistook for the thing itself.

On the whole, as I think it over, it seems to me that if we do that, we will have done about all that can be expected of any generation. Human progress is slow and spiral. Perhaps, although it is certainly not in the least what we meant to do, that will be counted as our sufficient contribution.

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SONGS OF A SYRIAN LOVER

By Clinton Scollard

At Tyre

The wind of twilight dirges
About the rocks of Tyre,
And all the long sea surges
Are lit with crimson fire.

Gone is the olden glory
Of crowded walls and quays,
And Tyre is but a story
Of faded memories.

But I who near it wander,
Heart-sad with love's desire,
Must pause awhile and ponder
On how they loved in Tyre.

Starlight

Many the skies I have wandered under,
My only guide the light of the stars,
From where the waves about Acre thunder
To the garden-bowers of Pharz.

But be it mountainward or foamward
That I have journeyed in pilgrim wise,
Ever my footsteps have been led homeward
By the starlight of her eyes!

Worship

The wander-lure has led me far
To where the shrines of Petra are;

Yea, even to the altar where
The Queen Zenobia knelt in prayer.

Yet 'tis not there I seem to be
The nearest to divinity,

But when I bow my head before
The threshold of her open door.

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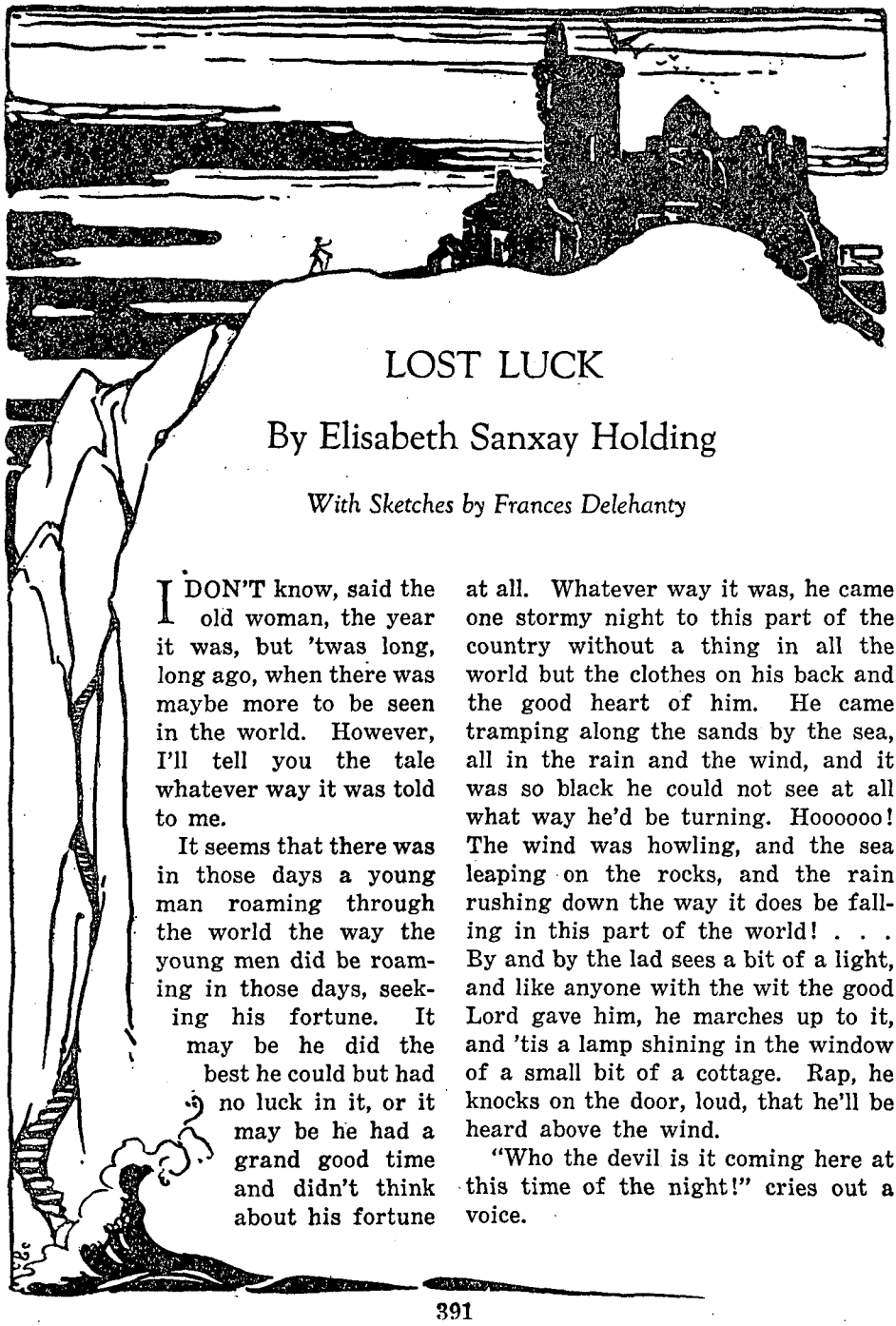

LOST LUCK

By Elisabeth Sanxay Holding

With Sketches by Frances Delehanty

I DON'T know, said the old woman, the year it was, but 'twas long, long ago, when there was maybe more to be seen in the world. However, I'll tell you the tale whatever way it was told to me.

It seems that there was in those days a young man roaming through the world the way the young men did be roaming in those days, seeking his fortune. It may be he did the best he could but had no luck in it, or it may be he had a grand good time and didn't think about his fortune at all. Whatever way it was, he came one stormy night to this part of the country without a thing in all the world but the clothes on his back and the good heart of him. He came tramping along the sands by the sea, all in the rain and the wind, and it was so black he could not see at all what way he'd be turning. Hoooooo! The wind was howling, and the sea leaping on the rocks, and the rain rushing down the way it does be falling in this part of the world! . . . By and by the lad sees a bit of a light, and like anyone with the wit the good Lord gave him, he marches up to it, and 'tis a lamp shining in the window of a small bit of a cottage. Rap, he knocks on the door, loud, that he'll be heard above the wind.

"Who the devil is it coming here at this time of the night!" cries out a voice.

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"Come and see for yourself!" says the lad, cheerful as you please.

Well, then, the fisherman that's in there opens the door and in he goes, drip-drip-dripping, and shivering, but still laughing.

"Whatever are ye doing here?" asks the fisherman. "And what is it ye want?"

"I want to see whatever is to be seen in this part of the world", says the lad, "and from ye all I want is that ye'll let me get dry by your fire."

"Let ye get dry by my fire then", says the fisherman, "though it's a poor bit of a fire; and 'tis a poor part of the world entirely ye've come to look at. There's no one in it has more money than he brought into the world with him, except it is old MacGority, up there on the rocks. Look at me," says he; "I do be working the two hands off of me, and I get nothing at all by it. Even the fish", says he, "will not come here. Oh", says he, "'tis a bitter life! I'm a young man, but I've the heavy heart of an old one."

"Conar Kilaine is my name", says the other, "and I've not yet found the thing could make the heart of me heavy. I like to go about the world", he says, "to see what's to be seen, and I am troubled by nothing that happens whatever."

Then the two of them had a fine talking the night long. Conar Kilaine telling of all he'd seen in foreign lands, and the like, and Neeley, the fisherman, glad of the chance to tell all the troubles he'd had.

"I cannot even get together the bit of money I'd be wanting to get married," he says. "I'd like to leave it all and go wandering through the world with ye, Conar Kilaine, and I would do it, if it were not for a girl I'd have to be leaving here." And he gives a big sigh. "Well", says he, "it seems there's no more luck at all in it, if ye go seeking it, or if ye stay at home waiting for it. 'Tis vanished out of Ireland entirely."

"Let ye be quiet! There's good years before the two of us yet," says Conar Kilaine.

When it was morning the two of them went out of the cottage and walked along the sands a bit, and by this time they were the best friends ever you'd see, talking about this thing and that thing. It was a fine, bright day, but there was a terrible high wind, and the sea not yet fit for any fishing whatever. Well, on they went, and on they went, till after a bit they came to the foot of a great cliff that went straight up from the sands and on the top of it was an old, old castle all of stone with great thick walls and slits of windows. Some parts were falling down entirely and were nothing at all but heaps of stones, but a kind of round tower was standing, as good as ever it was. Square on the rock it was built, with not a bit of green grass anywhere to be seen, and the strong salt winds blowing over it day and night and the rain and the mist eating it away.

"'Tis so ancient no one knows at all when it was built", says Neeley, "nor who it was built it, but it is well known that the MacGoritys have lived in it more years than could be counted. Bad they've been, all of them, but the one living there now is the worst of them all."

"What's wrong with him at all?" asks Conar.

"People go in there", says Neeley, "but they do not come out."

"God help us! And where do they go at all?"

"That I do not know, nor anyone else," says Neeley.

Conar stands still, looking up at the

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old castle with the eyes staring out of his head.

"Can ye not tell me more about it?" he asks. "'Tis the sort of tale I like."

"The first I know of", says Neeley, "was an old pedler man that came by in the winter, long ago, when I was a child. He went in to get warm by the fire. The old woman there saw him with her own eyes, sitting there in the firelight. But none ever set eyes on him again in this world. . . . Then there was a young lad from beyond went up there, to see was there work for him. . . . And a child that was seeking a little dog he'd lost. . . . They came in, and they were never seen to go out again. They'd the police in it, but nothing was found whatever."

"God help us!" says Conar. "'Tis a bad house to visit in at all!"

"It is that!" says Neeley. "Let us walk on where we'll see it no more."

But Conar takes him by the arm.

"No," says he. "I cannot. I'm thinking I must go up there, to see can I learn how it all came about."

"Let ye not be a fool!" says Neeley. "Stay with me. . . . I will be glad", he says, "to share all I have with ye. Because", he says, "with your laughing and your talking ye lift the sadness off of me."

"I'll come back to ye!" says Conar. "Only I do be that restless I must be always looking into anything I can't understand. I'd have no peace, night or day", says he, "till I'd seen the inside of that castle."

"There's one thing ye'll see in it", says Neeley, "and that's the prettiest face in this part of the world. If old MacGority is the Devil himself, his daughter is an angel. I'd give the two eyes out of my head", says he, "if only she'd look at me."

"So it's she is keeping ye fast in this corner!" says Conar. "Well, if I've a chance, I'll say a word for ye, Neeley! And now", says he, "I will be going up there, to see will they let me in at all."

"Good luck to ye," says Neeley. "But I think I'll soon see ye down here again."

So Conar sets out, up the cliff by a stony bit of a road, winding round and round, and after a while he finds himself before the house. The sun was shining bright enough, but it gave no cheer at all to that place; the door stood open, and inside you could see nothing but blackness, and when you drew near, it was like a cold breath from a graveyard. A terrible place. Young Conar steps in, as bold as brass, and looks about him, and he thinks to himself it's the saddest place ever he'd set eyes on, so dark and poor and dismal. There was a room as big as a big house, all stone, without a stick in it but three old chairs and a table. The fire was as low as it could be kept and close by it sat a man, crouched down in such a way that you could not see him at all. But when he hears the step of Conar on the stone floor, he looks up, in a way to show the bad, crafty face of him.

"Aha!" says he, "I've been expecting ye!"

"How could that be", says Conar, "when ye've never set eyes on me before, nor yet heard the name of me?"

"'Twas time someone came, and I knew someone would be coming," says the old man. "Let ye sit down!"

He did so, and in a minute in comes a young girl.

"That'll be the girl Neeley was speaking of, I don't doubt," thinks Conar. "Well, it's true that she's pretty, but 'tis a sad, pale sort of face for a young girl."

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"Nora!" says the old man. "Here's a young man come to visit us. See to it that he's comfortable."

Then she went off again, and the two of them sat there by the bit of a fire. Conar was thinking of the girl, and the queer house it was, the bad look of the old man. What the old man himself was thinking, only the Devil knows.

"Do ye know", says he, speaking out of the dark, "that I'm the last MacGority in this part of the world, and that when I'm dead, there'll be none?"

"Is that so?" says Conar.

"There's my girl," says the old man. "The man that marries her will get the luck I leave."

"Luck is it?" says Conar, looking about him at the old stone hall and the broken bits of chairs.

"Luck it is, my lad," says the old man. "It is not always the richest man has the finest house. No", says he, with a chuckle, "ye're wrong, my lad. There's luck for the MacGoritys if they'll be bold enough to hold it. I've had luck," says he; "eighty years near I've lived and wanted for nothing all that while. I've a good daughter and I had a good wife, rest her soul!"

"Luck is it!" thinks Conar, looking at the old shrunken man crouching before his fire, without one he could call a friend on this earth. "Then I'd rather be unlucky!"

"Indeed and there's lots ye don't know", the old man goes on to say, "but ye're young and it may be ye'll learn something before ye die."

And he gives a great sigh.

"I'm an old man", says he, "and near the end of my time. Oh, the glory of the MacGoritys in the old days!" says he. "The grandest and richest in the land, and all of it gone now!"

They sat on there and all the while it grew darker and darker, until there was nothing at all to be seen in the great room but a pale square in the wall where the door was.

"Light a candle!" calls old MacGority, and his daughter did what he'd said. The light was so poor, it was little better than darkness; still, Conar could see the girl moving about, here and there, by which he knew she was getting a supper for them. A bad enough meal it was too, that would not have pleased a beggar, and the night wind had grown bitter cold, and was blowing in at all the cracks in the walls, so that the young man found himself worse up here in the castle than he'd been down below in the fisherman's cottage.

"Well, lad!" says old MacGority, when they'd eaten, "'tis not often we have a guest sitting at our fireside. It's a queer world!"

"It is," says Conar.

And while he was speaking, there's a knock at the door.

"Come in!" says the old man, and who is it at all but Neeley the fisherman.

"I've come after Conar Kilaine," says he. "I think he's been with ye long enough."

"Here he is", says the old man, "and he'll stay the night. Let ye do the same, Neeley! There's room and to spare for the two of ye. Sit ye down, and tell us, what luck do ye have with the fishing?"

"No luck at all," says Neeley.

"The last time ever I saw ye", says the old man, "was when ye came up here to be courting Nora. My daughter!" says he, beginning to laugh. "My daughter that's a MacGority and living in a castle, to be the wife of a young fisherman that catches no fish at all, and him living down below

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there in that poor bit of a house and not a penny to bless him."

Neeley says nothing at all to this. He drew up a stool by the fire, and sat down with the other two, and there they were, with a word now and then, a long while and a long while, till they were near dead with sleep.

" 'Tis time for bed," says the old man at last. "Neeley, ye're an unbidden guest, but we will make room for ye. Let ye wait here till I light this young man to his room."

So he lights a candle and goes to show Conar where he is to sleep.

"Good night!" says he. "I hope ye'll not wake till morning!" And off he goes.

Conar looked about him, and when he saw the kind of place he was in: "God help us!" says he. "I'd be no worse off in a prison whatever."

It was in the tower, a round room with two bits of windows not so wide as your hand. The stone floor and the walls were wet and slimy and the beams of the ceiling overhead looked rotten enough to drop. A wind came moaning in from somewhere, making the candle flicker, and as he stood still, he heard a strange noise, like water lapping on stone.

"Now what's that?" thinks he, and listens again, and there it is, a gurgling and splashing, that you'd think came from the ground. He took up his candle and went all around the room. He looked under the bed and in all the corners, and he tried to look out of the windows, but the walls were so thick and the night so dark it was no better than closing your eyes. So he got into bed and pulled the covers over him, but not a bit could he sleep, for the queer noise of water below, and a sort of fear that was on him. He could not help but think of what he'd heard that day, of those that had come into that house and was never seen to go out again. And it came on him how hard that would be, never to get out of the black, cold place it was, but to die in there, like a rat in a trap, as it maybe had been with the pedler and the young lad and the child. He tossed to one side and he tossed to the other, and the longing was on him for the sun and the salt wind.

Then he hears a new sound, like rats, maybe, overhead, scratching and gnawing, and yet you'd know it wasn't rats. He sat up in bed to listen, and the more he listened, the less did he like it. So he thinks he'll get up and light a candle and maybe go out and find Neeley, to see what does he think of this queer noise. But he hadn't put match to the candle when crack — down comes a big beam from the ceiling, falling fair on the bed he'd but that moment quitted, and crushing it entirely. The air was full of dust and plaster and bits of wood and stone were falling like rain for a long time.

"Praise the saints!" says Conar. "That came near to being my last sleep on earth."

He had to wait for a while, till the trembling in his limbs left him; then he opened the door and went out, very quiet, to see could he find his friend.

" 'Tis an old house," he says to himself. "I'll blame no one. . . . Who would ever be wanting my life at all, me without a penny to bless me?"

But in his heart he knows very well that there's someone in that house had tried to murder him that night. So he went along very careful, looking behind him every once in a while, and holding out his candle to throw a light in the dark corners. Never in all your life did you see such a place as that old castle of MacGority's! Down along a winding passage did

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Conar go, with walls all of stone, and on the two sides of it little rooms with doors gone off them, and the night wind tearing in through the slits of windows. He looked into each one of them as he went by, and they were as bare as the rocks out by the sea. Then he went past the kitchen and down another passage, and there was nothing there but a great, big room like a church, and nothing at all in it either. And as he was coming back, thinking that now he'd go upstairs, something comes slinking out of the kitchen like a cat, and jumps on him from behind.

"Glory be to God!" he cries. "It must be the Devil is in it!" But the thing lets him go then, and cries:

"I did not know it was ye, Conar Kilaine!"

"Neeley, is it! I was seeking ye now, wandering through and about this place."

"Whist!" says Neeley. "Speak low! Let the two of us go through the house, for often in the night time ye can see things never to be seen in the day. It may be we can catch that old fox about some of his black work."

So they went up the stairs, and on the floor above they came to a door where a crack of light was showing. They blew out the candle and the two of them stooped down to look through the keyhole, one after the other, and what do they see but old MacGority, bending over a wooden stand, all carved, with a book on it, the biggest book ever you saw. And he'd read it, and then he'd groan, and catch hold of his white hair.

"Oh!" says he, and "Oh! I'd take help from the Devil himself!" over and over again. "I'm an old, old man and the strength of my young days is gone. However am I to do this?" says he. "And if I do not do it now, while I have the chance, it may be I'll not live to see anyone else come into the place. Oh!" he says, "'twas different in the old days. 'Tis said Morann MacGority had the power to raise a fog whenever he wanted, but there is not that power in me, nor any other. Oh!" he groans, "after all these years and years! My heart is broke!"

Then he got up and began to tramp round the room, groaning and tearing his hair, and crying out strange names and all. A terrible face he had on him, wild and fierce, with eyes like fire and yet the tears running over his cheeks. And all of a sudden he burst open the door and came out so quick they'd scarce time to draw back.

Then Conar heard feet pattering along in the dark, but when he put out his hand to catch hold of Neeley, the lad was not there. He'd gone off, taking the candle with him. Conar goes hurrying along the way he thought the footsteps was going, but being in darkness and strange to the place, in a moment more he came up against a corner of the stone wall with such a crack that he was near knocked senseless. And when he'd steadied himself a bit, the footsteps wasn't to be heard at all. So he could see nothing better than to go back, with his hand along the wall, to the room the old man had come out of, to see could he get a light there. Sure enough, there was two fine wax candles in it, and he had hold of one, and was just going out with it, when his eye was caught by the big book lying open there. 'Twas such a fine book, and so rich, all gold and blue and red and the like, glittering in the candlelight, that the young man thought it must be some holy book. 'Twas all written by hand on a kind of skin, in old Irish letters very hard to read. But Conar was a bit of a scholar, and when he saw the name of

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MacGority there, he thinks he'd like to know what was in it all.

Well, 'twas the queerest tale ever you heard. It seems there was long ago a powerful race of men called the Romans, living far off, where I cannot say, but 'twas far distant from here. Terrible restless men they was, forever running into foreign lands and fighting with those they'd find there. One day they came on an island, far in the south, where the people was wild and fierce, and they fell on these people and destroyed them entirely, and then went all about the island to see what could they find. Well, says the book, before long they came on a cave under the ground, and in that cave was these blind fish, the only ones to be found the world over. The poor wild people living on the island had had no better sense than to bow down and worship these fish, God forgive them! Whenever their luck was bad, or there was a famine maybe, they'd drag some man, or it may be some poor woman, down into that terrible black cave, to be thrown in for the fishes to eat.

It must be those Romans was worse than other men, for the book tells how they took away these blind fish into their own land and went on for years and years, throwing men and women in to them, slaves and wrongdoers and prisoners from the wars, till the beasts got so bad they liked nothing else.

Then, long and long ago, one of these Romans comes sailing to Erin, what for at all I don't know, for 'tis a poor land, God knows, and little to be got from it. And some way, it may be by selling, it may be a present, or perhaps they was stole, but anyway two of these fishes passed into the hands of a MacGority that was a king or the like in those days. Since then they'd been cared for and passed on from father to son, multiplying and thriving, *if*, says the book, at least once in five years they'd but get a taste of the *food they liked best.*

"And what do they see but old MacGority, bending over a wooden stand"

And underneath, in letters as red as blood:

"LET EVERY MACGORITY THAT LOVES LIFE AND LUCK READ THIS AND GUARD THE BLIND FISHES LIKE HIS OWN SOUL!"

When Conar'd read this, he stood a minute, putting this and that together, till he was beginning to understand it all. Then he takes up the candle again.

"Now", says he, "I must and I will find where is Neeley gone after that old fox."

He went down the passage again, holding his candle high. And all the while he has a terrible feeling that something was creeping up behind him. It raised the hair on his head. He'd think he heard a step and a soft breath that'd make the candle flare, but when he'd turn, there was nothing.

The passage for all its windings

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only went round the tower, there was no beginning to it, and no end. He looked into all the rooms, most of them bare and dark, save the room with the book and his own, and the big kitchen where they all ate, where a red bit of fire was smoldering. And all the time not a sound nor a sight of a living soul. He was near distracted, with the quiet and the dark and the queer sort of fright that was on him.

"I'll never see the poor boy again in this life!" he thinks, and that so tears the heart of him that he begins to call as loud as he can.

"Neeley! Neeley! Where is it ye are?"

There's no answer at all but his own voice still sounding back from the stones.

Then down the stairs, from a part of the tower he didn't know was used at all, comes poor Nora, barefooted, and her fine black hair hanging down her back.

"For the love of God", says she, "what is it?"

"Where is your father?" says he.

"That I cannot tell ye", she answers him, "for I've given my promise that I will not."

"Promise or no promise ye must", says Conar, "for he's got Neeley in it with him, and I'm feared I'll never see the boy again alive."

When she hears this, the poor creature begins to cry.

"Oh!" she says. "Give me your word ye'll do him no harm whatever, and I'll tell ye. For I cannot at all have the sin on my soul that anything should go wrong with Neeley. Come", says she, "and be quick!"

Conar follows after her, through the warm, dark kitchen, and then she opens the door and runs out in the windy night, over stones and all with her bare feet. Conar's candle blows out, but he follows the white dress she has on, and the pitiful sobs of her. Down she goes, along the bit of a path leading along the cliff to the sands, and after they'd gone but a few steps, she stops.

"There's a door here in the cliff," says she. "Open it and there's stairs. Go down them, Conar, and God be with ye!"

'Twas the cunningest door ever you saw, for if she hadn't pointed it out to him, Conar would never have known it for a door at all, but only a part of the rocky cliff. Nora holds up the new-lighted candle and shows him a brass ring he's to pull, and he pulls it, and there's a sort of trap opens. He takes the candle from her and goes down the steps that's there, leaving the poor girl all alone in the dark night.

"But under God's sky she is", he thinks, "and that's a comfort, for where I'm going I do not know at all."

A noise of water leaping and lapping came up very plain to him and a terrible sort of smell that turned him sick. It was like nothing else in the world whatever, the foulest smell ever there was. All over the world he'd been, and never come across its like.

Down he goes, quick and careful as a cat, and every step he'd take, the smell grew worse and worse. So that he was glad when he felt the wind from up above blowing behind him, although it put out his candle and left him in the dark again.

The noise of the water was loud now, and before long he stepped foot on solid ground. He feels his way along, and after a bit he turns a corner, and comes all of a sudden on the old man, kneeling on the ground, with a candle beside him. All crouched over he was, so that his shadow on the wall was like a terrible big spider. It

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was a kind of cellar he was in, all of stone, with low arches one after another, and everything wet and slippery.

He hears Conar and up he jumps.

"What!" he screams. "Ye coming down here after me! I'll put the blackest curse on ye," he begins, and then stops and stares at him, like he was thinking hard.

"'Tis natural," he says, after a bit. "All fools is curious. Now that ye are here, I'll show ye what I would have showed ye soon anyway. Here's the luck of the MacGoritys," he says.

He then holds out the candle and shows to Conar a black pit, square and very large, and in it could be seen dark water dashing against the sides and splashing and swirling all the time like there was living creatures in it.

"'Tis my fish," says MacGority. "This place was built for them long, long ago by a MacGority, and it's a grand place for them. The rarest fish in the world they are. There's none like them anywhere at all, and very ancient. If I could only feed them more regular with the food they like best, they'd never die."

"And what is it ye feed them?" asks Conar in a queer voice.

"Oh, bits of scraps and the like," he answers.

He takes a small net and dips it into the water, and in a minute he has something in it. The most sickening thing it was that ever lived; a big, bloated, dirty-white fish, with no eyes at all, flopping in the net in a clumsy way, and raising the terrible blind head of it. And the smell of the thing!

"God help us!" cries Conar. "Such beasts was never meant to live at all!"

And he knocks the thing out of the old man's hand back into the water again.

"Old man!" says he, in a terrible voice. *"Where's Neeley?"*

"Neeley?" says the other. "And how would I know at all?"

"Answer!" says Conar, "or old man or not, I'll choke it from the throat of ye."

"Look for him", MacGority says,

"The luck of the MacGoritys"

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"for I know nothing at all about him." And he hands the light to Conar. There's nothing whatever to be seen, from one end of the place to the other, but the old fox and himself, and a sort of bundle on the ground that MacGority had been bending over when Conar came on him.

"What's in there?" asks Conar.

"Oh, 'tis scraps of bread and the like for my fish," answers MacGority. "I'd best be feeding them now, I'm thinking." And he starts to push the bundle with his foot, nearer to the edge of the water.

"Stop!" says Conar. "I'll see what it is in there!"

"Ye will not!" cries MacGority, but Conar gives him a great push that sends him flat on his back. Then he pulls aside a sort of thick blanket wrapped about the bundle, and there is Neeley, bound hand and foot, and his mouth tied. Conar has only the time to free the arms of the lad, for MacGority is up again and at his throat. And Conar being on his knees, MacGority is able to throw him down. Then with a push he sends poor Neeley rolling over the edge of the pit, snatches up the candle and makes for the stairs. But Conar's after him like a flash, wrests the candle out of his hand, and in the fierce anger that's on him, what does he do but fling the old fox into the water too.

By the candle's light he looks into the pit; there's nothing there but a terrible commotion in the water; then all of a sudden up sticks a bony wrist, and goes down again. Whether 'twas that of MacGority or of Neeley, he'd no way of knowing, but it was not in him to lose the chance to help Neeley.

"May all my sins be forgiven me!" says he, and throwing off his coat, in he plunges.

The cold water closes over his head, so deadly cold it took all the strength that was in him. He struck out, slow and feeble, but he couldn't come up to the top, the way a swimmer will surely do. The vile smell smothers him, the blood pounds in his head, his eyes are starting out of their sockets, queer sounds come in his throat, his heart seems to burst. Something is holding him down under the water, dozens of soft mouths sucking at his skin, clinging to his face and to his bare hands and neck. With a great jerk, he rises to the surface and gets a good long breath of air, and with that a bit of clearness seems to blow through his head. He tries to pull off the fish, but more and more fastened on to him, sucking the flesh off his bones. He could feel them all over his body. He could smell the awful smell of them and hear the flopping of their fat, soft bodies in the water.

But one more struggle he'll make, before he'll die down there in the dark, with the fishes devouring him, him so young and so strong. So he gives a great shout and tries to fight clear of the beasts, but he cannot do so.

"God have mercy on me!" he groans, and gives up the fight.

Down he sinks, well knowing it will soon be over with him in this world. Then all of a sudden comes a terrible, roaring sort of noise, and he feels himself whirled along by a fierce, strong current in the water, till he's brought up against the stone edge of the pool with a crash that knocks the senses out of him.

Then he knows no more for a long time, and when he opens his eyes, there he is lying on the cliff, with the good salt wind blowing on him and the sun shining, and Nora's face bending over him. Like a bad dream it was, all that had passed, except that he

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felt sore and bruised from head to foot.

"How ever did I get out of that?" he asks, very weak.

Nora turns away her head, weeping.

"Here's Neeley will tell ye", says she, "while I'm in the house to get the two of ye something to eat."

And there's young Neeley, but little the worse for all that has happened.

"And ye that was tied fast", cries Conar, "are ye out of it too? What about himself then?"

"Himself will not come out of it again in this life at all," Neeley answers. "He came by an end as bad as he deserved and maybe worse, though what should I say in favor of him that tried to destroy me? Here is the way it was:

"I crept after the old fox, down through the door in the cliff and all, hoping at last I'd learn what he was about down there and thinking all the time he'd no notion whatever I was behind him. Then, when we'd got down there, all of a sudden he comes flying at my throat and brings me down to the ground, like a dog with a rat. Oh, 'twas a terrible fight we had then, rolling about. Powerful strong he was, Conar, and in the end he got the better of me and tied me up the way ye saw. 'For I'll have no struggling at all', says he, 'the way ye'd hurt my fish.' He was just done tying me when yourself came down. I heard ye and him talking and well I knew what it was he thought to do with me, but I could not make a sound at all.

"Oh, the bitter moment it was when he pushed me into that water, with the mouth of me bound and the feet! It's perishing altogether I am, I thought, when in himself comes flying, near on top of me, and I seized a hold of him, and with the help of the blessed saints and by the strength of my two arms, didn't I mount up on his shoulders and pull myself over the edge of the pool. The next I knew, the water went roaring by and ye along with it, shouting. Right below me ye were flung against the wall and I'd no more to do than to reach over and catch a hold of ye by the hair of the head, until the water was all drained away.

"For it must be that himself had some way reached the drain and opened it, but he was too late to save his own life. I went back in there after I'd dragged ye out here under the sky, and I found him. There was not any water left in the pool whatever, but a few drops trickling through the drain, and he was lying drawn up close against it, and all the fishes too, dead. Nothing but the bare bones of him left at all. God forgive him his sins!"

That is all I know of it. Neeley and the girl were married and lived down on the shore a long time and a long time. There's grandchildren of their children living there to this day. Boats of their own, they have. Indeed they do be saying that the luck that was lost to the MacGoritys was found by Neeley. Conar Kilaine went wandering off again, and I have not heard any more of him at all. Anyway, 'tis a tale of the MacGoritys, and they are now destroyed and not one left in this part of the world. . . . 'Tis a queer story, but there's much that's queerer yet in this world.

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AN INTERVIEW WITH JOSEPH CONRAD

By Ernest Rhys

A NOVEMBER night, frosty cold, and as we ran past Rochester and caught a glimpse of the dockyard lights at Chatham, we thought it would have been quite in the picture if the train were to land us finally at some Thames port, with a boat waiting to take us off to a ship like the old "Judea". For we were on our way to see the most subtle seaman of our time: and we did not easily imagine him as a country squire living in the heart of Kent. As passport, I carried in my bag his "Mirror of the Sea", a well weathered copy which a sailor son had carried to sea on his voyages during the war. At the end of it was penciled:

"As rhythmical, rich in variety and sustained in imagination as the multitudinous sea itself, the very mirror."

This small blue book, my fellow traveler, M. Larigot (author of "Les Revenants sans Appel"), who did not, I fancy, know much of the sea except as a holiday delusion, read assiduously en route. I told him we were passing along the Thames estuary and the watery purlieu described midway in that volume, in what is indeed one of the most vivid chapters in the whole testament of the Thames. For the sake of getting into the true Conrad atmosphere, let me recall the passage that describes the lightship painted red, like a cheap and bizarre little toy, that you see as you come up the river, and then the mouth of the Medway, "with its men-of-war moored in line, and the long wooden jetty of Port Victoria, with its few low buildings like the beginning of a hasty settlement upon a wild and unexplored shore. The famous Thames barges sit in brown clusters upon the water with an effect of birds floating upon a pond. On the imposing expanse of the great estuary the traffic of the port where so much of the world's work and the world's thinking is being done becomes insignificant, scattered, streaming away in thin lines of ships. . . . The coasting traffic inclines to the north; the deep-water ships steer east with a southern inclination, on through the downs, to the most remote ends of the world." That Thames cartoon conveys in a few salient strokes the individual power of Conrad's art, that of realizing the long vista in the grouping of the foreshore, or the human foreground. So the fleet of ships that London sends out upon the turn of every tide suggests the greatness of the sea and the knit up distances of earth.

But by this time our train was running far from the Essex shore, into the Kentish countryside. M. Larigot did not perceive that we were well inland when we reached our terminus; he stared through his glasses like an owl into the outer dark and sniffed the air appetently, as if he smelled salt and expected to find a ship's dinghy lying in wait for us. Instead the headlights of a car swerved on the black road; and in three minutes we had left the station and the narrow streets behind, and were gliding along under

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the frosty stars, with the keen smell of the Kentish fields distilling around us.

It was pure country, farm-kept and sea-remote. We passed a village, irregular low roofs, hardly any lights; and then the car swayed and sank into a darker trough of the earth, and we sighted the landfall of a country house. Beyond it, a bright-lit doorway appeared, and at the door stood the master of the house to offer a Kentish welcome.

Within, the house had no sea reminders to offer us, unless the almost tropical grove of flowers in the hall and passages could supply them. A jolly wood fire fed from the logs of a sycamore, blown down in the last gale, burned in the study grate. Our host I had last seen in the maze of London during the war. He was a little older now, a little greyer; and his old enemy, podagra, had got under his guard. But he was in spirit undeterred, undiminished; though he might growl now and again at an enemy that had attacked him first while he was at sea years ago, and had kept worrying him ever since.

On the table by the fire lay a novel he had been reading when we arrived. "Edith Wharton," he said with some zest, as if one should say, "A blue picotee."

When we talked, then and afterward, of his contemporaries we found him keenly interested in all they were doing — fully alive to a sense of their fellow craftsmanship and their new modes. It was not the literary test he applied, but one that in novel or tale must always come first, the human factor.

I remember going once with a friend to see Rodin at his studio in Paris, and my companion asked him what was the grand agent — the *idée fixe* — he had in his art.

"*Madame*", he said, with immense verve, "*c'est la vie; c'est la vie!*"

It was so with Conrad. He spoke of some of the new writers and their amazing cleverness. "But", he said, "some of them do not seem to think you need to be kept fully *engaged* all the while. There are dull pages, the story drags. You have to whip up your interest. Now that does not do; every page must be alive." He resumed with a droll look of dismay: "Some people say, 'I find Conrad dull!' Eh? I do not know. I try to make every page tell — every page. When that fails . . ." He made a gesture of abdication that was not at all final or tragic.

At that time there had been a pause in his writing. His Napoleon book was not begun. He was mustering his forces for his next campaign, but there had been a longer interval than usual since his last novel. It is natural to Conrad to make things visible into the apparitor of things invisible; and one was tempted, remembering the war and the sequent years, to wonder whether "The Shadow-Line" and the ominus island-shape of Koh-ring that looms up in it marked a stage in his career. But let us recall what Croce says about the detachment of art. One dare not state that the conditional fatalism of a man like Renouard (in "The Planter of Malata") was an outcome of his creator's own history; and yet it is certain that Conrad's revelation of man's predicament has come of a curious ability to identify the narrated event, the character, the region, the group, with his own personal experience. These matters, shall one say, existed in the narrator's conspect long before they were put into shape by the novelist's pen.

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II

One would have liked to ask him in so many words whether he was not really a symbolist and whether characters like Marlow and scenes like Koh-ring and Malata had not the double identity of fact and of fantasy deeper than fact. While I hesitated, M. Larigot, more intrepid, determined to get at the secret formula of this master-in-art, and put a leading question of his own. "Do you", asked M. Larigot, "make a scenario of a story, before you actually set about writing it? Or do you pitch on a character like Lingard or Almayer, or your otherself in 'The Arrow of Gold', to serve as *agent provocateur?*" Mr. Conrad had an agreeable way of treating his inquisitors and looked, with a cryptic look, at his Kentish woodfire, across the smoke of the cigarettes. "No", he said at length, "I have my psychological aim, first of all. That is quite distinct, and then I look out for some event, some personal adventure, some catastrophe if you like, to *motiver* my chief characters. But I never lose sight of my aim."

When later on, M. Larigot resumed his questions, he started an uneasy feeling in me that we were guilty guests — conspirators to steal the elixir of this magician, like Hussuf in the "Arabian Nights". How far was the magic draught Polish in origin? How far had it become English in essence? M. Larigot would have liked to add a French infusion that took effect before the foreign sailor settled down in this English shire. For one must remember Conrad was twenty-one when he first reached English shores and landed at Lowestoft. He spent five months then in a coaster, the "Skimmer of the Sea", trading between that port and the Tyne. When he landed he could not speak a word of English; though the Red Ensign had already cast a spell over him. He learned practical seamanship and vivid English on the "Skimmer"; it was his mariner's university.

Now, when he speaks of himself, with pride in the avowal, as "a man of Kent", and tells you his two sons have grown up with a sure sense of their English birthright, you know how deep that attachment has become. A curious legend by the way has grown up about Conrad's original choice of English for his writing medium. It was Sir Hugh Clifford, author of "The Further Side of Silence" and other Malay books, who first set going in an article written for "The North American Review" the notion that Conrad actually hesitated for a time between French and English. But there was no hesitation on his part. He did not even adopt English. "It was I", as he said, "who was adopted by the genius of the tongue." The capture was swift and inevitable. The very idioms of English, he declares, affected his temperament and fashioned his "still plastic character".

Now, having followed him in his several volumes and his forty sea voyages, from the first Lingard book to the last, from the Nigger to Bellarab, we see how natural the adoption was. As for his literary pedigree, it has its surprises.

It begins with the English novels he read in Polish versions, among them "Nicholas Nickleby". "It was extraordinary", he says, "how well Mrs. Nickleby could chatter disconnectedly in Polish." A novel of Anthony Trollope's was actually the ritual book used upon the eve of Conrad's Anglican new baptism. Another provener, not so surprising because of the seaman strain, was Captain Marryat who "created a priceless legend"; yet an-

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other was Fenimore Cooper, who wrote "before the great American language was born". In his characteristic cordial appreciation of these two sea tale tellers, Conrad declares sans reserve that they "shaped" his life.

These old standards help us to take what we might call "the departure" in his career. He learned their narrative device, but he broke with their literary mode. What is it in him — this consummate sailor, this reshaper of the Ship Adventurous — what is it that has so taken hold of a public that is forgetting Marryat's "Midshipman Easy" and Fenimore Cooper's "Pilot"?

III

To range Conrad between the old school and the new, we need a landmark nearer than Cooper and Marryat. And that we have conveniently enough in Stevenson, whose "Treasure Island" was at the top of the picturesque adventure stories, when Conrad began to write. Turn from "Treasure Island" to "The Nigger of the Narcissus" and you have the measure of Conrad's new romance.

The one is a little masterpiece of sea fiction written with rare artifice and all a landsman's relish of the sea. "The Nigger" is written on the sea and from the sea. It would only have been written by a narrator who had been a seaman, and was still a seaman in imagination when he wrote; who knew the sensations and the mind of the seaman, and yet had the power of detaching himself and looking at the sea, the ship on the sea, the ship's crew (and himself as one of that crew) at what we may call the stage distance.

Darkly hinted in the motto he took for "The Shadow-Line", *"D'autre fois, calme plat, grand miroir de mon désespoir"*, he has made the sea into the revealer of men and women, of you and me, his fellow voyagers in the long voyage. And every ship becomes a living thing, a personal instrument, an agent of destiny.

Since the war most of us have been conscious of living in a world of trouble — a disordered, disgruntled earth, where nations, peoples, men and women are at odds. Conrad from the first realized that struggle in his stories. He wrote the sea fable of man against fate, death, evil chance; and the romance of the known meeting and challenging the unknown.

It is the chart of the eternal voyager, man, facing destiny and the elements, that seizes the imagination in Conrad's pages. He reveals it to us in the spectacle of Youth going out to find the Orient, and evading the dull Nemesis at home. In one of his shorter stories, "The End of the Tether", he speaks of a minor person, Mr. Van Wyk, whose feeling of love at odds had been translated into a form of struggle with nature. The conversion is typical of Conrad's art. He takes the moods, the impressions, the egoism, the sensual crazes, the delicate idolatries of men, and gives them the dramatic interest of actual event in the human comedy. Often the play, for him, becomes a monodrama, or a personal document as in the Lingard and the Marlow stories. By contrast with them his achievement in "Nostromo" is to be counted a *tour de force.*

He has told us what it cost him to write it:

> All I know is that for twenty months, neglecting the common joys of life, . . . I had, like the prophets of old, "wrestled with the Lord" for my creation, for the headlands of the coast, for the darkness of the Placid Gulf, the light on the snows, the clouds on the sky and [this is the most telling clause

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of the deed] for the breath of life that had to be blown into the shapes of men and women.

Conrad, like some of the masters he loved whose art he drew upon — Cervantes, Thackeray, Dickens, Hugo — has blown the breath of life into his men and women. He has done it in a way too that is original, that is "his" own; and the secret lies in his own temperament and his own imagination. To some of us who are old enough to have been brought up in the same generation with him, he must seem an irreplaceable figure in what Mr. Anthony (who is one of the new recruits) may teach us to call "The Old Guard". Where we are to look for his real successors, his continuers, among the later tale tellers, I do not know.

Yes, the reason why Conrad has meant so much to us, and more and more since the last bloody assize of war, is no doubt because he has so used his pen as to make his tale the fable of ourselves — the varied fable of our own adventure. In this the sea is the sign of the blind resistant forces against us; and the ship is the instrument of our courage. It is not only the young Ulysses that counts. A mere poor old Captain Beard who looked "like the ghost of a Geordie Skipper" who has his first command at sixty, will serve:

> Bangkok! That's what he was after. I tell you this quiet, bowed, bandy-legged, almost deformed little man was immense in the singleness of his idea. . . . He motioned us forward with a commanding gesture, and went to take the wheel himself.

IV

Whether Captain Beard or James Wait suggested it, presently we fell to discussing the art of the satirists and the way of the caricaturists. Hogarth, Conrad spoke of with vehement appreciation: but the caricaturists — no! He disliked their attitude, their mode of ridicule, their no-art. The caricaturists are of a day; the day goes and they perish. But the great satirists — Cervantes, Rabelais, Hogarth — live by their enlargement of human nature. They look to its substance, its essential virtues and vices, not to its deformities and accidents.

This reminded one that when "The Nigger" began to run as a serial in Henley's "Review" — it must be twenty-six years ago — its readers began to think the sea had found its prose-Hogarth. "The Idle Prentice Is Sent to Sea" is not one of Hogarth's best prints, but it may fairly be included in Conrad's gallery of black and white designs, and by its side may be hung Anatole France's "Crainquebille", and possibly the portrait of Long Tom Coffin. The huge frame of Wait as he appears on the "Narcissus" is drawn with Hogarthian strokes and with that sense of reality in the given picture which both the painter and the romancer obtain.

The "Narcissus" really was a ship Conrad sailed in. As for the others of his seafaring experience, of his own voyages, the names of several of them may be found in "The Mirror of the Sea", and a fairly complete list of both the vessels and their fictive counterparts is given in the "Life" by Richard Curle. Take the "Judea" in the superb story, "Youth" — Youth against Age and the Elements:

> You may imagine her state. She was all rust, dust, grime — soot aloft, dirt on deck. . . . She was about 400 tons, had a primitive windlass, wooden latches to the doors, not a bit of brass about her, and a big square stern. There was on it, below her name in big letters, a lot of scrollwork, with the gilt off, and some sort of coat of arms, with the motto "Do or Die" under-

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neath. I remember it took my fancy immensely. There was a touch of romance in it, something that made me love the old thing — something that appealed to my youth!

The original vessel was called "Palestine", and you must allow the "Judea" sounds more lifelike. "Loch Etive", "Tilkhurst", "Falconhurst", "Highland Forest" were among the other sailing vessels; among the steamships it was the "John P. Best" — impossible name — that figured in "Typhoon".

One dwells upon these sea reminders, because of the perverse desire one has to get into the workshop of a master craftsman, and surprise him at his craft. But that is not so easy. What model had Cervantes? Did Dickens ever eat, drink, and revel with Dick Swiveller? Did Turgenev know Dimitri Rudin? Or Hawthorne pass the time of day with old Hepzibah? I suppose the reason why Conrad tempts these oblique investigations is because of the singular intimacy of his method. "One knows", he says, speaking of the *via media* of the imagination, "one knows well enough that all mankind has streamed that way. It is the charm of universal experience from which one expects an uncommon or personal sensation — a bit of one's own."

He has been through it all, and it has mattered overpoweringly to him. He has written from the heart — not from the nerves; not like the neuropaths, who diagnose in fiction our morbid symptoms.

Which among the English novelists counted to him most, did most to teach him his craftsman's sense of narrative, when he was first beginning to write?

He did not hesitate to say: "Dickens and Thackeray." And of the two, Dickens easily first.

What of the later men? George Meredith? No! His books were too glittering for the naturalness required of the novel; too *éblouissant*, as the French say. Of his foreign masters, in his last volume of collected essays, he pays, as you know, tribute to Anatole France, Guy de Maupassant, Turgenev, and others. But he did not read the last named early enough to become in any sense a disciple, as some of us may have supposed. We must go to other masters for his captains in sea romance, and concerning two of them in chief, a word has already been said. But Conrad's full tribute to Fenimore Cooper is not, I imagine, known as it ought to be:

> Cooper loved the sea, and looked at it with consummate understanding. In his sea tales the sea inter-penetrates with life; it is in a subtle way a factor in the problem of existence, and, for all its greatness, it is always in touch with the men who, bound on errands of war or gain, traverse its immense solitudes. His descriptions have the magistral ampleness of gesture indicating the sweep of a vast horizon. They embrace the colours of sunset, the peace of starlight, the aspects of calm and storm, the great loneliness of the waters, the stillness of watchful coasts, and the alert readiness which marks men who live face to face with the promise and the menace of the sea. He knows the men and he knows the sea. His method may be often faulty, but his art is genuine. . . . He wrote before the great American language was born, and he wrote as well as any novelist of his time.

This account is the more interesting, because there are other sea writers who would not agree today with its estimate. John Masefield, himself a sailor at one time in his career, once told me of his surprise that Fenimore Cooper should still be read. And indeed to the new generation, he seems to count but little. One remarkable thing about Conrad's appreciation is that its terms might with so natural and so perfect a fit be

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applied to the measure of his own sea tales.

Like those older masters, Conrad loved his people, his seamen, his great adventurers; his women, tragic, devoted, loyal, elusive; his fateful fearless men. He painted the sea, as Dickens did the London of Dick Swiveller, Pickwick, and Mrs. Gamp, with colors of his own mixing. He created a new region, land and water, and furnished it with men, women, ghosts, moods, memories, ships, docks, watersides, gave it a life and a dialect of its own. And as was said before, it is a region with a long vista. What said Natalia Haldin, in "Under Western Eyes", about the day when all discord shall be silenced?

> Try to imagine its dawn! The tempest of blows and execrations is over; — the new sun is rising, and the weary men unite at last, feel saddened by their victory. . . . Yes, there must still be many bitter hours. But at last the anguish of hearts shall be extinguished in love.

V

Next morning awoke us to the sound of woodcutters sawing up the great sycamore tree, blown down at the foot of the garden. It produced a curious illusion of something wilder in the Kentish landscape than might appear at a first glance. It made me think again of the Polish scene sketched in that remarkable bit of autobiography, "A Personal Record", and picturing the waste of white earth, and the dark clumps of trees about the Ukrainian village and the country house where the returned seafarer carried the manuscript of "Almayer's Folly". The old homestead in the Ukraine and this country house in Kent, a misty river mouth in Borneo and a foggy London sun in Bessborough Gardens — they were all brought into one orbit of earth by the Merlin touch of the romancer.

M. Larigot that morning had to confess himself no nearer the grand secret of "Lord Jim", "Nostromo", and "The Shadow-Line". You will get as close to it, I reminded him, as you deserve in the account given in "A Personal Record" of the making of "Almayer's Folly", and the account in "The Mirror of the Sea" of the "Tremolino" episode, which is the runner up to "The Arrow of Gold" and the tantalizing romance of Doña Rita. With that, he had to be content.

I forgot to say that when we asked our host which of his own books he cared for most, he pointed to the same traveled copy of "The Mirror of the Sea", with an emphatic "That!"

"And which of all your stories", asked M. Larigot, "best satisfies your own canon of story telling?"

"I don't quite know. Perhaps, on the whole, 'The Secret Sharer'."

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A CHRISTMAS CAROL

A Play in Three Acts

By George S. Kaufman and Marc Connelly

With Sketches by Herb Roth

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

ACT I: SCROOGE'S Office. Christmas Eve.
ACT II: BOB CRATCHIT'S Home. The Dream.
ACT III: Office of TINY TIM KINDNESS PRODUCTS, INC. A Year Later.

ACT I

SCROOGE'S *office. On the reverse side of the opaque glass, in the door, can be seen the firm name:* SCROOGE AND MARLEY. EBENEZER SCROOGE *is speaking into a dictaphone mouthpiece.*

SCROOGE

"Charities Committee, London Chamber of Commerce. Gentlemen" — ah — *(He examines the record on the machine. Calls loudly)* Miss Gitchwitchett! *(A stenographer enters.)*

MISS GITCHWITCHETT

Yes, sir?

SCROOGE

That's a new record, isn't it? (MISS GITCHWITCHETT *nods.)* I told you not to use any new records until the first of the year. You could scrape the old one, couldn't you?

MISS GITCHWITCHETT

But it's Christmas Eve, Mr. Scrooge. The old one is so worn it hardly takes any impression.

SCROOGE

It doesn't, eh? Very well — you're discharged! (MISS GITCHWITCHETT *goes out in tears.* SCROOGE *calls after her)* Have you plenty of money?

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MISS GITCHWITCHETT

(Off stage) Only a shilling, sir.

SCROOGE

Good! *(He turns back to the machine)* "In the circumstances I do not see how I can contribute anything toward the London anti-fog campaign. If the poor people do not care for fog let them eat cake. Personally, I like it. I have been bothered a good deal lately by various organizations — the Christmas Plum Pudding Association, the Oliver Twist Gruel Society, and others. Since the death of our Mr. Marley, who, as you may recall, is as dead as one of our Size 19 door nails, as per your specifications, it has been our rule not to give anything to anybody. In the circumstances all that I feel justified in sending you is — my resignation from the Chamber of Commerce. Kindly refund unused portion of annual dues, figured as of the fiscal year, and oblige."

(He turns off the machine as BOB CRATCHIT, *his poorly dressed clerk, enters.)*

BOB

Beg pardon, sir?

SCROOGE

Oh, it's you? You'll want all day tomorrow, I suppose?

BOB

If quite convenient, sir. Christmas Day, sir.

SCROOGE

A poor excuse for picking a man's pocket. *(From the street below comes the voice of a boy, singing a wait.* SCROOGE *rises)* Well, I suppose you must have the whole day. But see that the time clock checks you in at eight-thirty prompt the next morning.

BOB

Yes, sir. *(The voice from the street becomes louder and more beautiful.)*

SCROOGE

But before you go, take that — *(he indicates a large press book.)*

BOB

Yes, sir?

SCROOGE

And drop it on that singer in the street.

(BOB *takes the book and goes out.)*

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(SCROOGE, *left to himself, takes Roger W. Babson's business charts down from a shelf and begins to study them. As he reads the lights go slowly down;* SCROOGE'S *head drops over his reading. Then the lights go up again. The telephone rings.)*

SCROOGE

Hello. . . . Who? . . . Jacob Marley, my late partner? Don't try to be funny — he's been dead seven years. . . . WHAT? His GHOST? . . . No, I don't believe it. Get Conan Doyle to write a magazine article about it and I might listen, but I'm not in the habit of believing anything until I deposit it in the bank. . . . You'll give me proof? How? . . . Speak a little louder. . . . Yes, it's the voice, all right. . . . You left me a cuff link in your will? Yes, that's right. Anything else? *(As he listens he slowly turns toward the audience until he is facing Alexander Woollcott, who is wearing a new cravat in C-2. A look of horror comes over his face)* Marley, it *is* you! What have you to tell me? . . . A ghost will visit me? A ghost? And he's going to take me on a trip? . . . All right. I'll go if you say so. . . . By the way, Jacob, remember that note we were feeling so doubtful about when you died? . . . Yes — that's the one — Standard Oil Company of Great Britain. Well, I collected it, all right. . . . So long, old man.

(He replaces the receiver, and simultaneously THE GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PRESENT *appears at his side.)*

GHOST

Ebenezer Scrooge?

SCROOGE

That's right. You were sent here by Mr. Marley, I believe? *(He tries in vain to shake the* GHOST'S *hand.)*

GHOST

Yes, sir. I represent Hinterland Ideal Tours. I am here as your courier. My name is the Ghost of Christmas Present. Mr. Marley said you wanted booking for a tour starting immediately. Am I correct?

SCROOGE

You are. Here is your check. I have, of course, discounted five per cent.

GHOST

Are you ready?

SCROOGE

I am. *(He leads him toward the door)* By the way, where are we going?

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GHOST

We are going to the home of Bob Cratchit, your clerk. *(He gives him a cloak)* Just put this on, please. (SCROOGE *hesitates.)* It's included in the price. It makes one invisible.

SCROOGE

Thanks. Now remember, I want service.

(SCROOGE *dons the cloak — and immediately is invisible. Simultaneously the* GHOST *disappears. The stage is empty.)*

CURTAIN

ACT II

The scene is BOB CRATCHIT'S *home — a poor dwelling, but immeasurably lighted by the Christmas spirit, the great glow of kindness that comes from the heart of every* CRATCHIT. *The* CRATCHITS *are gathered around the Christmas dinner table when the curtain rises —* BOB CRATCHIT, MRS. CRATCHIT, MARTHA, BELINDA, MASTER PETER, TINY TIM, *and the two babies. And there is still another figure present — none other than* MISS GITCHWITCHETT, *the stenographer, for it seems that she is a boarder in the* CRATCHIT *household.*

For a moment after the curtain rises the family continue to eat.

MRS. CRATCHIT

(To BOB) The salt, my dear.

BOB

(Passing it to her) Thank you kindly.

(From a spot down stage, at this point, come the voices of SCROOGE *and the* GHOST. *The audience does not see them; the sound comes from the very atmosphere.)*

SCROOGE

(In a whisper) You are positive they cannot see or hear us?

GHOST

Positive. Not while you wear the magic cloak.

SCROOGE

They're pretty handy things, these cloaks. Do you know if they've leased the agency rights for East London?

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"Who? . . . Jacob Marley, my late partner?"

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(Before the GHOST *can reply* BOB CRATCHIT *gets to his feet, his glass in hand.)*

BOB

And now, my dears, to The Founder of the Feast!

MRS. CRATCHIT

I don't think much of him. I can't understand why he doesn't recognize that you've been taking every course in specialized training advertised in Tom Hood's Almanac, and that you have made yourself simply invaluable.

BOB

Sh, my dear! I must remain a loyal employee before anything else.

SCROOGE

I'm sorry I wasn't kinder to Cratchit. He was a good soul.

GHOST

Wait! There is more!

MRS. CRATCHIT

But it's simply terrible the way we have to economize. That sock making machine that you bought me helps a lot, I'll admit. But even that, and the pay for the envelopes I've been addressing in spare time, and the subscriptions to "The Gentleman's Magazine" that Tiny Tim has been collecting — even that has not been enough.

SCROOGE

I should have been kinder. The Christmas spirit pays in the long run.

MISS GITCHWITCHETT

I have perfected myself in the memory course, hoping to increase my value to him, but still he discharged me — and on Christmas Eve.

SCROOGE

This is terrible! I can't stand it!

MRS. CRATCHIT

Personally, I think Mr. Scrooge is simply awful. While I'm out getting the pudding you can drink his health if you want to. I won't join you!

TINY TIM

God bless us every one!

SCROOGE

Did you hear *that?*

GHOST

What?

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SCROOGE

What that little crippled boy just said? "God bless us every one." That's the greatest business slogan I've heard in all my life! It would sweep the country!

BOB

Don't go for the pudding yet, my dear. Wait while I drink the toast.

SCROOGE

I want to be kind! I want to be kind! Help me off with this cloak!

GHOST

Not yet! Not yet!

MRS. CRATCHIT

No! I will not wait!

SCROOGE

(Throws off the cloak and stands revealed — visible and audible) No! No! Don't go!

ALL

What!!!

SCROOGE

It is I, Scrooge!

BOB

Mr. Scrooge!

SCROOGE

You have convinced me! I should have been kinder! I see it all now! The Christmas spirit can be made into one of the biggest things in the world, if we get together and handle it in a big way!

BOB

What do you mean?

SCROOGE

Don't you see? Kindness — that'll be our watchword! And what a slogan Tiny Tim has given us — "God bless us every one!" We'll conduct a world wide campaign — we'll advertise in every magazine in the country!

MISS GITCHWITCHETT

Good God, sir, what are you going to do?

SCROOGE

Do? I'll get up a National Kindness Week that'll be the biggest thing of

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its sort that was ever put through! What am I going to do? I'll tell you! I'm going to put Christmas on a business basis!

CURTAIN

ACT III

Office of TINY TIM KINDNESS PRODUCTS, INC. *A year later. An oil painting of the firm's first president,* TINY TIM, *is prominently displayed, and below it is the slogan of the company:* GOD BLESS US EVERY ONE. *The following other signs also adorn the walls:*

DON'T BE AN OLD SCROOGE
SAY IT WITH KINDNESS
TINY TIM KINDNESS IS GOOD KINDNESS

It is a well equipped office. It is supplied with Caldwell-Stevenson inter-office communicating buttons, the latest thing in steel filing cabinets, Hooven letter writers, the Simpson anti-check raising machine, etc. At a great desk in the centre sits TINY TIM, *his head barely peeping above the flat surface. Stenographers and clerks are at work at the various machines around the room; the place is abuzz with happy activity.*

TINY TIM

(After looking around at the workers) Is everybody happy?

CHORUS OF WORKERS

Yes!

TINY TIM

What kind of people are you?

CHORUS

The kind kind!

TINY TIM

Correct! *(He presses Button No. 17.* SCROOGE *enters — a new* SCROOGE, *his face alight with the many kind deeds that he is doing.)*

SCROOGE

Well, Timmie? A beautiful day!

TINY TIM

And no more than right, for this is the anniversary of the founding of Tiny Tim Kindness Products, Inc. Are you ready to read the annual report?

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SCROOGE

Yes, sir.

TINY TIM

Then let us call the other members of the firm. *(He presses a number of buttons. Instantly, from various doors, there enter* MISS GITCHWITCHETT, BOB CRATCHIT, MRS. CRATCHIT, MARTHA, BELINDA, MASTER PETER, *and the two babies. The last are riding* TINY TIM TIDDIE TARS. *One and all, the* CRATCHITS *look too kind for words.)* The meeting will come to order. This, as you know, is the first anniversary of the founding of Tiny Tim Kindness Products, Inc., made possible by our friend and benefactor, Ebenezer Scrooge.

THE CRATCHITS

Hurrah!

MISS GITCHWITCHETT

Yes!

SCROOGE

(Bowing) I thank you.

TINY TIM

Mr. Scrooge will now read the first annual report.

SCROOGE

(Rising with his papers) I am glad to say that Tiny Tim Kindness Products are now spreading to the farthermost corners of the globe. One way in which we are helping business a great deal is by the organization of Kindness Clubs among the children — one of our representatives circulates in the neighborhood and gets things started. The dues are small, and include an annual subscription to the company's magazine, "The Herald of Kindness", which, as you know, is so ably edited by Mr. Bob Cratchit.

BOB

But it was your kindness that started it.

SCROOGE

It is kind of you to say so. *(He consults his papers)* Thanks largely to our building expert, Master Peter Cratchit, Tiny Tim factories are now springing up in many other cities, and the profits to date have been thoroughly satisfactory. In fact, we shall declare a big dividend, in happiness, about the first of the year. The profits themselves, of course, are being put back into new kindnesses. There was also the expense of rebuilding our Turkish factory, which was burned down by the natives in an excess of — ah — kindness. *(He hesitates)* The only other point that I feel should be brought up at this time is the matter of the Kindness Trust. *(All but* TINY TIM *stir uneasily. He alone is*

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observed to smile.) Our company has grown very rapidly, and naturally we are being looked upon askance by the Trust. We have tried treating them with particular kindness, our No. 21-L, but for some reason —

(The telephone rings.)

TINY TIM

Hello. . . . All right. Send him in. *(He turns to the others)* Myron S. Patterson, representing the Kindness Trust.

ALL

Ah!

(MR. PATTERSON *enters.)*

TINY TIM

How are you, sir?

PATTERSON

I am kindly disposed, but unfortunately I have unpleasant business to discuss. Gentlemen — and ladies — the records show that you are becoming entirely too vigorous a competitor. Either you must sell out to the Trust at our price — or we shall smash you! You have twenty-four hours in which to reply!

SCROOGE

It has come!

BOB

They are trying to get our formulas — that is all!

PATTERSON

I repeat — you have twenty-four hours!

TINY TIM

(Getting to his feet) No! *You* have twenty-four hours.

PATTERSON

What do you mean by that?

TINY TIM

Just what I say! I mean that instead of the Trust buying *us* out, *we* have bought the Trust out! I put through the deal at ten o'clock this morning, thanks to Miss Gitchwitchett here —

MISS GITCHWITCHETT

Yes!

TINY TIM

And by ten o'clock tomorrow every Trust factory in the world will be turning out Tiny Tim Products!

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SCROOGE and the CRATCHITS

Hurrah!

TINY TIM

What have you to say to that?

PATTERSON

Only — that it was too, too kind of you. I bid you good day.
(He goes.)

TINY TIM

And now Tiny Tim Products will conquer the world! Our last obstacle is removed!

SCROOGE

And that makes it possible for me to say what has been on my mind for a year. Martha, you know that I did all this for only one reason! I love you! Will you marry me?

MARTHA CRATCHIT

(Falling into his arms) Ebenezer!

TINY TIM

And Miss Gitchwitchett! You know that I love you — that I have loved you madly all these months! Will you marry me?

MISS GITCHWITCHETT

Oh, Tim. *(She goes into his arms.)*

MRS. CRATCHIT

Bob, there is something that I want to tell you. *(She drops her head.)*

BOB

You don't mean —

MRS. CRATCHIT

There is more money than we need — now.

BOB

Yes, yes?

MRS. CRATCHIT

(Her head dropping lower) We are going to have — a little — automobile.

TINY TIM

God bless us every one!

CURTAIN

PLAYWRIGHTS' NOTE: *This last act, of course, is only tentative. The real one, as usual, will be written after the Rochester opening.*

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WITH THE COMPLIMENTS OF THE AUTHOR

By Robert Cortes Holliday

"WHY NOT MAKE IT A BOOK?" . . . "GIVE BOOKS!" . . . "BUY A BOOK A WEEK." . . . "HAVE YOU A LITTLE LIBRARY IN YOUR HOME?" . . . "A HOME WITHOUT BOOKS IS LIKE A HOUSE WITHOUT WINDOWS." . . . "A GOOD BOOK IS THE BEST GIFT." And so on.

The most casual observer must have noted, by its recently revealed flair for "slogans" if by nothing else, that there is blood in the eye of the book trade. The bookseller, it should be apparent, has with some suddenness become a distinctly more potent leaven in the social compound than ever before. The classic picture of him, long cherished, is a sentimental conception of a retiring soul waiting passively in his corner for the lettered few to find the pathway to his door — a romantic figure that has gone the way of the ancient ferryman, the town crier, and other such legendary beings. Today, the bookseller, skilfully and energetically seconded by organized activity among the publishers, is carrying a campaign for the greater and wider distribution of books into the centre of the ring.

The point I am trying here to make is that the character of the bookseller is rapidly tending to become that of an energizing institution. He is taking a part in life somewhat analogous to that of the publicist. And, a good deal more than probably he is commonly reckoned to be, he has become a force in molding the destinies of literature. No one perhaps is more fully aware of what is going on in the field of bookselling than Frederic G. Melcher, managing editor of "The Publishers' Weekly". A recent letter of his contains this paragraph, fraught with interesting suggestion:

> My interests have always been largely in the distribution of books, and it is rather exhilarating to see what strides are being made in this field in this country of ours. If great audiences create greater writers, there should be increasing inspiration to the writers and increasing interest in the career of writing.

Well, one gathers, the booksellers feel that they have reason to look for this Christmas to be a "book year". More by thousands upon thousands than ever before, let us hope, will be the number of volumes given as presents. Here this article makes a sudden turn. Among the multitudes of books given as presents will probably be a fairly populous company of "presentation copies". Now, concerning "inscribed volumes" there are several things which have not been given much attention in print.

First, let us be as elementary as we can, and make sure that we have our definitions quite right. The dealer in rare books, first editions, and other such "items", has a nomenclature of technical terms. A "reading copy" of a book is a copy of the regular "trade edition", and in his eyes has no value whatever. People whose shelves are laden with reading copies he regards as morons. When a book has (not as literature but as a book) something

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special or peculiar about it then it may be a "collector's volume", and, as a piece of property of some value, worthy of respect. An "association volume" is a book (it may be by any author) which has acquired evidence of some connection with a personage. It may, for instance, contain the library label of Swinburne; or it may be described in the dealer's catalogue as "Leigh Hunt's copy". "Presentation copy" and "inscribed copy" usually mean a book which has been presented by the author to a friend, with an autograph inscription indicating this. Though sometimes a book is listed thus when it has not been given as a present by the author himself. For example, a book may be regarded as a presentation copy when it has an inscription by the author's wife, written, say, after the death of her husband. An "author's inscribed copy" or an "author's autograph book" is not necessarily a presentation copy. Someone only slightly or not at all acquainted with the author may have bought the book and upon request have obtained his autograph upon the fly leaf. Then there are limited "autograph editions" of the works of an author, such as the recently issued "Seawood Edition" of the books of Booth Tarkington, wherein volume one of each set is signed by the publishers and is enriched by the signature of the author before the edition is offered for sale.

Now we come to a very singular matter. If one should be asked to state in three words the business of an author one might with fair accuracy say: to be articulate. And yet (so far as I know) no author has yet given voice in print to one of the most constant of his tribulations. The matter is this — and any author, I think, will be glad to see it published: practically no one not in some way connected with the production of books seems to be in the least aware that an author does not have supplied to him quite free of cost an unlimited quantity of his own books to hand out here and there all day long. Not a bit of it. He has to *buy* 'em, just like anyone else.

True, it is provided in the contract between an author and his publisher that "the Author shall be entitled to receive on the day of publication of said book" as many as perhaps six or eight "free copies". Anyone who has a mother, father, wife, child, brother, sister, and a neighbor or two can figure out about how long it would take him to give away half a dozen copies of a book of his. This clause of a publisher's contract usually continues: "and to purchase any other copies at the ordinary trade discount." This discount generally is about one-third off the retail price.

Needles and pins, needles and pins; when a young person publishes a book (oftentimes) his trouble begins. What customarily happens? The great event is approaching. The entire family connection is on tiptoe. Yes, indeed; the remotest cousins of the author, each and every one, have been promised an "autographed" copy of what is abundantly alluded to throughout the immediate neighborhood as his "first book". That a long line of succeeding volumes is directly to follow is, of course, generally understood.

Then there are all the author's friends among his contemporaries, and those elders to whom he is in some way beholden. He makes a list of them. My, what a number! Perhaps he can drop a few names. But this seems pretty difficult to do. Everyone he has down, he feels, has in

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one way or another a part in his life, or has had a part in his life. Each one, as you might say, *deserves* a copy of this BOOK; no one of them, in a manner of speaking, should be deprived of his reward for being a relative or friend of the author. And then there are those (not a few, indeed!) who merit a copy in a somewhat backhanded way — persons who (he suspects) have rather failed to be aware of what he was destined to amount to. This is his hour of triumphal reckoning with *them!*

Books of young authors are not commonly published in numbers like the sands of the sea. To issue a book by an author little known is for the publisher no inconsiderable business hazard. He prints an edition, say, of fifteen hundred or a couple of thousand copies. Seventy-five or a hundred of these, or something like that, are given away (as the contract phrases it) "for the purpose of aiding the sale", to newspapers and to persons of influence in the book world; and on these copies the publisher has provided that he "shall be free from any liability to pay royalty".

Suppose the young author buys and gives away twenty-five or fifty. Young authors have been known to feel twice as magnanimous as that. The author's royalty, maybe, is fifteen cents a copy on the first thousand sold, after that perhaps twenty cents — a good royalty. His book sells, say, for two dollars. Suppose (for good measure) his publisher gives him a particularly liberal discount of one-half off on copies purchased for his own use. Now we see that for every copy he buys and gives away six and two-third copies will need to be sold through the trade to make up for it.

The author of a first book not infrequently suggests a resemblance, in the glowing warmth of his generosity, to the hospitable soul, exhilarated and expanded by another intoxicant, standing treat again and again to the company. He is likely at this season of his career to give away more of his books than he will throughout the rest of his life. And the deuce of that is, that when a person has been favored by a copy of one of an author's books he is naturally led to expect a copy of the next one, and is inclined to feel slighted and aggrieved if he does not receive it.

"A funny thing", as the expression goes, is that it is the "budding author", whose book has a very modest sale, who more than any other author has a sense of being "called upon" to give his books away. Not unusually, the whole world of the author of a book which sells maybe a thousand or so seems to expect the book as a gift, "cleverly" inscribed. But lots of people who are pretty good friends with Mr. Lewis, or Mr. Tarkington, or Mr. Hergesheimer, never presume to have a thought of receiving a presentation copy of a book from any one of them. If Charles Hanson Towne, by the by, should give copies of his novel to all of his friends, it's likely that he would distribute in that way volumes to the number of a very fair sized edition. There is this entertaining thing about the matter, too: Mr. Tarkington (we'll say), feeling an impulse to bestow a token of his good will upon someone, would be much more likely to think of a handsome tin of special cigarettes than of a copy of a book of his. On the other hand, I've known of authors who would have gladdened much more the objects of their attention by the present of a tin of any kind of cigarettes, than by the solemnly inscribed books which they conferred.

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I have known of quite well bred young women (of the literary hero worshiping type) who, having by the most casual of introductions met but the day before (oh, my! fifteen minutes before) an author of the day, ask him, with glowing eyes, if he hasn't a "spare" copy of his book that they may have. As lightly as though one should say to another: "You haven't a loose match about you, have you?" And as though the person asked might reply: "Why, yes; here's a bunch of 'em; I've plenty more." Yes; it would seem that in many minds an author is pictured as having large stores of his own books under his desk, probably a whole room full of them at home, like a publisher's stock room. Whereas, in fact, I've known authors who didn't happen to have a complete set of their own books. I knew an author who had only one copy of his first book, a rather famous book published several years ago. A rather bumptious young woman connected with an office where he went several times a week so remorselessly plagued him to let her "see" that great book of his, that one day he took off his shelf the copy he had and, as he supposed, loaned it to her. She crassly assumed it was a gift and never returned it. The book had been many times reprinted and this volume was a copy of the first edition. And first editions of this book had gone up in value, though the author didn't know this until one day he sought to duplicate his former copy. The publishers, of course, had long been out of that printing; the book was listed as "scarce" by the dealers in collector's books; and the author was obliged to pay considerably more, to obtain a copy of his own book such as he wanted, than the full original price of the book.

Now that what has been said has been said, a good many people will know what awful things they have done. Many a young person will melt in her tracks from shame to think that she has *asked* an illustrious *stranger* to go and *buy* something for her. And many who didn't know that anything in particular had been given them will be aware that they have been made regular presents. So let us now turn to the other side of the picture.

One of the pleasures of authorship is that the author has something to give away which is unlike anything that anyone else has — something peculiarly his own. He gives of himself. In the satisfaction that he obtains in giving where the heart listeth, he blesses himself as well as him that receives. And being an author is a great convenience on occasions when gifts are required of one. Instead of finding it necessary to go forth to shop, to obtain gloves (or something like that) for this one, and something else for that one, and so on, the author may merely sit down and inscribe some of his books all round. There is just one difficulty about the situation: that is in the case of infants. What is the author of, say, "Gargoyles", going to do about a cousin of, perhaps, five and a half? Maybe, as is not infrequently the way with writing people, he has never if he could help it given anything as presents but books, since he became an author generally, and perhaps preferably, his own books. This habit has so unaccustomed him to selecting little remembrances that he doesn't at all know his way about in the matter, and has come to feel a very decided repugnance to it. I don't know what the scientific name of it is, but that is a horrible disease that sometimes creeps

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over authors: an aversion (amounting to a mania) to buying anything as presents but books, preferably, perhaps, one's own books.

There is one class of people that can always be counted on to appreciate enormously inscribed presentation books from authors, and that is the unlettered, the illiterate. An author puts up at a hotel, or there is only one barber that can cut his hair right, or something like that. The hotel clerk has been very attentive and much interested in him. The author takes a liking to him — entertaining, soundhearted fellow; gives him a book; inscribes it, "To my friend So-and-So." Everafterward owns the hotel; clerk entranced. So with barber.

There was once an author who couldn't get his hair cut for a long time. He had written a book in which there was a sketch of a barber, drawn more or less from the barber on whom he depended to keep his head properly in shape. He told the man about this one day, to the barber's immense elation, and promised him a copy of the book — the next time he should come in. But he didn't think to provide himself with the book the next time he called in. And so it went — very much to the barber's chagrin. Nor could he remember to send a copy any time he was at his publisher's. Though the matter would occur to him, with a pang of remorse, sometimes when he was riding in the subway; and after a while he came to think of it on waking in the middle of the night. So at length, surreptitiously, he began to patronize another shop.

An author should be careful to reread his book before he makes a present of it. Sometimes dreadful things have happened as a result of not doing this. An author has forgotten a good deal that was in his book; as an expression of his esteem, and in a spirit of the greatest friendliness, he has a copy of it sent to someone. That person has fancied that he recognized (or worse still, that *she* recognized) a lampoon of himself, or of herself, in the volume — and has taken the gift as a deliberate and diabolical slam.

Authors sometimes feel aggrieved when they find in second-hand book stores copies of their own books which they have inscribed (with sentiments of "affection") and presented to friends of theirs. Inscribing a copy of his book for a lady may give an author a very neat opportunity to convey with delicate point a chivalrous feeling. There are times, too, when an author finds it prudent in inscribing a copy of his book to disguise the full warmth of his regard; a bon-mottist of the age of Watteau might have remarked that an author's inscription was made to conceal love.

One time there was a very simple-minded author, of considerable celebrity, who deliberately wrote his name in the copies that he owned of all of his own books so that, he observed, "nobody would want to steal them". One season Oliver Herford and Berton Braley had the same publisher. They came into his place together one day, each asked for a copy of his own book, inscribed it and presented it to the other. Then as, apparently, they were about to ask that the books be charged to them they paused, as though confronted by a problem which required some cogitation. And then (the effect was as if they did this simultaneously) their faces suddenly cleared, and they murmured (as though one): "Oh, yes; we don't owe anything, as it was an even exchange." I have an idea that at first

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each one of them felt that he was going to have to pay for both books.

Persons who seek by post to have books autographed by the author frequently are commendable in their thought for his convenience. The most considerate caper is that where the inside of the wrapping paper is already addressed and stamped for returning, only requiring to be turned inside out in rewrapping.

When authors' autographed and inscribed books for one reason or another come upon the market they are usually, of course, enhanced in value by reason of the autograph or inscription, not infrequently considerably, sometimes vastly; but not always: it depends upon the author. Now and then you perceive a sad spectacle. An author has had a little vogue, or has thought he was having a vogue, and has gone about inditing autographs and inscriptions galore. Then, pretty soon, you find 'em in bunches on the fifty cent counter. A sad thing, too, in another way, is this: there are bogus inscriptions. Dealers in collector's volumes must be on the lookout for counterfeit "autographs".

There is a class of near autograph books which is perfectly legitimate and exceedingly interesting. The books of this class are mainly volumes which the author himself has not signed but which have been enriched by another owner who has, as the term is, "laid in" an autograph letter of the author's. Such letters not infrequently have a gossipy spice not common in inscriptions. Here is a portion of one found in an Ambrose Bierce item, written by Bierce to his publisher:

> Doubtless Mrs. McCracken is worrying a good deal. She is old, very poor and of the worrying sex. (They are commonly worrying *us.*) Nothing that you can do will, I suppose, materially reduce her age, abolish her poverty, or modify her sex, but maybe a word from you will stabilize her mind and keep her out of the Asylum for expectant authors.

Sometimes a check endorsed by the author is laid in. A particularly pleasant touch is given to an autograph book when the author has a habit of making a little sketch or "mark" together with or in lieu of his signature. A copy of "Thomas Nast's Almanac for 1874" is described in a rare book catalogue before me as containing "A Deception by 'Mark Twain' ". Merely the author's bookplate pasted in, of course, makes an association volume.

Some authors in their inscriptions give an interesting comment on the composition of the book. An inscription in a copy of Gertrude Atherton's book "The Valiant Runaways" reads: "This is the only book I ever wrote with difficulty and perhaps that is the reason it missed fire." In a copy of her "American Wives and English Husbands" Mrs. Atherton wrote: "The subject — an international marriage — suggested by Dr. Robertson Nicoll — the only suggestion from another that I have ever been able to work upon." The comment of some authors in their inscriptions takes the form of a note in exposition of their philosophy or a statement of their artistic credo. Mr. Galsworthy goes in a great deal for this. A copy of his book "The Country House" he inscribed thus:

> I temperamentally desire that works of Art, whether they be novels, plays or pictures, should have a philosophic core, a temper of mind, a spiritual bias. But this is not to say that I desire such essence enplanted within them by other than negative means. It should distil from them as fragrance from a flower, or as the flavour of fruits, bitter or sweet.

Henry James, curiously enough,

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was fond of terse, epigrammatic inscriptions. In a copy of "Confidence" he wrote this line: "Every man has a right to little flower-beds, a life is not all bare kitchen gardening." In a copy of "The Portrait of a Lady" this: "You can't always please yourself; you must sometimes please other people." In a copy of "Portraits of Places": "The best thing therefore is not to go back." Every now and then authors convey the point of their inscriptions obliquely by penning a quotation from a classic writer. Maeterlinck frequently does this. In quoting from an English author he displays an excellent pen command of English, in striking contrast to his vocal difficulties with the language.

Just as Mr. Herford likes to give a little fillip to his inscription in a copy of "The Geometrical Giraffe" by an intimate portrait of a giraffe, and Du Maurier was inclined to round out his autograph by a small sketch, so the scholarly author finds a bit of play in an inscription for his erudition. What more appropriate in a copy of Andrew Lang's "Old Friends: Essays in Epistolary Parody" than a tracing of a couplet from Homer, in Greek? In a set of Georg Brandes's "Eminent Authors of the Nineteenth Century" Professor Brandes has written a short sentiment in French in one volume and one in German in the other. And Padraic Colum now and then inscribes a book of his verses in Gaelic.

One of the most entertaining and prolific inscribers of books is Mr. Chesterton. Here are a couple of his playfully serious inscriptions. In a copy of "The Napoleon of Notting Hill":

> This is a bad book on a good subject; and that is a pathetic sight. The tragedy is that now I have once done the thing badly I cannot do it again well. I can only ask the reader when he has waded through all the weary melodrama and elephantine irrelevance of the writing to pause a little on the central idea and reflect how much better he would have expressed it. Then he will see with the eye of vision what I saw: the return of primal things, the village suddenly in the midst of the corrupt city.

In a copy of "What's Wrong with the World", a most characteristic specimen:

> Somewhere in this badly written book the truth is really imbedded. I know it is there, because I put it there, but in going through it again I can't find it.

Kipling, dealers in collector's books report, has been found by autograph hunters the hardest of celebrities to succumb to their wiles. Presentation books of his are almost unknown. Mrs. Kipling has for many years retained every scrap of her husband's manuscripts. As to autograph letters, he has not written many during the last twenty years. In 1903, however, the owner of a set of Kipling, and a person of appalling temerity, prevailed upon the author to inscribe the books. He did this in each volume, and in addition penned verses on the fly leaves of three of the volumes. Poets more or less often write their inscriptions in verse, generally transcribing a stanza of a poem printed in the volume, or a portion of one; though occasionally a poet composes impromptu a bit of verse or doggerel in his inscription. Among the poems about children written by Eugene Field his "Little Willie" is perhaps as well known as any, though his publishers have never allowed this facetious piece to appear in any collection of his work. Numerous copies of it have been printed in separate form. A rare book catalogue describes as "a superb association volume" a copy of

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"Love Songs of Childhood" in which this composition, five stanzas of eight lines each, has been inscribed on the blank pages at the end in Field's beautiful handwriting.

Presentation copies of books by Theodore Dreiser are rare. A rare book catalogue lists a first edition copy of "The Financier" with this inscription in the hand of the author: "To Nannie Hatton For Value to be received, From Theodore Dreiser, New York, June 21st, 1913. And not too big." Sometimes when inscribing a book authors make interesting alterations in the text. In a presentation set of William Ernest Henley's "Recreations of the Rabelais Club", only one hundred sets printed, three small quarto volumes, Henley in his "Villon's Good-Night" changed the penultimate line, "I do not care one little damn", to read "bloudy" instead of "little". Authors with well known pseudonyms sometimes use them as their autographs. A first edition copy of "The Voice of the City" now on the shelves of a rare book dealer bears merely the inscription "O. Henry" on the fly leaf. As far as the knowledge of this dealer goes, and he is well informed in first editions and autograph material of O. Henry, this is one of the only two books by Porter similarly inscribed. He asserts that he knows the story of how Porter came to write his pseudonym in this volume, and guarantees the authenticity of the inscription.

In 1916 there was dispersed at the Anderson Galleries, in New York, the largest and most important collection of inscribed books in the world, made by James Carleton Young, F.R.G.S., LL.D., L.H.D. Mr. Young was a member of nearly all the important book clubs in the United States; the only American member of the Société des Amis des Livres, the most exclusive book club in the world, and enrolled in many other organizations abroad. In 1902 the Paris "Figaro" spoke of him as "Le Roi des Livres", a title by which he was well known in Europe. When a young man Mr. Young resolved to devote his life to the collection of modern works of literature in all languages, and he particularly desired that each book should be inscribed by its author. The work progressed rapidly in America, but as it is unusual for the writers of any language other than English to inscribe their books, very little could be accomplished by correspondence with foreign authors. Mr. Young, therefore, resolved to travel around the world. Most of his time for twenty years was devoted to his pursuit. In time the collection reached such proportions as to require the attention not only of the collector but that of a librarian and eight assistants, including cataloguers and translators. With rare exceptions, Mr. Young bought all of his books and then sent them to the authors to be inscribed, after having received permission to do so. His correspondence in the matter reached five thousand letters a year.

The books of Count Tolstoy illustrate the difficulties Mr. Young encountered. The first books sent to Russia were lost at sea. A second set was purchased and some of these were confiscated by the Russian government. A third set was then sent at large expense by a special messenger who succeeded in reaching the Count's home. In this case there was an additional reward, for Mr. Young secured the original of the famous letter that Tolstoy wrote to the Czar of Russia on the massacre of the Jews at Kishinev. It was a corrected copy that was sent to the Czar.

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There is an event in the way of inscribed volumes which comes about every quarter of a century. The idea of organizing the Authors Club (New York) was born on October 21, 1882, at the house of Richard Watson Gilder. In 1891, Rossiter Johnson laid before the Council of the Club the project of the "Liber Scriptorum: The First Book of the Authors Club", to be made up of contributions from each member and signed by them in each copy; the edition to be limited to two hundred and fifty-one copies and sold at a subscription price of one hundred dollars. The book was printed at the De Vinne Press and published by the Club in 1893. The profits to the Club of this enterprise amounted to over ten thousand five hundred dollars. The success of that work determined the Club to produce additional volumes at intervals of twenty-five years, when presumably the corps of contributors would be largely different. The price of the second book was advanced to one hundred and twenty-five dollars.

Among the men who contributed to the "Liber Scriptorum" of 1893 were: Henry Mills Alden, Noah Brooks, George William Curtis, Edward Eggleston, Richard Watson Gilder, Edwin Lawrence Godkin, Parke Godwin, Laurence Hutton, Hamilton W. Mabie, Brander Matthews, Edmund Clarence Stedman, Charles De Kay, Richard Henry Stoddard, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Henry James, Charles Dudley Warner, and Samuel L. Clemens.

TO A LADY SITTING IN STARLIGHT

By Olive Tilford Dargan

THOSE stars that drown their light in two dark lakes
Of parted hair, and make your pale brow paler, —
Those stars far from a world that each day wakes
To madder strife with wilder winds that veil her, —
In unimagined distance poised and clear,
Deaf to the bed-cry and the prison call,
Envied of drudge and footsore harvester, —
They are the fiercest toilers of us all.

And you who make men dream of roads that end, —
Of cool, green grass beside a shaded door, —
Of wondrous silence tender as a friend,
And still delights that sweeten the heart's core, —
You toil behind your smile like seas that crave
To beat a world to sand with every wave.

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THE CRYSTAL BOX

Fragments of Autobiography

By Hugh Walpole

III: SHIPS AND SOULS

LIFE is nothing but a long series of self-exposures. When one looks back and recovers something of the supreme confidence with which one started on difficult and complicated businesses — well — if there is virtue in audacity there should also be shame at repeated failure.

I have hitherto failed at everything I have undertaken in life, that is if one takes any kind of high and durable standard. A master of mine once prophesied that the only thing I was ever likely to be successful in was a mayor of a small town. If that had come my way I might have succeeded at it. I can't tell. But in everything else I have muddled and hurried and confused. The three greatest failures of my life have been my private secretaryship (two years of carelessness and inefficiency with the kindest of friends and masters); my year in Liverpool on the Mersey Mission to Seamen; and my attempt to conduct British propaganda in Russia during the war. With the last of these I was not altogether to blame. The Revolution plumped into the middle of my well meant but helterskelter plans and smashed them to pieces, and it would have smashed quite as completely much better arrangements than mine.

It is of the Mission to Seamen affair that I am going to write now, because that had a kind of bizarre incongruity about it that gives it something more than a personal private interest.

When I came down from Cambridge it was supposed that I should be a clergyman. I supposed it, my parents supposed it, my friends supposed it. It was suggested that I should have a year's work with the Mission to Seamen as a preparation and an illuminating experience. An illuminating experience it turned out to be, but not quite as I had expected!

I was quite certain that I should be an astounding success. I had about as much experience of life as a two days old kitten; I was going to deal with some of the toughest and hardest of human material, material that needed for its proper development the utmost tact, knowledge of men and affairs, and nobility of character. That was nothing to me — I was going to be an astounding success. My three years at Cambridge had hardened my conceit (heaven alone knows why, as I did nothing of any distinction there), confirmed my naïveties, and strengthened my optimism. I went up to Liverpool like a general returning from a supremely successful campaign.

Liverpool is not the most beautiful city in the world. The Mersey is a beautiful and wonderful river but, if

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I may say so without offense, the citizens of Liverpool have not made the most of its wonders. The cities of my heart are London, Petrograd, Munich, and Venice. London and Venice are certainly two of the world's most lovely cities and Petrograd and Munich are near to my heart for other reasons; when I compare with these Liverpool and its vile climate, its detestable slums, its shrieking trams, and its execrable monotonies, it appears horrible indeed.

Nevertheless Liverpool has a life of the finest — crude, raw, eager, pulsing life — and I have as much right to despise it as Martin Tupper had to sneer at Milton. The purpose of the Mission to Seamen was twofold — to make the lives of the sailors and seamen who frequented the waters of the Mersey more happy and comfortable than they had hitherto been, and to bring them closer to God.

I was as sure of God at that time as I was of myself. It seemed to me a very simple thing to make these people sure of Him too.

"Throw yourself into their lives," my chief buoyantly advised me. "They are splendid fellows and all they want is to feel that you are their friend. Let them talk to you about their troubles; they will talk to you freely if you encourage them."

It all seemed simple enough. I started in, splendidly optimistic.

II

When I had been in the Mission a week or so we had one of our Happy Family Evenings — I think they occurred every Thursday. Two of the staff were appointed to "run the games" and I can hear now M——'s cheery, "Now my men — come along. Make yourselves at home." And then, as individuals were recognized: "Well, Prentise, how's the cold? . . . Wife better, Smith? . . . That's good, that's good."

I think as I watched the clumsy awkward group hesitating by the door I had my first suspicion that these splendid fellows would not be quite so easy to "catch" as I had anticipated. As the evening advanced my suspicions increased. We played I remember "Musical Chairs" and "French and English" and other children's games. M—— was really admirable. He was a little man with fiery red hair, the least possible of a prig, entirely genuine and assured in his religion, and with much true worldly wisdom and knowledge of men to help him.

The men liked him and with him almost dropped their reserve — almost but not quite. Those who entered our Mission were of three types. There was the eager, sycophantic, pocketing-what-he-could-get, predatory sailor whose zeal for religion was wonderful and most satisfying to the staff. There was the honest devil-may-care sailor who had come up to the Mission because he had nowhere else to go, had no friends in the port, and wanted a roof under which he might smoke his pipe. And there was the serious, generally elderly seaman who had very deep views on predestination and original sin who came up to us with the hope of catching one "of they parsons" out in some theological folly and utterly crushing him in argument.

We had always too a sprinkling of riotous spirits who had been drinking in the bars at the river side and had come up to see whether they could have a bit of fun.

It was with the theological type that I first met disaster. I had not the slightest idea what Leviticus 6.3 informed us and I had the most immature notion of the origins of Genesis.

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I remember on the very first Happy Evening an old seaman with a white pointed beard, to whom I had fluently talked for some five minutes, going up to Mr. M—— and asking what they were doing to allow in the Mission such an ignorant simpleton. I can see myself now moving restlessly under his cold eye as he watched me with scorn from the other end of the room.

I liked best, at first, of course, the sycophantic ones. They agreed so eagerly with everything that I said. They informed me with tears in their eyes that they would never be able to tell anyone what the Mission had been in their lives. Where they would ultimately have gone to had not the Mission saved them, they shuddered to think. These jolly evenings, the five minutes' beautiful service in the chapel upstairs at ten o'clock, the friendship and help of such men as myself, these were the things that made them thank God every night before they turned in. They generally added two things — first that although they didn't wish to criticize they could not but say that M—— seemed to them not quite the right man for the job — too hard and unsympathetic. And secondly had I by any chance a spare shirt or two or an old pair of boots about me that I didn't need and that might be just the thing for themselves these cold winter nights at sea?

On the first Happy Evening I pledged, I remember, nearly all my underclothing, not from any real sense of gratitude but because I felt that the Mission was a success and that I was a success too through the Mission.

My suspicions were once more aroused when at ten o'clock the hearty voice of one of the Missioners was heard on the stairs: "Now my men, we've had our fun. What about five minutes now quietly with God?"

There was a sheepish movement toward the stairs but as soon as the Missioner's back was turned the movement changed and gravitated toward the door. When the service began there were only three or four men in the little chapel. That seemed to me disappointing, but the Missioner assured me, rubbing his hands, that it was most satisfactory. Bill Wallace, one of the hardest cases they had, had attended and enjoyed the service very much.

I recalled a word of my chief's: "Never allow yourself to be disappointed, Walpole. When things seem at their very worst is the time when they are most surely moving forward."

III

The Mission to Seamen was, and is, a splendid institution, and has been doing, especially since the war, magnificent work; but it needs men of a certain type to carry it through and I was not of that type.

M—— was precisely right. His little fiery head could be seen, like a torch, mounting ship after ship in the Mersey, flaming here and flaming there, winning always after its visit this encomium: "For a parson that's a damned good fellow." But this boarding of the ships was to me an unutterable terror. In the morning I would go into the chief's office and receive my orders — such and such a liner, such and such a merchant vessel had arrived and must be visited. I was given my list. Down to the docks my trembling legs would carry me. If I was lucky some of my ships would be close at hand, but often enough I must go down the river on a smelly little tug, the property of the Mission,

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and, after being tossed like a cork on those tempestuous waters, board a gigantic liner and ask in a shaking voice for the captain. My old terror, born in my years at S——, of meeting someone who quite plainly disliked me, had plenty of reason here for revival. Many of the captains so plainly disliked me that they shouted at once that "they didn't want any b——y parsons on their craft". Once I remember I was pushed down a flight of stairs by an obese ship's officer who afterward apologized elaborately, to the great delight of an observant crew. One of our chief's principal mottoes was that we were to "know no defeat in well-doing" and therefore, "If at first you don't succeed try try again." This returning to vessels that, to put it simply, "did not take to me", was for me a real agony. How often and often have I walked up and down one of the vast cathedral-like docks plucking up courage to board an unfriendly vessel! M—— would mount it like an invading pirate and be received with cheers, where I—!

Sometimes a ship's officer would give me permission to hold a service on the ship's deck if the crew cared to come, and then I would go around from deck to deck trying to persuade. What was it that so immediately sapped my confidence? Any other member of the Mission staff would have been ready in a moment with his "Now my men—", and M—— would have chaffed them so happily and been so completely one of themselves that they would have joined him from sheer friendliness. But I was a ludicrous figure. In a ship especially I was out of place and ill at ease. I was not sincere enough in my religion to forget myself. I was thinking of the figure I was cutting whereas M—— thought only of being their friend and K—— of bringing more souls to the Lord.

As the days passed I slipped out of the ship visiting and managed to secure for myself the easier part — visiting old ladies and forsaken wives, holding Mission services on Sunday evenings, running the Seamen's Library, and so on. But even into my retreats Real Life persisted in obtruding. My simple ideas of making a charming social effect upon the gentle and nice-minded seamen of Liverpool were torn from me ruthlessly. I soon came, I am glad to say, to detest the hypocritical sycophants; I found that I was beginning to have an affection for the heavy drinkers; to sympathize with the desperate need for companionship, warmth, and excitement that accompanied the release from six months at sea and led invariably to the loss of every penny of the six months' wages, an aching head, and a cold door step in the early morning.

And worse, more finally disastrous to my clerical hopes, were the promptings, tentative but persistent, of religious doubts.

I spoke out my heart to M——. "The trouble is", I said, "that I'm beginning to feel that I'm not a bit better than these men and that I've got no right to talk to them about their souls at all."

"Of course you're no better," he returned frankly. "Not so good as most of them. But you've not got to think of yourself. You think too much of yourself, Walpole, if I may say so. It isn't whether you're better or no. The point is that you've stumbled on a jolly fine experience and you want them to have the advantage of sharing it."

"What do you mean by experience?" I asked. "I'm beginning to realize

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that I haven't had any deep experience of life at all."

"I don't mean experience of this life," M—— answered impatiently. "I mean the Christian religion. You happen to know what a good thing it is. They don't. You're there to prove it to them."

But did I know? Doubts were assailing me now on every side. I knew that M—— knew and K—— knew and my father knew. The glorious certainty of those lucky men was visible every minute of the day in their faces.

But God seemed very far away in Liverpool. When, on Sunday evenings, I trotted out my poor little platitudes about peace and good will and self-sacrifice and making oneself one with God, the hollowness of it all must surely have made itself apparent to everybody. I had had no *experience*. How could I say I *knew* that God was love and that it was wicked to drink too much and go with loose women? I had never tested God nor given myself enough to Him to deserve His love — and as to drink and women, how dared I say anything about that until I had been three months at sea in a Congo boat?

My adjurations faltered; I was found one afternoon drinking beer with the cook of a certain steamer and laughing immensely at his not very seemly jokes. I liked the cook, I liked his jokes, and because he was a good fellow with an admirable sense of humor I was forgetting altogether his need of heaven. M—— *could* drink with the cook because he *had* roughed it again and again and still thought heaven thoroughly worth while. But I had not been tested at all.

And then a further difficulty crept in. I had begun the writing of my first grown up novel and it seemed to me, in spite of myself, in spite of my honest desire to improve the souls of all Liverpool's seamen, more enthralling, absorbing, devastating, romantic, and marvelous than all the Missions in Europe. I couldn't help myself. I was proving traitor to my job.

IV

I had begun soon after my coming to Liverpool a novel called "The Abbey". It was to be a real novel with life of today for its background and grown up people for its characters, and the life and intrigues of a cathedral town for its subject. I began it, I remember, in a state of extraordinary excitement one evening in my dreary Liverpool lodging. The evening was wretched, rain was bashing the window panes, the fire was almost out and I had not the courage to ask my landlady for more coal, the staring family group on the walls, the red plush sofa, the needle worked mats and pincushions, the curtain of jingling beads across the door — these all depressed me beyond depression. I had had a bad day at the Mission, having "funked" two important ships; I was ashamed of myself, lonely, and hungry after a supper of sardines and potted meat. I saw suddenly before me a cathedral, gigantic, proud, hostile, and beneath it, under its shadow, tiny midgets walking. The bells rang out and the midgets hurriedly crowded together like ants on an anthill. Then a great door opened like a mouth and in they jumbled and were no more seen.

I pulled paper toward me and began to write. People were moving, shops were opening, cabs were tottering along, children were crying, dogs were barking. I could not write fast enough to keep pace with the pictures. The lamp was brought in — I did not notice it. I went to bed in the early

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hours of the morning, ecstatic, triumphant. It was so easy. One had only to watch the people, to listen to their voices; it was so easy. Thank God, I was a real novelist at last.

I had no more plan — than that. I wrote, through that winter, twelve chapters, and then found myself in a terrible state of confusion.

I could not go anywhere nor do anything without dragging all my characters with me. And how many characters I had, and how many different things they were all doing, and how impossible to draw them all into any common movement! Moreover, when I had listened to them it had seemed to me that I heard their voices; but now when I read the dialogue it was as though only one character were speaking and that character myself!

I looked at the pile of manuscript and felt proud that I could write so much — but how to continue? I must begin again, and this time I must have a plan and only so many characters as were needed. And destroy all these beautiful pages? Yes, destroy all these beautiful pages.

And so I had my first lesson in novel writing — a lesson, I may add, that to this day I have never properly learned.

It happened that at the very time of this literary crisis I was summoned by the chief.

He explained to me with a good deal of hesitancy — because he was a kindly man and a tender — that he was not satisfied with my work, that I was absentminded and unpunctual(!), that I did not visit the ships that I ought to visit, and did not reprimand when I ought to reprimand. He hated to tell me this but — did I feel that clerical work was my vocation?

I had nothing to urge in my defense. What could I say? I *was* absentminded and forgetful. I *was* divided in my interests. Even as he talked to me the figures from "The Abbey" came flying into the room — buzzing with their chatter about my ears. "What are you going to do with us?" they cried. "You've left us in midair."

I went out and down to the Mersey and there, looking at the river, I had one of the most important hours of my life. That foaming flood tossing in grey froth and spume out to the sea was invincibly strong and mighty. Ships of all sizes were passing; gulls were wheeling with hoarse screams above my head — the sun broke the clouds and suddenly the river was violet with silver lines and circles.

At that moment I knew. The ferry arrived from the other side; people pushed out and past me. The life and bustle and beauty of the world was everywhere about me. I loved it; I adored it; but not for me to try and change it.

Looking out to sea where a great liner slowly took the sun like a queen, I vowed that I would be a novelist, good or bad, for the remainder of my earthly days.

I went back, there and then, and resigned my position.

(To be continued.)

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THE SKETCH BOOK

THE DIT SCHOOL OF FICTION

By Ellis Parker Butler

SINCE the English critics seem agreed that no worthy American novels are being written and the American critics seem agreed that no worthy English novels are being written, I have decided to delay no longer, but to inaugurate the new era for both nations immediately, and make possible the general use of my invention, the "dit" school of fiction.

For the benefit of those to whom my name may not be familiar (although I rightly doubt that there be any such), I will say that I am the man who, some ten years ago, invented the Scenic Novel. In the Scenic Novel there was to be nothing but scenery and weather. This was to do away with the infernal nuisance — as all we greater authors find it — of having to write conversation into our novels. Not that conversation does not have its place in a novel of the old sort; it has — but it carries with it the sickening necessity of writing down ten to forty thousand times (according to the length of the novel) the platitudinous refrains "she said", "he said", "said she", and "said he". This is what drives many good men out of the novel writing business.

The Scenic Novel, being nothing but weather and scenery, was meant to obviate the necessity of the "he said" and "she said" annoyance altogether. Unfortunately, before I had thoroughly established the use of the Scenic Novel form, the general idea was grasped by another branch of the trade and, as you know, the market has been flooded with scenery and weather books, which have been highly successful. We have had an especially notable group of books dealing with the scenery and the weather (some of it pretty warm) of the South Sea Islands, for example.

I do not complain of the use these authors have made of my hint. I am glad they have succeeded; I am merely sorry the novelists did not jump at the suggestion I offered. That has been, I admit, a little discouraging. It leads one to ask, "Are there, indeed, no longer any Balzacs, any Thackerays, any Laura Jean Libbeys eager to carry fictional literature to new heights?" I believe there are. It is to such that I offer the enormous field of my newly invented "dit" school of literature.

Deep consideration of the whole subject of fictional literature has convinced me that I was too radical in wishing to do away with all conversation in novels. In fact, a study of the new European boundary lines, the Einstein theory, and the basic qualities of the human mind leads me to believe that I was absolutely and diametrically wrong in my former ideas. The novel should not merely contain conversation, it should be nothing but conversation.

Now this thought is in itself tremendous, but it is as nothing to the thought that it led up to—the thought that has led me to create the "dit" school of fiction. I have said that it was my opinion that conversation in novels was a nuisance, and that I now know I was absolutely wrong about that. Many of the most successful

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novels published since I invented the Scenic Novel have been almost nothing but talk.

"Ah!" thought I then, "if I was wrong in one thing I am probably wrong in all. I am probably always wrong. If so, I am wrong in thinking the 'he said' and 'she said' business is a nuisance. It is probably the essence and fine flower of fictional literature. Let us consider that!"

It is thus really fine minds work.

It was thus I came to invent the "dit" school of literature which I see now is destined to be to the old style novel what free verse is to poesy and what Impressionism and Cubistry are to art.

The word "dit", which I have given to the new style of fiction writing I have invented, is French. Those who have studied languages deeply will know that it means "said". In plain English one might call my new style the "said" style, or — if one wishes — the "he-said-she-said" style.

In working on the "dit" style and thus bringing it to perfection, I have read everything ever printed, from the Bible to this morning's newspaper. I find that there has been a gradual and very slow change in method of saiding. From the clumsy Bible mode — "And Moses spake unto Aaron, saying" — there was a gradual simplification of usage, culminating in the twentieth century "he said" and "she said" or, at times, "John said", "Amelia answered". With the beginning of the twentieth century, when the cakewalk developed into the more colorful tango, there was an evident unrest among the more prominent saiders, and many of our better writers began the attempt to add color and life to what had been so long the sodden lead of fictional writings. We begin to find such passages as these:

"Drane's girl will have to speak out," mouthed Hemmer.

"She may, at that," thought Elise audibly.

This was a great step forward and the progress was rapid, culminating in the splendidly colorful saidings of George Randolph Chester in his dignified tales of Wallingford. Here the saidings were evidently in the hand of a master artist. His characters saided with unapproachable brilliance of originality. In line after line new and original saidings flashed gemlike: "he gurgled", "she imagined", "Wallingford cringed". Nearly every word in the dictionary came forth and took the place of the outworn "said". To read:

> "That's the boy," Wallingford cavorted.
> "You're right," Blackie Daw saxophoned.
> "Who is right?" the elderly man snailed.
> "I am — always," elephanted Wallingford.
> "Except when you are wrong," steamboated Blackie Daw —

to read this in a Wallingford tale would cause us no surprise, but it would cause us pleasure. Here the tale becomes subservient to the brilliant saiding. We read on and on, forgetful of the tale, seeking only to enjoy the saids.

In Wallingford's history Mr. Chester came so close to my "dit" school of literature that I even now tremble. One step more and he would have discovered it. In short, my "dit" school of fiction eliminates everything but the saids. This intensifies the interest while it leaves more to the reader's imagination. A novel thus becomes a permanent thing; it can be read a thousand times and new meanings always found in it. Old novels can be republished and seem like new — newer than new.

To illustrate the system I take in

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hand a novel sent me recently by a friend.* He wrote it. It is, as old school novels go, a decidedly good piece of work, I think. It holds the attention after one has read a chapter or two. Need I say, however, that for a few pages I saw little but the saidings? This was, perhaps, because I had my "dit" system so deeply in mind, thinking of nothing else day or night. But observe how much more thrilling, how much greater this book would have been had it been written *à la* "dit" or, to use the phrase I prefer, if it had been "ditted".

I turn to the second chapter of this novel. I stop at page 15. I rewrite a portion, omitting everything but a little punctuation and the saidings. I choose as a title the one word — the name of one of the characters — "Dibdin". Observe the result:

DIBDIN

A Tale of Mystery

"," he remarked.
"," I told him.
"?" he demanded with a gruffness that is part of his charm.
"?"
"," he said.
"," I wondered.
"," he answered elegantly.
"," I sat down facing him.
"!" was his only comment.
"?"
"."
"!" I retorted irritably.
"," he said.
"!" I cried with a harassed laugh.
"?" he growled.
"," I told him.
"," he observed.
"," I pursued.
"," said Dibdin with emotion.

There is mystery in that. He came, he demanded with gruffness, he said with emotion. Evidently the heart of a gruff man was touched. By what? How? Why?

*The Man Who Lived in a Shoe. By Henry James Forman. Little, Brown and Co.

It will be seen at a glance that this is superior to anything now being written, both in form and content, but it may be that the change is too radical to institute suddenly. For those who are conservative and fear to venture too boldly, I offer my "semi-dit" form. This permits the author to give the reader, who he thinks has a solid mahogany head, a key to the conversation. It includes the last word only of what the character is understood to have been saying. In exemplification I proceed with Dibdin, from the middle of page 17. Let me call this "Dibdin Seen".

DIBDIN SEEN

A Mystery Solved

"Damnably," said Dibdin without emotion.
"— am," I retorted warmly.
"No," said Dibdin gravely.
"— freedom," I went on, ignoring him.
"— obsequies?" he queried.
"— yes," I answered sadly.
"— happen," he remarked to the ceiling.
"— that?" I caught him up.
"— know," he replied in his carefully lazy tone.
"— this," he muttered.
"— 'Horace'!" I exclaimed.
"— me," he replied.
"— it!" I cried, as my fingers caressed it.
"— devil," murmured Dibdin in his beard.
"— it!" I exulted incredulously.
"— point," muttered Dibdin.
"— point?"
"— happen."
"— scientist," I marveled.
"— victimized." Dibdin puffed at his foul pipe.

That, I admit, presented Dibdin and the whole matter in a new light to me.

Naturally it would present Dibdin in a new light! But in what new light? Here is a mystery that does not have the failing many find in detective tales; the mystery is not solved in the last chapter.

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To the novelists of the English speaking world I present the "dit" system absolutely free of charge. All may use it. I demand no share of the royalties. All I ask is that there be printed in simple type, immediately following the copyright notice in each ditted or semi-ditted novel these words: "Written in the 'dit' style invented by Ellis Parker Butler. Honor to whom honor is due."

ON WORKS OF REFERENCE

By Aline Kilmer

LALAGE, who lives with me, is occasionally moved to bitter lamentations. Anyone who lived with me would lament bitterly on occasion. As a philosopher I can realize this without undue heartburning. But I claim that Lalage is unreasonable in doing this, because she does not lament those things that are really lamentable.

Her chief cause of complaint is that my library contains no works of reference. In vain I tell her that I have a dictionary, the finest of all dictionaries. She only asks me coldly to produce it, and I — I cannot. And she will not accept my unsupported word. I am unable to produce the evidence because of all my books that dictionary is the most butterfly-like. It settles now here, now there, and remains so short a time in each place that Lalage, who has lived with me for eight months, claims with apparent sincerity that she has never seen it. When I have seen it myself I cannot say that I have paid much attention to it except to experience a pleasantly possessive thrill. I never consult it. I never need to. Usually I can grasp the meaning of an unfamiliar word by the context and as for spelling — well, I am a good speller. On those rare occasions when I really need to look up a word, my dictionary being so much the will-o'-the-wisp, I have a better and more informative way of looking it up. I take some book that I feel sure will somewhere or other contain the word and I read through it until my search is rewarded. In this way I refresh my memory of books that I have read and even sometimes read books that otherwise I never should have read.

Recently I have been informed that this practice of mine is one of the many admirable methods of the Chinese. To find the proper use of a word they search the classics. If that word does not appear in the classics, so much the worse for the word. It dies.

From the actual use I have made of my dictionary I have got little but sorrow. Many excellent words are ruined by too definite a knowledge of their meaning. There is the tragic case of "hectic". I had always considered it a highly expressive word. I had used it joyously for years to mean a convenient combination of "nervous", "excitable", "feverish". One ill-starred day I looked it up and I have never been able to use it since. Its actual meaning is so far removed from its meaning as used by me and the vulgar generally that I cannot even remember what it was. No one could be expected to remember it. It simply has nothing to do with the case.

But it is not only a dictionary that Lalage would have me possess. She thinks I should have an encyclopædia. Now this is really the height of folly. She knows that I have not sufficient room for those books that I already own. An encyclopædia is ugly and cumbersome. Also it is an expensive thing.

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And to an encyclopædia there is the same serious objection that applies to most works of reference. It is too practical and too detailed. What information the average human mind might conceivably be able to grasp is smothered under a mass of technicalities and so lost.

I have, for instance, read the article on navigation in an encyclopædia. It was, doubtless, sound and, as such articles go, well constructed. Far be it from me to offer any impertinent, half baked criticism upon it. But the fact remains that not one shred of it clung in my mind. What knowledge I have of seamanship, and it is ample for my needs, I got from "The Hunting of the Snark". From a work like that you learn indelibly. You learn with the Bellman. In company with that intelligent but untrained gentleman, I never knew whether an east wind blew from the east or to the east. It is not a thing one can easily inquire about. One might safely guess at it if it were not for the technical terms. The phrase "due east" is certainly confusing if not deliberately misleading. But after one reading of "The Hunting of the Snark" the truth is fixed in your mind.

I do not think I am peculiar in this. Is there anyone who has not learned more history from historical romances than from the pages of histories themselves? I believe not.

It might be possible, with a little research, to draw up a list of such substitutes to fill the places of all dull reference books on library shelves. Dozens of delectable ones flash into my mind. But I hold my hand because if I presented this list I should then be in the despicable position of having perpetrated a work of reference. This I have vowed I shall never do.

So I claim that Lalage is unreasonable. But I think privately that it is better so. Unreason never annoys me. I have with it unfailing patience. If Lalage came to me and complained that my housekeeping compared unfavorably with that of Mrs. Jellyby — if in these benighted days there are many who do not recognize Mrs. Jellyby I am glad of that, because they won't know what I mean — if she pointed out that I begin a thousand things that I never finish, if she showed me that though I am potentially a capable person I never accomplish anything, she would be perfectly right. Reason would be all on her side. But then I should be very angry.

SURRENDER BOOKS

By Thomas L. Masson

THERE is a class of books that nobody apparently has ever thought of grouping before. Yet they have a very definite place in the mind of each one of us who is devoted to reading, and to know what they are is to have information of great value. They are what I may term surrender books. And presently I hope by example to explain them very definitely.

Of course, lists of books that one ought to read always vary according to taste, and nothing indeed has involved so much controversy as what these books should be. There cannot in the nature of things be any uniform method of selection, this always depending upon individual taste, previous education, heritage, environment, etc. But it seems to me that it is possible to create a new standard which deals with surrender books alone, and I should think that lovers of books generally would be fairly well agreed as to what these are. We

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may expect differences, but not the violent differences we have observed among those who just make lists of the best books.

What then is a surrender book?

By "surrender" I mean that power a book has over you to make you surrender yourself to it completely. There are plenty of good books that do not have this power. It is also true that many of the books that do have this power are not necessarily novels. The surrender books indeed are in a class by themselves — as I have hinted, a unique class quite apart from anything else in literature. I possess a few of them, and I would not part from these books for anything in the world that I can think of. I cannot, however, explain them definitely all at once. I can do so only little by little. If I should attempt to make a complete definition of a surrender book, you would immediately begin to qualify it; yet it is quite definite, when you understand the conditions.

A surrender book is one that carries with it a complete atmosphere. It is just as if the author had the power to invent a world of his own, in which there is nothing superfluous, and from which, when you once get into it, you do not want to part. Furthermore, all the outside world has left you; nothing else matters. The power to do this is a distinct power; it appears to me to be a peculiarity of some authors. It may not be the highest power. But there it is — a quite definite thing.

A surrender book is one that we are quite content to be let alone with. It is not necessarily an exciting book, which, so to speak, acts upon us like a disease. It may have that quality, and yet it may not. "The Count of Monte Cristo" is a surrender book; it has its imperfections, but it qualifies. And also, in my experience, so does James Ford Rhodes's history of the United States. Mr. Rhodes first got together the materials to make his world, then he assimilated them, and after that, by the peculiar power I have referred to, he created his illusion. When you step into the first volume, you are living over again, with him, the history of your country. He has made an atmosphere for you; you are carried along by it, it envelops you completely. You don't care much what happens outside. I suppose, indeed, that it may be said of a surrender book that it has the power of hypnotizing you. Now the same thing is true of Jane Austen as of Mr. Rhodes. I am aware that there are people who don't like Jane Austen. Mark Twain couldn't abide her. He ranted when he mentioned her name. He said that any library would be a good one without the works of Jane Austen in it. But Mark Twain's literary judgment wasn't worth a whoop. There is nothing superfluous about Jane Austen. She has the power of making you feel that you are there, moving about, guided by her fairy wand, and not caring to be anywhere else.

I should say after all that the quality which enables an author to produce this illusion is one in which he is able to inspire our immediate confidence. If you are at the circus and you see a trapeze performer hesitate over his act, you are at once filled with nervousness about him. Every moment that you view him is an agony. But if he shows that he is perfectly able to control himself, you view his performance with pleasure and serenity. This surrender power is due to the care with which the author has written his book; but this is by no means all. Many an author who has

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taken infinite pains is deadly dull, and irritatingly accurate. Neither is it due to a dramatic quality. Some authors, who have this dramatic trick, are constantly leading up to climaxes which absorb you at the time, and yet you have not surrendered as a whole. You still retain your self-possession, you are still looking and have one eye on the outside world.

I confess that I have often tried to define this surrender quality in such a manner that I would cover it altogether and have not succeeded. The best thing I can do is to give examples.

"Vanity Fair" for instance is not a surrender book; there are parts of it altogether too detached. This does not detract from its glory; only, it doesn't happen to be that kind. For surrender value I should much prefer "The Newcomes", but Thackeray is not a perfect type of a surrender author. Neither, on the whole, is Dickens. He carries you off your feet; he bangs you up against the wall; he certainly absorbs you; he is like a contagion. But think of Parkman and his stories of conquest and Indians. Here, by that subtle alchemy of which I have spoken, you are immediately carried into another world, with swift and sure touches. After you have once read, as an instance, "Conspiracy of Pontiac", how different is everything. To me the supreme pleasure of reading, after you have gotten through a surrender book, and it has become a possession, is to want to live it all over again. Nothing but high genius in writing has the power to enable you to do this.

Perhaps the biggest books in the world are not the surrender books. Neither Shakespeare nor Plato nor the Bible could qualify. There is a sense in which they are too big. There are, of course, stories in the Bible that have great surrender value. A reading of Shakespeare may easily be an absorbing occupation. I remember when, as a boy, I read his plays for the first time, their story value fascinated me, held me. But to meet these three works and come finally to enter into them and understand them requires a long experience with life. Indeed, it is not until we approach the end of life that, as we ponder over them, their great beauty and their profundity almost overawe us.

If you are a natural born reader, however, you can begin at almost any time to collect surrender books. "Les Miserables" is one of them. This is what Walter Scott might call a big bowwow surrender book. You must lead up to it almost with fasting and prayer; especially in these days, when a snatching of newspaper headings, and a fitful flitting from magazine page to magazine page, weakens one's sense so of true literary values. I read "Les Miserables" when I was convalescing from a long illness, when my mind had been swept clean. It was a wonderful experience. But I suppose the most wonderful surrender experience in the world would be to have nothing to do but to read Balzac through.

And think of some of our modern authors in comparison with these surrender books I have mentioned! They make one shudder with their mosaic qualities, with their utter inability to transport you anywhere without your sinking on the ground and resting every few moments. I have in mind some of our more recent books where I felt as if I were obliged to hold up the author's words all the time, as I went along.

You say of some books: "It takes him so long to say anything."

But that isn't quite it.

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It took Victor Hugo long to say some things, but how well he said them! And while he was saying them you forgot that he was saying anything. You were moving along with him, almost without being aware of it. Think of the flight of Jean Valjean! Has the surrender value of that part ever been equaled?

THE GENTLE ARGONAUTS

By William McFee

With a Sketch by Joseph A. Ryan

THE group in the smoke room this morning was a fairly representative microcosm. There were two men making the round trip because it was the slack of the year in their businesses, and Europe was too far, too costly, and too inconvenient. There were a couple of salesmen voyaging with the idea of conquering the West Indies for their houses, an official, with a monocle, proceeding to some distant British possession; and one or two of the ship's officers, who regarded the glittering beauty of the blue waters with bored and introspective eyes. In a far corner a young gentleman with extremely sleek black hair was writing a letter — he was no doubt a Latin American youth returning disconsolately to his own volcanic country after a hilarious time at an American university. In the palm court abaft the smoke room were reclining a number of dark dazzling creatures, their hands and arms and ears sparkling with massive gems, who were likewise returning to the bosoms of their families after a successful season in New York. And ever and anon there could be seen passing the open windows, as he made his morning promenade, the inevitable elderly and dried up Latin American of immense wealth, one of whom, in grey pants and alpaca coat, seems to be forever drifting to and fro on the waters of the Caribbean.

And in some way now forgotten by all concerned, the talk turned upon books.

"I never read anything," barked one of the roundtrippers, reaching for a match. "My wife's crazy about books — house is full of 'em — Ibáñez and Harold Bell Wright, and Shakespeare, and all those fellows. I never read any of 'em."

There was a delighted silence while he lit his cigar.

The Englishman's monocle showed a blind white glare as he looked out at the dancing sea.

"Oh I shouldn't go as far as that," he murmured. "It is a great comfort, you know, in certain situations — the reading habit, don't you think?"

He didn't look it, but he had spent an anxious year in Mesopotamian prisons and would have gone mad there but for a damaged novelette which he had read so often it had rotted under his hands. He received unexpected support from the other roundtripper.

"You've said something," agreed that gentleman. "I consider reading a very fine thing — a very fine thing indeed. I collect books, gentlemen, first editions of living authors. I have a remarkably fine collection — all signed first editions. I send my bookplate with a letter and the authors send it back signed."

"What's the good of that?" demanded his companion suspiciously. "Look at the cost!"

"Autographs", replied the other tranquilly, "are going up. Some of mine are worth fifty dollars."

His truculent friend let his jaw drop a little as he stared and digested

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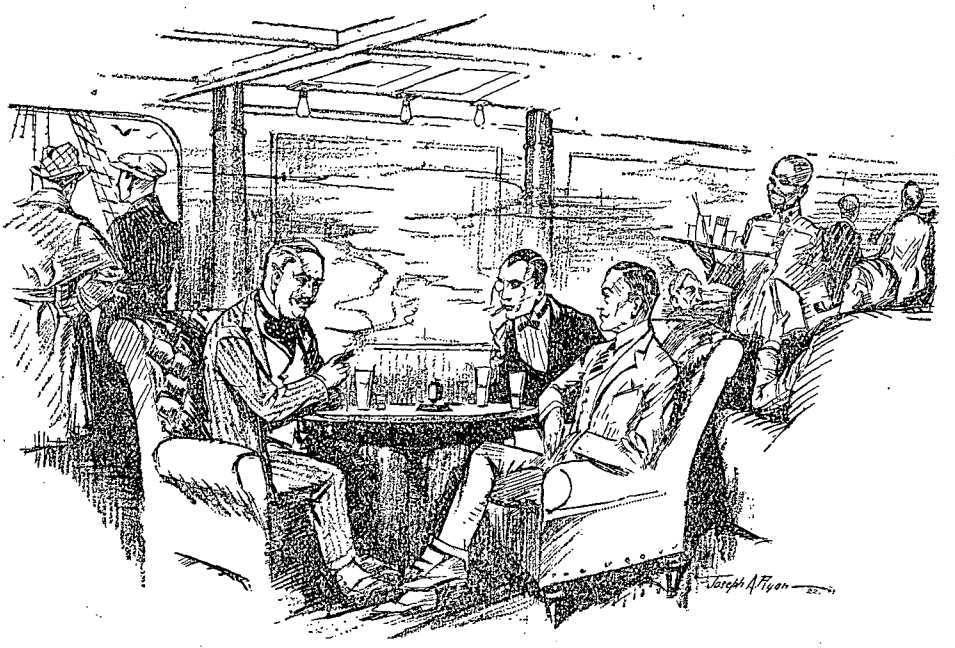

"I collect books, gentlemen, first editions"

The roundtripper seeks to prove to his truculent companion that literature may, after all, be a very fine thing — if you are wise in the choice of your authors.

this novel fact. He was interested in an indolent way. His suspicion, his truculence, his interest, all had a slightly meretricious air. He was on vacation. No doubt his attitude toward life at home was sane and humorous enough. Books were not his métier.

"Oh, no doubt," the Englishman was saying. "It is very difficult to make a decent choice, once you leave the regular well known men. Even they", he added, rubbing his nose with the side of his forefinger, "let you down at times."

One of the salesmen reached behind him on the cushions and fished out a volume. "What would you say about this sort of thing," he asked, handing it over. "Everybody seems to be reading them now."

The Englishman accepted it gingerly, his rigid features assuming an expression of extreme concern, as though he felt he had been taken at a disadvantage. As he had. He had forgotten the American Law of Applied Responsibility. By this law, if you reveal an aptitude or a proclivity, you are instantly voted into a position where that aptitude or proclivity can be useful to the community and a source of profit to yourself. This peculiar custom is unknown in England, where a man of talent often spends half his life modestly concealing his ability, and the other half waiting for someone else to die, so that he can get a chance to use it. Realizing, however, that he was one of an imperial race, this particular Englishman braced

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himself, settled his eyeglass, and after examining the book said he had read it and "found it rather rot, you know".

"Oh, no!" objected one of the officers, suddenly. "It is a very important book, if you look at it from the right standpoint. Did you read it through?"

"Couldn't," replied the Englishman in a small, precise voice. "I got as far as — as far as — well, anyhow, I had to chuck it. Not in my line."

"Then you can hardly set up as a judge of it," suggested the other. The Englishman was somewhat nettled.

"Only in so far as I couldn't stay the whole distance," he retorted. "That's criticism in a way I take it. What!"

There was a general laugh and a readjustment of moods as the waiter approached with tall glasses.

"You were saying — " murmured the Englishman after a first libation.

"That a book like this one here, a solidly packed slab of fiction, is a sign of the times. It has no particular features of originality at all. But it has for its theme and milieu the Marquesas or some such island group in the South Seas, and just at present there is a very peculiar craze for the South Seas. Anything at all, so long as it is about the South Seas, may go with the public, and the publishers take the wildest chances. People without any ability to write at all are preparing huge masses of trivial travel talk and illustrating it with photographs of themselves in loin cloths grouped with native women who do not look beautiful even in the prints. Anything at all may make a hit. They, the publishers, think of 'The Moon and Sixpence', forgetting that Somerset Maugham's genius had a good deal to do with that book. They remember only that in spite of Curwood, Jack London, Ridgwell Cullum, and other specialists of the north, there is a decided set toward the South Seas."

"How do you account for that?" asked one of the company.

"I can't account for it, but I have sometimes felt that people were turning toward these distant spots of earth as to a kind of modern Hesperides or Fortunate Islands, where the troubles of life in steamheated apartments, department stores, and crowded subways, for instance, do not exist. The north and the west have been worked to death. The east, Europe and so forth, have gone down in our estimation as paradises. And so, led as usual by the artists, by Gauguin, Stevenson, and Somerset Maugham, we are all busy in the bazaars demanding private magic carpets to take us to the Sunny South Seas, where golden skinned men and delicious girls play *papalagis* to the *wahines*. Or is it the *wahines* which are played to the *papalagis?* I forget. Nor does it matter. This search for innocent and philosophic harems is bound to fail. Those islands have no existence save for the artists who discover them. If you look around the promenade deck here you will find most of the passengers reading about the distant coral groups of the Southern Pacific, with one or two exceptions who are reading about the coral lips of Ethel Dell's heroines, or the cattle corrals of Zane Grey's virile heroes. The author of this particular book, however, has rashly decided to do without photographs of repulsive Polynesian women. The character of his hero, a handsome Englishman in love with a Latin American president's daughter, is out of date as well as out of drawing. Indeed there is no harm in a picture being out of drawing, as we say, if it carries you with it and

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conveys an authentic emotion. But to be out of date is the worst of literary crimes. All art is convention, and it is therefore imperative that you use the current convention to reveal the truth. This book reveals nothing save the author's absurd notions of the ingredients of a romance."

"A romance is a love story, I take it," said someone.

"Quite possibly. Nowadays, however, a romance has to take place on an island. Have you ever reflected upon the fascination islands seem to exert upon novelists? Think of the islands of literature — a veritable archipelago! Shakespeare with his 'Tempest' was an early victim. Swift invented a floating island. Defoe of course you recall. Modern authors teem with islands. 'Treasure Island', 'The Island of Doctor Moreau', 'I'Ile des Pingouins', 'The Island Princess', 'Island Nights Entertainments', 'The Isle of Unrest', 'An Outcast of the Islands'. You can even include Kipling's 'Islanders' and Galsworthy's 'Island Pharisees' if you are of a sardonic turn. There is something romantic in the very nature of an island, something finite, enclosed, cut off, remote — the centre of a mysterious hemispherical universe of sea and sky. I admit this because I am under the spell of an island myself. I know an island, not so large, which is very dear to my heart. All day and all night you can hear the immense rumor of the tides of human life washing to and fro in the caverns, almost 'measureless to man', of her rocks. Each day increase the great cliffs of coralline structure fashioned by her millions of tiny inhabitants. The men are not golden skinned, but they have strong hearts and steady brains and are good comrades. As for the women, who would leave them for the doubtful charms of Polynesia? The women of my island are the most beautiful in the world, for they have been garnered from all over the world."

"Where's this place!" barked the truculent health seeker. "In the West Indies?"

The other man smiled a little and shook his head.

"Oh no", he said, signaling to the waiter, "we've just left it. I was speaking of Manhattan."

THE LIVING BOOK

By Gilbert Cannan

THERE are books and Books. The distinction is becoming increasingly important, and even the trite story tellers are becoming aware that there is more in the business of writing than making the middle classes comfortable in their conventions, partly because the middle classes are no longer comfortable. In the long run there is nothing more exasperating than a feeling of self-satisfaction, and that exasperation which has set in wherever the middle class prevails is making short work of the art of story telling as an anodyne. Writers, like every other class, have to begin to work for their living, and many of them whose career has been one long lark do not know how to set about it. Others wisely turn to living books to discover what literature was in other civilizations and other stages of society. Others again, sensing a profound change in the human mind, turn to science to find out what, if anything, is known about it. Science, of course, is busy. Its own external triumphs have forced it to turn inward and to apply its methods to hu-

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man nature, but scientific psychology is of little use to the story teller who now, as always, has to rely upon his intuition, which is or should be alert to warn him that in art as in life there are no short cuts. A theory as in the various "complexes" that plagued Jonathan Swift does not account for "Gulliver's Travels", a living book which has a life of its own in relation to the world of art, a world whose mysteries are only faintly revealed by the production of works of art. Art belongs to the artists: reader and critics are concerned only with their testimony, its honesty — or the unspeakable reverse.

The as yet unconscious desire for living books which is everywhere discernible and is admitted even among commercial persons is the result of the following process. In England, in the eighteenth century, books belonged to the gentleman's library. In the nineteenth century the middle classes began to desire books and their desire became articulate through the genius of Charles Dickens: in the twentieth, when the middle class domination has been broken by what Rathenau called the vertical migration of peoples, there is in the ascending mass a hunger for expression which has not yet produced but surely will produce its genius, one who will catch the rhythm to which the mass responds and give it form in words woven into tales. No genius stands alone. He is assisted by a collaboration with every genuine artist and accordingly in this period of transition every artist is experimenting and exploring, turning in every direction to find material, and to catch here and there and so gradually to piece together the rhythm that is pleasing to and shall therefore dominate the new consciousness of humanity. The mass has its rhythm, is moving to it, living by it, and every relationship depends upon its power to respond to it, and I include the relationship of writer and reader, which is one of the most intimate in society. It is no longer enough, for instance, for the writer to say that his hero and heroine lived happily ever after. The reader wants and insists upon implicit proof of the statement. It is the presence or absence of this implicit proof that makes the difference between a living and a dead book. It is the nature of this implicit proof that all good writers are now engaged in investigating.

When Dickens writes of Dan'l Peggotty, his words carry this proof. When he writes of Dora or Sir Leicester Dedlock he is as empty as a leaking kettle because he was writing from the middle class point of view about the middle class, and the middle class never believed in itself and took refuge in pity for the mass, its only genuine expression of feeling. Now pity is death as surely as love is life and the middle class has died of it. Its present spokesmen are incapable of action either spiritual, psychic, or physical and can only attend conferences and write articles to the newspapers as to what ought to happen. They cannot sense what is happening. They are still desperately pitying the mass which has begun to live in a deep, irradiating smile, the most irresistible of human phenomena. The mass hears and knows its own rhythm and no matter how horrible the immediate prospect, it is at last at home on the earth, and for the time being does not look beyond the happiness of that certainty. What follows, it knows, is the business of the artists, those speaking with authority and not as the scribes.

These, forced to acknowledge that

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the middle class existence is faked, so that now even pity is forged, turn to science, or to that mysticism in which the truths of science were first perceived, and, hastily accepting what seems to be established, attempt to use it as that proof which has for so long been forgotten. But scientific proof is not implicit proof, rather the reverse. It is an investigation of the errors that arise from literal acceptance of poetic statement, and the consequent miscarriage of implicit proof. Science, for instance, does away with the error arising from literal acceptance of the statement in Genesis that God made the world in six days. It does not do away with the implicit proof contained in the words or with their inherent and eternal integrity.

A course of science then is good for the writer and the story teller, but his own art contains in itself greater authority than science can ever attain, for he can and must state his perception of truth in words that beat with the pulse and heart of a man. This is true also of a course of mysticism in which the attempt is made to apprehend truth through the separate and sole effort of the psychic, and it may be that science is ploughing the soil of humanity for mysticism to sow the seed, the fruit of which will be reaped by that joyous unison of every human faculty which makes the artist.

However that may be, the fact remains that good writers everywhere are alive to the formidable task before them. Born story tellers like May Sinclair and Mary Johnston, for instance, apply their technique to the deeper contacts of human beings. J. D. Beresford and D. H. Lawrence run appalling risks by adopting wholesale the method of psychoanalysis. H. G. Wells plunges recklessly for God, working enthusiastically with the still very rudimentary scientific equipment of mankind. The young Frenchmen declare that everything has collapsed and that if we have an unconscious being, let it do the work no matter how dadaistically. War cries arise on every side; the subliminal, the unconscious, the fourth dimensional, every phase, real and imagined, of human nature is held up as the source of implicit proof and some there are who cry out in despair: "Proof? Dear God! Of what?"

Turn to "Don Quixote", still the most living of novels. It is impossible to question the Don or Sancho Panzo or Rosinante, or any of the hundreds of characters who pass in and out of Cervantes's pages. They prove themselves and in so doing prove everything else. The mind reading such a book is not rested from but is lifted out of its questioning. It is raised to the condition ascribed to the heavens by Blake in his couplet:

> If the sun and moon should doubt
> They'd immediately go out.

That is the function of a living book: that is how a living book is to be known. It is the desire for such a book in these our own times that is producing all this ferment, together with so much apparently wanton destructiveness. We have discarded pity but are so weakened by it that we are not yet strong enough for love. Every active mind is searching for a source of strength and in so doing is helping to create the technique without which no living can be done in any field; nothing. It does not matter where the artist turns for his labor; let him labor. The elementary duty of every writer is to maintain the integrity of his language and this supplies an elementary test of liv-

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ing books for the elementary reader.

For twenty years now there has been a steady tendency to reduce all literature to the level of the newspaper, so that the mind passing from (say) the London "Times" to almost any recent book can do so without any appreciation of a change of level—for there is none. But let the mind turn from a newspaper or a magazine to a real living book and there is a shock, a jolt, an awakening from drowsy to quick attention which to half educated minds is too painful to be endured. Hence the recent neglect of literature, and the confusion which hails any piece of successful vulgarity as a masterpiece with such a clamor that even intelligent readers are afraid to withhold their approval. When there is no respect for the integrity of language there can be no implicit proof and no profit in reading, except the almost imperceptible pain accruing to those whose greatest pleasure in life is wasting time.

TWO POEMS

By Robert Graves

THE RETURN

DEATH, kindly eager to pretend
Himself my servant in the land of spears,
Humble allegiance at the end
Broke where the homeward track your castle nears,
Let his white steed before my red steed press
And rapt you from me into quietness.

MIRROR, MIRROR

MIRROR, mirror, tell me,
Am I pretty or plain?
Or am I downright ugly,
And ugly to remain?

Shall I marry a gentleman?
Shall I marry a clown?
Or shall I marry old knives-and-scissors
Shouting through the town?

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THE HOUSE GNOMES

*A Play for a Christmas Tree**

By John Farrar

With Sketches by Mary H. Ludlum

CHARACTERS

THE BOY AND GIRL

TOMMY — a boy of six, dressed in white as if for a party.

ALICE — a girl of eight, also in white party clothes.

THE HOUSE GNOMES

SCISSORS — a boy who wears grey trousers and a swallow tail coat, on the back of which is the black silhouette of a pair of scissors, with the tails of the coat representing the blades.

WELCOME, THE DOOR MAT — entirely obscured by a brown, shaggy bag, from which the face, hands, and feet emerge. Across the front in black letters is written "Welcome".

DUST PAN — a girl both sides of whose stiffened skirt represent a dust pan, her waist and hat the handle. Her arms and head project.

BROOM — her skirt is of straw, and her waist of a gay corded scarf. She wears a light yellow wig, wired so that the hair stands out in all directions.

THE BRIC-A-BRACS — a piece of French china, a dainty shepherdess and her swain. This couple can be omitted if the cast is too large for the family or families giving the play.

THE FAMILY — any number of relatives, great and small, who take part in the closing scene, and by their gifts add greatly to the happiness of players as well as spectators.

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SCENE: *A room in the family's house on Christmas Eve. At the right a fireplace in which red embers are glowing. At the left a door which connects the room with the main hallway of the house. At the back, centre, folding doors which are closed at the start of the play and close again after the entrance of each House Gnome. It is dark except for the fire.*

The door at the left opens softly, and Alice enters, followed cautiously by Tommy, who carries either a candle or a flashlight.

ALICE

Don't make so much noise! *(She crosses slowly toward the folding doors.)*

TOMMY

(Loudly) Sssh!

ALICE

Please, Tommy, be careful! Don't make that noise.

TOMMY

(Louder than before) I'm only saying, "Sssh!"

ALICE

(As she arrives in front of the doors, loudly, in alarm) Tommy!

TOMMY

Sssh!

ALICE

But, Tommy, it's gone!

TOMMY

What's gone?

ALICE

The tree, the Christmas tree. It was here only a few minutes ago, and now it's gone. What shall we do? Where can it be?

TOMMY

I told you we'd better not look at it when mother told us not to.

ALICE

Who could have taken it away?

TOMMY

Perhaps it's in the next room.

ALICE

I'll look. *(She draws the folding doors an inch or two. Tommy flashes*

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his light.) No! Oh, Tommy, Tommy, what shall we do? The Christmas tree is gone. It couldn't have been stolen. Mother and father are out calling. The company for tonight hasn't come. Whatever is the matter? Oh! Oh! *(She sits on the floor weeping)* OH! OH!

TOMMY

Sssh! Stop crying. It's silly to cry. Only girls cry!

ALICE

The presents, too! They're gone. We shouldn't have looked at the tree when they told us not to. You won't get your skates, Tommy, and I — I won't get my new Paris doll! Oh! Oh! *(She cries again.)*

TOMMY

Skates? My skates — *(He starts to whimper.)*

ALICE

(Brightening somewhat) You're crying.

TOMMY

(Sturdily, but with difficulty) No I'm not! I'm only thinking of the skates.

ALICE

Only girls cry.

TOMMY

I'm not a girl.

ALICE

But you're crying. *(They both sit on the floor in complete dejection. There is a sound of music and a soft glow of light as the folding doors draw back and* WELCOME, THE DOOR MAT, *stands in tableau. Both children cry out in surprise.)*

TOMMY

(Amazed and a little frightened) What *are* you?

WELCOME

You should know who *I* am. You've wiped your muddy feet on me often enough.

ALICE

Why, what do you mean?

WELCOME

I'm a House Gnome! A *much* neglected person, so there! And you —

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you ought to be ashamed — both of you. Didn't you look at the Christmas tree when you were forbidden to do so? Oh, the House Gnomes will punish you!

TOMMY

No! No! We didn't do anything. What is a House Gnome?

WELCOME

Young man, listen to me. *(He recites)*

If you were a Door Mat I'm sure that you'd say,
It's hard to shout "Welcome" by night and by day,
When you lie all alone on the porch by the door,
There's no one to love you, your home is the floor.
I'm Welcome, the Door Mat, whose horrible fate
Is to take kicks from dirty shoes, early and late.

(There is music. He dances a little, turns a somersault on the floor, then lies on his back.)

ALICE

Did you take away our tree?

WELCOME

Of course, stupid. We House Gnomes have put up with a great deal from you children, and we're *particularly* interested in Christmas trees. Now we shall punish you for not minding your parents, and we shall take you away, too.

TOMMY

No! No! I don't want to go away. What did you do with my skates?

WELCOME

Hush! Can't you see someone is coming? What an impolite child you are, to be sure.

(There is a swirl of gay music and BROOM *dances into the room. She revolves rapidly, sliding here and there as if she were sweeping. After her dance she stands in front of Alice.)*

BROOM

So you are the young lady who pulled out one of my straws the other day to make a walking stick for your doll. *(She reaches forward and pulls* ALICE'S *hair)* How do you like to have your straws pulled?

ALICE

Oooo! It's not a straw! It's a hair!

BROOM

How absurd! Of course it's straw!

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TOMMY

What are you?

BROOM

What a very stupid child you are. What do I look like?

TOMMY

Like hay!

ALICE

Hush! You'll hurt her feelings.

BROOM

(Recites)

Oh all the ladies of the world
When they have tired of play
They scrub the kitchens and the halls,
They chase the dirt away.

But what would happen to them all
If it were not for me,
They'd have to soil their dainty hands
And bend upon the knee.

Oh I'm the broom, the useful broom,
I swish, I sweep, I sway,
I'm empress of the kitchen
And the queen of cleaning day.

TOMMY

Cook's queen of the kitchen!

BROOM

I beg your pardon, I said, "Empress."

TOMMY

What's an empress?

BROOM

You're too little, you wouldn't understand.

TOMMY

I'm not little — and I want my skates.

BROOM

Soon now you will come with us. You will disappear like the tree and never never be seen again. *(She stands against the wall.)*

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WELCOME

And never again forget to wipe your feet on me.

ALICE

No! Oh, no! Please.

BROOM

Well, well, see who's here now!

(DUST PAN *appears in the doorway. She walks with a swaying movement.)*

DUST PAN

You shouldn't have left me alone so long. I'm very lonely. These children are causing the House Gnomes no end of trouble. They should be ashamed.

ALICE

We are! Only please go away and please bring us back our Christmas tree.

TOMMY

(To DUST PAN) What a funny girl! With a funny dress!

DUST PAN

You think I'm funny!

BROOM

You must admit, Dust Pan, that you're helpless without me.

(Recites)

If you think that the life of a Dust Pan
Is not filled both with joy and romance,
Just look at my feet and my fingers,
As I twirl them and join in the dance.

For the dust which I wear in my apron
Is not even so grey as it seems,
There is often a penny or jewel
That glistens and glitters and gleams.

Who knows but when I have grown older,
The Queen of the Fairies will say,
"All the horrid old dust in the Dust Pan
Shall change to pure gold every day!"

BROOM

Who knows? The Fairy Queen has done more difficult things than that!

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The House Gnomes restore the Christmas tree

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TOMMY

(Breathlessly) Has she?

DUST PAN

Why, of course! What *extraordinarily* —

TOMMY

(Interrupting) What?

DUST PAN

You don't seem to understand the simplest words. I was saying what *extraordinarily unintelligent* young people you are.

TOMMY

Oh, I see.

ALICE

Tell us, *please* tell us what you are going to do. Where are you going to take us?

WELCOME

You're always talking at just the wrong time.

ALICE

How many House Gnomes *are* there?

BROOM

(Impressively) Millions!

ALICE

They aren't all coming here, are they?

BROOM

(Tantalizing) Wait!

(A minuet is heard and the doors slide back revealing THE BRIC-À-BRACS *in tableau. They dance.)*

TOMMY

You're very pretty! Who are you?

LADY BRIC-À-BRAC

You are an intelligent child. Why, I am Bric-à-Brac. Don't you remember that you broke a piece of ribbon from my hat last week? I forgive you, though.

BROOM

He didn't tell *me* how pretty I was. I'm in favor of taking them *right away.*

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ALICE

Let's run, Tommy! *(They rush toward the door on the left; but* BROOM *and* DUST PAN *seize them and bring them back.)*

BROOM

Sit down, now, and keep quiet.

TOMMY

I think that you're all just as pretty, as pretty —

BROOM

You should have thought of that before.

WELCOME

Let's bring the tree back to them.

DUST PAN

You're far too tenderhearted, Welcome. That's because you've been kicked about so much.

ALICE

Oh, Dust Pan, please be tenderhearted, too!

BROOM

Hush!

(SCISSORS *appears, jumping with his back to the audience so that the tails of his coat, which are fastened to either leg, move as if the scissors were being opened and closed.)*

TOMMY

Oh! Look at the frog!

SCISSORS

(Stopping his dance, indignantly) FROG!

ALICE

Do be more careful, Tommy!

SCISSORS

You've seen me many times before, and I'm most certainly not a frog. *(Recites)*

The scissors cannot happy be,
They cut and cut eternally,
They're always spoiling silks and such,
They can't enjoy it very much;
'Twould be far nicer in the end,
If they could change their work — and mend,

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For though they have such cruel features
They're really tenderhearted creatures.

ALICE

Then be kind to us. Bring us back our tree.

BROOM

What do you think about it, Scissors? Shall we?

SCISSORS

They're always dropping me behind the sofa. It's dark there. I should like to take them with us where we can be sure that they obey and are not naughty.

TOMMY

What fun!

SCISSORS

Fun?

BROOM

You want to come with us?

ALICE

With you, to Fairyland? I didn't understand before. That *would* be fun. Come on, Tommy, let's go with them. You can have your skates there.

BROOM

Oh, *this* is different. We must punish them. That's a puzzle. It's not punishing them to let them do something they want to do.

DUST PAN

Decidedly no! And what a bother they would be for us. . . . Do you children promise always to be careful of the furniture and of everything in this house, remembering that the House Gnomes are watching you?

TOMMY AND ALICE

(Together) Yes! Yes!

WELCOME

Let's get the tree!

HOUSE GNOMES

(In chorus) Yes! Yes!

(A gay march. They circle the room twice. The folding doors open. BROOM *waves her arms. A curtain rises and the lighted tree is seen back of the doors.)*

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TOMMY

(Delighted) Oh!

(The House Gnomes sing a Christmas carol, and dance with the children about the tree. Suddenly, the family enters at the left.)

TOMMY

See, Mother, see! The House Gnomes.

FAMILY

(In chorus) What?

ALICE

The House Gnomes.

FAMILY

We don't see anything.

(The House Gnomes laugh and dance away.)

TOMMY

(Gravely) I saw them.

ALICE

(Firmly) So did I!

MOTHER

You've been imagining things and you shouldn't have come down here until we told you to do so; but, never mind, it's Christmas now, and let's have our presents.

TOMMY

My skates!

ALICE

My doll!

FATHER

(Bringing out a basket filled with gifts) Here they are! Let's all sing a carol before we begin opening the packages.

(They sing, and as they sing the House Gnomes may be seen dancing about behind the tree.)

CURTAIN

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THE POEMS OF THE MONTH

Selected by William Rose Benét

AMONG all the poems I have examined in the September magazines, Elinor Wylie's "Peregrine", which appeared in "Vanity Fair", seems to me by far the most brilliant. It is strikingly individual.

Dudley Poore's "Seven Poems" in "The Dial" are a remarkable sequence. I quote Number VI. George O'Neil's "Events", from "The Measure", is my third choice for quotation. It seems to me the best poem I have ever read of O'Neil's.

I should like to mention also the following poems: Leonora Speyer's "Duet" from her "Reflections" in "Poetry", and Margaret Widdemer's "Revisitants" from "The Double-Dealer".

"The Lyric West" contains a poem "Biography", somewhat in the manner of Edgar Lee Masters, written by a poet new to me, Gwendolyn Haste. Whether it can be truly classified as poetry or not, it is an excellent ironical statement. I also liked "The Tramp Girl" by Leyland Huckfield, in "Contemporary Verse" and "Black Magic" by Frank Ernest Hill, in "The New Republic".

PEREGRINE

Liar and bragger,
He had no friend
Except a dagger
And a candle-end;
The one he read by;
The one scared cravens;
And he was fed by
The Prophet's ravens.
Such haughty creatures
Avoid the human;
They fondle nature's
Breast, not woman —
A she-wolf's puppies —
A wild-cat's pussy-fur:
Their stirrup-cup is
The pride of Lucifer.
A stick he carried,
Slept in a lean-to,
He'd never married,
And he didn't mean to.
He'd tried religion
And found it pleasant;
He relished a pigeon
Stewed with a pheasant
In an iron kettle;
He built stone ovens.
He'd never settle
In any province.
He made pantries
Of Vaux and Arden
And the village gentry's
Kitchen-garden.
Fruits within yards
Were his staples;
He drank whole vineyards
From Rome to Naples,
Then went to Brittany
For the cider.
He could sit any
Horse, a rider
Outstripping Chæron's
Canter and gallop.
Pau's environs
The pubs of Salop,
Wells and Bath inns
Shared his pleasure
With taverns of Athens;
The Sultan's treasure
He'd seen in Turkey;
He'd known London
Bright and murky.
His bones were sunned on
Paris benches
Beset by sparrows;
Roman trenches,
Cave-men's barrows,
He liked, impartial;
He liked an Abbey.
His step was martial;
Spent and shabby
He wasn't broken;
A dozen lingoes
He must have spoken.
As a king goes
He went, not minding

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That he lived seeking
And never finding.
He'd visit Peking
And then be gone soon
To the far Canaries;
He'd cross a monsoon
To chase vagaries.
He loved a city
And a street's alarums;
Parks were pretty
And so were bar-rooms.
He loved fiddles;
He talked with rustics;
Life was riddles
And queer acrostics.
His sins were serried,
His virtues garish;
His corpse was buried
In a country parish.
Before he went hence—
God knows where—
He spoke this sentence
With a princely air:
"The noose draws tighter;
This is the end;
I'm a good fighter,
But a bad friend:
I've played the traitor
Over and over;
I'm a good hater,
But a bad lover."

Elinor Wylie
—*Vanity Fair*

From SEVEN POEMS

Stunned by the August sun
and drunk with scent of parching leaves
I lay stretched on the wall,

when suddenly, as a ripe seed shoots
from the rind of a bursting pomegranate,
an enchanter robed in hornet yellow,
with a watered scimitar in his belt
and a turban like a crinkled marigold,
popped from the hot orchard earth.

On slippers poppy crisp
he advanced holding towards me
with a gesture grandiloquently imperious,
a key of age-greened bronze.

It was the key to Aladdin's paradise.

But the flames of the sun,
the scent of burning earth, of blistering
leaves,
had scorched me with such delicious languor
that I only answered:
A humble visitor in the garden
begs the excellent magician to bestow
elsewhere his estimable gift.

Lurid rage distorted the bronze features,
sultry thunder shook the thirsty garden,
a buzzing of innumerable wasps
numbed the breathless air
as over me towered the angry turban
in the reeling sun,
and with a leaf-thin swish of steel,
with an irised flash
of light on dragon-fly wings,
in an arc the scimitar
blazed and descended.

But only a dead leaf fell across my neck,
for he was nothing but a tall sunflower,
a gaunt leering sunflower,
whose day was about over,
flapping blighted arms
in the incense of kindling earth.

Dudley Poore
—*The Dial*

EVENTS

The queen of Egypt yawned and frowned
And twisted all her rings around,
Her thoughts were still, her pulse was slow
While kings and courtiers bowed below.
Upon a gem encrusted throne
The queen of Egypt sat alone,
Hating her sterile gorgeous land,
When, suddenly, against her hand,
Between two curves of tortoise-shell,
A sulky little rain-drop fell.
The queen threw back her head and stared,
And on her brow the lightning flared . . .

As Tristan and Isolde lay,
Dreaming their happiness away
Within the forest quiet-boughed,
A thrush came in a morning cloud.
And through the foliage of an oak
A silver fountain rose and broke,
Quivering leaves that drooped afar,
Still drowsing with the night's last star.
Embracing shadows grew estranged,
The dreaming of the dreamers changed;
The thrush sang on and Tristan slept,
But sad Isolde woke and wept.

Napoleon turned his horse about
And down the steepest path set out,
Letting the horse go on alone,
Picking its way from stone to stone.
The trees stood leafless on the hill,
The puddles in the clay lay still.
Napoleon set his gaze below;
The west was streaked with afterglow.
They struck the highway . . . up its side
The horse, without a warning, shied . . .
In scarlet water on the road,
Still as a sea-rock, sat a toad.

George O'Neil
—*The Measure*

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THE UNREALITY OF MODERN REALISM

By Mary Roberts Rinehart

REALISM: *In literature and art, the principle of depicting persons and scenes as they exist, without any attempt at idealization.*

The quest for the ideal, the striving after perfection, is the finest single attribute of the human heart. It comprehends all the higher emotions; it differentiates man from the animal; the search for it has given him his religions, his laws, and his progress. Without it he is a creature; with it he is man created in the image of God.

So insistent has been this belief in the ideal that it has colored all his created works. By reality he has lived. By ideality he has climbed. Out of his dream of perfection he has wrought his paintings and his cathedrals, and has written his idealistic literature. And strangely, only that which has been founded on his dream has survived.

Opposed to idealism is realism. It deals only with the tangible, the scientifically demonstrable. It discounts the visionary and the imaginative. It sees things only as they appear to the physical eye. It is neither idealistic nor sceptic. In architecture it builds office buildings instead of cathedrals, and in literature it reports life and becomes a form of journalism.

Yet the simple reporting of the life of a period is important. It may not be art; indeed, it is doubtful whether such reporting has any of the æsthetic quality of art. But it is making a gesture toward truth as well as fact. It may bear much the same relation to real literature that the photograph does to the painting; it may be the least difficult of all forms of creative writing, since it depicts life only, and not life plus. But at least it makes its gesture toward truth.

If there is much to be said for realism, then, there is not much to say against it. But there *is* much to be said against the present day tendency to prostitute it to pure mechanism. Worse even than that, to pure materialism; the attempt to portray a three-dimensional world in two. To take the human individual of soul, mind, and body, and strip him to body and mind. And to do this in the name of truth.

Just what is the province of creative literature? To lead men on and up? To depict them as they are? Or to drag them down? To hold forth the ideal of perfection? To give a surface interpretation of life? Or cynically to depict life as cheaper, more drab, less worth while than it is in actuality?

Granted that a writer sees life only as cheap, drab, and not worth while, is it his province to spread broadcast this conviction? The writer has a much greater responsibility than merely the egoistic attempt to interpret the world about him in his own terms. The ruthless iconoclast, destroying ideals the world has carefully preserved, is the Hun of literature. What if the fabric be built of illu-

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sions, of happy misconceptions, of small vanities and prides? Are not these the fine hypocrisies by which men clothe their nakedness?

Yet it should do no man grave harm to see himself as he is. It may, indeed, be a benefit. But let the mirror in which he views himself be an accurate one. The writer, reflecting mankind to itself, may do so without protest, providing he reflect accurately. If the realism be truth, then let us have truth, and neither a portion of it nor a distortion of it.

To write life without idealization may be truth or may be only a portion of it. It is at least a failure of responsibility. But to write life cynically is a distortion. Cynicism is not truth. It is insolent self-righteousness. It has a contempt for the virtues and generosities. It is pessimistic, despondent, astigmatic. It has a biased view. Seeing crookedly, it sees a crooked world.

Yet perhaps a healthy cynicism is an excellent antidote for smugness. It is only when cynicism masquerades as realism that it becomes dangerous. And that this is the underlying principle of much of the realistic fiction of the day a careful study will corroborate. Not truth, but an unhappy, warped, and incomplete view of life. Not only an emphasis and exaltation of the material as opposed to the spiritual, but a cynical denial of the spiritual.

This is not realism. True realism would see in the human individual something more than the creature of his environment and the slave of his physical body. It would yield him his abject surrenders, but grant him his kinship with God.

That there has arisen, then, a mainly young, frankly cynical and disillusioned school of writing is a grave commentary on the times in which we are living. Its followers are honest in their convictions. They are writing life as it appears to them, without uplift, without much hope. They will not cater to the public taste, which has cried for happiness. They maintain, and they are right, that life does not deal in happy endings. But life is a fluid thing. It has its high moments and its low. Neither one does more than come and pass along. From the standpoint of reality one is as incorrect as the other. It is from the standpoint of cynicism that they choose the low note.

In their desire to avoid idealization, too, they are sometimes as guilty of underdrawing as the wildest idealist is of exaggeration. Not life, nor life plus, but life minus, must be charged to their account. And here again we have the misplaced emphasis. They are obsessed not only with the ugliness of life but with the importance of *things*. They stress the life of the body, insistent and often sordid, and with a sort of indecent honesty they violate the sanctuary of the human mind, and expose it in print. It is analysis, not synthesis; it is dissection, not creation.

But, the dissecting room deals with disease. Have we no health?

Is it extraordinary that there has arisen, in a frantic effort to restore the balance, to paint the high lights in the picture, a school which goes to the other extreme and with exasperating smugness cries that all is always well with the world? Giving us cloying sweetness to take the bad taste of this onesided realism out of our mouths?

The saddening part of this rising cult of non-idealizationists is that behind them lies sincere conviction. When they write us morbid, intro-

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spective, and materialistic books, it is because they themselves are morbid, introspective, and materialistic. There are no hypocrisies for the makers of books. As an author is drab or colorful, sordid or gay, so will his book be. If he does not feel, the emotion in his book reveals itself spurious. If his view of life be jaundiced, the book will be jaundiced, and more than that, may turn a multitude liverish over night. If he sees, in the group he is depicting, only their frailties, their miseries, and their frustrations, it is because he himself is frail, miserable, and frustrated.

There is no such thing as the complete detachment of an author from his work. His subconscious mind is stronger than his will.

Possibly this is a phase that will pass. Certainly we have no survival of non-idealistic literature from the past. Men do not preserve their failures, but they do preserve their dreams. And the great dream of the world is the movement toward perfection. The reach of the human hand and soul toward something above and beyond it is the only progress. Any cynical theory of life which teaches that this reach is futile and absurd is pernicious. And any theory of life which does not show that this reach may fail its object and yet have gained by its aspiration, is a denial of fact.

Any attempt to depict life by things, to emphasize the material at the expense of the spiritual, any conception of the human soul which sees it only groveling and not aspiring, may be two-dimensional truth. A part of the truth. But it is not life, and it is not necessarily art.

There is one hope, however. Cynicism is a fault of youth. Here we have a young school, and young writers. When what Hugh Walpole calls the Gloomy Clever Ones have mellowed with experience; when they have lived and suffered; when they have found that they may write life from a materialistic angle but that they cannot live it without ideals, nor help others to live it; when they have learned that a dead cat in an alley is not only a stench but is also a pitiful thing; when they have discovered that every man has moments when he ceases to be the thing he has made himself and becomes the man God made him — then we shall have a school of great realists.

MYSELF

By Louise Ayres Garnett

THE aeroplanes sail overhead
As thick as feathers in a bed,
And I keep looking up to see
If they are looking down at ME.

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FOR THE CHILDREN'S BOOKSHELF

By Marian Cutter

WHAT books this Christmas time will you carry home under your arms for the children? The books you want them to know and love of course, but if you find on the book counter one of your own old favorites which you read and reread as a child you'll be sure to take that one home no matter how many others go into the package with it. If anyone wonders whether or not children really do appreciate what they read in childhood, let him stand at the book counters and watch the glee with which grown ups discover a Kate Greenaway picture they knew in infancy or Mrs. Ewing's "Jackanapes", or listen to their merry recital of "The Jumblies" as they chance upon Edward Lear or "The Gingham Dog and the Calico Cat" of Eugene Field. There are countless such examples. It is true of all of us — no matter how eagerly we watch the new books each year for one of lasting interest to the children of today, we feel an intimacy and fondness for the things we ourselves read during the early years, which other volumes do not share.

But this Christmas how much richer is the field from which to choose than it was even ten or fifteen years ago. I can remember how when first making a study of children's books I had to know ten great classics belonging especially to children. I learned their names alphabetically. Æsop's "Fables", Andersen's "Fairy Tales", "The Arabian Nights", Carroll's "Alice in Wonderland", Defoe's "Robinson Crusoe", Grimm's "Fairy Tales", "Mother Goose", "Robin Hood", "King Arthur", and Swift's "Gulliver's Travels". Then there was another group of those about to become classics which included "Little Women", Hawthorne's "Wonder-Book", "Rip Van Winkle", Kingsley's "The Heroes", "The Jungle Book", Lamb's "Tales from Shakespeare", "Pinocchio", Robert Louis Stevenson's "A Child's Garden of Verses" and "Treasure Island", and "The Swiss Family Robinson" by Wyss.

This year we have a list of twenty-five books for first purchase in a school library voted upon by the Children's Section of the American Library Association and the Library Committee of the National Education Association. In order to be thoroughly American Grimm's "Fairy Tales" is dropped from this list and the lives of Lincoln and Roosevelt inserted. Seton's "Wild Animals I Have Known" and "Tom Sawyer" are included, and as if to even the matter up for the girls "Heidi" and "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" appear. Selma Lagerlöf's "The Wonderful Adventures of Nils" is added, and also by way of interesting boys and girls in other countries, "Hans Brinker" by Mary Mapes Dodge. Dickens's "Christmas Carol" is named though I think it is more often read to children than by them, and lastly the list is brought right up to 1921 by Van Loon's excellent contribution "The

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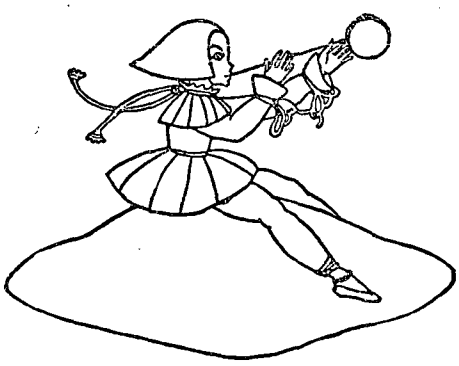
Story of Mankind". For books with such charm as Barrie's "Peter Pan", W. H. Hudson's "A Little Boy Lost", Oscar Wilde's "Fairy Tales" or Tarn's "The Treasure of the Isle of Mist" we must look to a longer list — and they are not lacking. In the last issue of THE BOOKMAN a recent selection of one hundred titles for children made by various authorities was printed. Should even this prove insufficient no one should be at a loss, for lists can be had in all shapes and sizes on almost any subject including any number of titles you may desire, up to a children's catalogue of thirty-five hundred titles! The best of these lists, as culled by Lenore St. John Power, are given at the end of this article. Excellent they are and ably selected by qualified compilers.

However helpful all these may be when purchasing a library or checking over at home what the children have and have not, shall we not at Christmas time throw to the wind all



From "David the Dreamer"

lists and formulas and browse over the bookshelves for something we ourselves love? It may be just a bit of excellent illustration for very small folk as is Leslie Brooke's new nursery rhyme picture book which is on its way from England, or a book of such artistic charm as Charles Dickens's "The Magic Fishbone" illustrated by F. D. Bedford. Perhaps the fairy poetry of Rose Fyleman in "Fairies and Chimneys" will capture our fancy or we may warm to an old Norse legend or be stirred by a vigorous hero tale like that of "Sohrab and Rustam". If it has touched us with its appeal the gift becomes part of ourselves and we send the appeal along with the gift to the child, who in turn values it doubly and gains double enjoyment.

The story decided upon, the matter of the edition is often bewildering. Sometimes both admirable illustrations and beautiful rendering are happily blended in one edition as is the case in Howard Pyle's "Robin Hood" and Sidney Lanier's "The Boy's King Arthur" illustrated by Nathaniel Wyeth. Occasionally we find desirable illustrations with poor retelling but this is generally evident. Then again the most fitting pictures are not to be found in the elaborate gift editions but in more unpretentious volumes. This is true of "Alice in Wonderland" with the original illustrations by Tenniel, or in the Cramp translation of Collodi's "Pinocchio" illustrated by Copeland. Sometimes there are two good editions of a title and our purse strings may help us to make up our minds. In this connection I think of Eugene Field's "Poems of Childhood" in an inexpensive edition illustrated by Charles Robinson or the larger edition with the well known pictures of Maxfield Parrish. Two fairly evenly matched editions of Hawthorne's "Wonder-Book" present a more difficult choice. The balance weighs between the appeal of such illustrations as Walter Crane's spirited representation of Bellerophon on Pegasus and the portrayal of Circe's mysterious deep blue pool by Maxfield Parrish.

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I would like to put in a word for greater consideration of the work of the individual artists who have given their skill to make richer these stories of childhood in the mind of the child. I wish the children from babyhood up might be able to associate the artist with the illustration as easily as the author with the book. Beginning with as simple an illustration as Katherine Buffum's "Mother Goose in Silhouettes" even a baby can discern between the solid black done with a pen such as mother uses and a colored picture bright and gay. Another striking contrast within the comprehension of a very young child is the simple illustration of outline filled in with color, a good example of which is found in "Clean Peter" by Adelborg, compared with a picture by Willebeek Le Mair in which setting and background are conspicuous. If each book coming into the child's possession were examined for the value of its illustrations as well as its content, it is not unlikely that before long the young reader would recognize a Caldecott or a Boyd Smith at sight and later on would enjoy Arthur Rackham or Howard Pyle or Kay Nielsen for the distinguishing qualities peculiar to each of them.

In addition to the fall publications which were reviewed in the October BOOKMAN by Annie Carroll Moore, two books have just come from the publisher which are particularly worthy of note. The "Book of the American Spirit" is a companion in style and form to the "Howard Pyle Book of Pirates" published last year. It contains pictures by Howard Pyle of American history from colonial days to the Civil War, with a historical text accompanying the one hundred and fifty illustrations.

The other book is Ralph Bergen-

From "David the Dreamer"

gren's most original contribution of a series of unusual dreams — though natural enough as dreams go — called "David the Dreamer". These were inspired by Tom Freud illustrations which are remarkable. They have a rare charm and decorative spirit quite different from anything we ever remember having seen before. We are grateful to Mr. Bergengren first for "Jane, Joseph and John" and then for having waited to please us with a second volume so delightful.

Sarah Addington in "The Boy Who Lived in Pudding Lane" has given the story of Santa Claus's boyhood against a Mother Goose setting. The book is attractive in form and the younger children will be amused to read how the very fat little boy who always wore a red suit came to make toys for all children the wide world over.

Among other new titles that deserve mention is Jennie Hall's "Buried Cities", which recreates for the children of today the spirit of Pompeii, Mycenæ, and Olympia. Lucy Perkins's "The Swiss Twins" needs no introduction. "The Fortunate Days" by Ethel M. Gate has much of the charm of her earlier book "The Broom Fairies". Hugh Lofting this year records "The Voyages of Doctor Do-

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From "David the Dreamer"

little". "Solario the Tailor" by William Bowen is a group of vivid tales in which good and evil magic works its way through many mysterious adventures. Like "The Old Tobacco Shop" it will be read by the older children. In "The Turner Twins" Ralph Henry Barbour again pictures lively preparatory school days for boys.

"Maya the Bee" is one of the most delightful insect stories ever written. "Puppy Dogs' Tales", selected and edited by Frances Kent, is a group of short true dog stories collected from various sources which will go right to the heart of children of all ages. The illustrations in "The Children's Bible" will appeal to children and the text will appeal to those who desire a retelling of the Scriptures. Baynes's "Polaris" is the story of an Eskimo dog from the day he was brought to Maine by Peary to his last great adventures with Dr. Grenfell. Dillon Wallace has added this year to his books about Labrador by giving the children a picture of the outstanding figure of that country in his life of Dr. Grenfell.

Ralph D. Paine's pirate story "Blackbeard: Buccaneer" is a lively tale of the sea for older boys, with all the blood and thunder suggested by the title, while "The Fortune of the Indies" by Edith Ballinger Price combines the story of a New England clipper with adventure in mysterious China. To the list of new publications for girls we add another of Jane Abbott's stories, "Red Robin", which will interest girls over twelve years of age.

The season's output of interesting children's books is unusually generous and, added to the desirable material already in print, offers to all seekers of children's books an abundant field from which to make their selections.

Howard Pyle's Book of the American Spirit. Harper and Bros.

David the Dreamer. By Ralph Bergengren, illustrated by Tom Freud. The Atlantic Monthly Press.

The Boy Who Lived in Pudding Lane. By Sarah Addington. The Atlantic Monthly Press.

Buried Cities. By Jennie Hall. The Macmillan Co.

The Swiss Twins. By Lucy Fitch Perkins. Houghton Mifflin Co.

The Fortunate Days. By Ethel M. Gate. Yale University Press.

The Voyages of Doctor Dolittle. By Hugh Lofting. Frederick A. Stokes Co.

Solario the Tailor. By William Bowen. The Macmillan Co.

The Turner Twins. By Ralph Henry Barbour. The Century Co.

The Adventures of Maya the Bee. By Waldemar Bonsels. Thomas Seltzer.

Puppy Dogs' Tales. Selected and edited by Frances Kent. The Macmillan Co.

The Children's Bible. Selected and arranged by Henry A. Sherman and Charles Foster Kent. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Polaris: The Story of an Eskimo Dog. By Ernest Harold Baynes. The Macmillan Co.

The Story of Grenfell of the Labrador. By Dillon Wallace. Fleming H. Revell Co.

Blackbeard: Buccaneer. By Ralph D. Paine, illustrated by Frank E. Schoonover. The Penn Publishing Co.

The Fortune of the Indies. By Edith Ballinger Price. The Century Co.

Red Robin. By Jane Abbott. J. B. Lippincott Co.

New Editions

A Tale of Two Cities. By Charles Dickens, illustrated by N. C. Wyeth. Cosmopolitan Book Corp.

The White Company. By Conan Doyle, illustrated by N. C. Wyeth. Cosmopolitan Book Corp.

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Still More Russian Picture Tales. By Valery Carrick. Frederick A. Stokes Co.

Poems of American Patriotism. Chosen by Brander Matthews, illustrated by N. C. Wyeth (new and enlarged edition). Charles Scribner's Sons.

A History of Everyday Things in England (1066-1799). By Marjorie and C. H. B. Quennell. Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Hunting of the Snark. By Lewis Carroll. The Macmillan Co.

Mulock Fairy Tales. By Dinah M. Mulock, illustrated by Louis Rhead. Harper and Bros.

Book Lists

Graded List of Children's Books. American Library Association, 78 E. Washington St., Chicago.

Children's Catalogue of 3,500 Titles. Compiled by Corinne Bacon. The H. W. Wilson Co., New York.

Pittsburgh Library Catalogue of Children's Books.

A List of Books for Boys and Girls Suggested for Purchase, offered by Marian Cutter of the Children's Book Shop. Compiled by Jacqueline Overton. 1921. 5 West 47th St., New York.

Illustrated Editions of Children's Books, a selected list. 1915. Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh.

Favorite Books of Well-known People when they were Boys and Girls. 1918. Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh.

Books for Boys and Girls, a selected list. Compiled by Caroline M. Hewins. 1916. American Library Association.

Books to Grow On, an experimental intermediate list selected from the Open Shelf Room. 1916. Buffalo Public Library.

Books for Boys and Girls, a suggestive Purchase List. Compiled by B. E. Mahoney. Revised 1922. The Bookshop for Boys and Girls, 264 Boylston St., Boston.

English Reading Lists. Compiled by the Department of English, Haaren High School. 1921. Hubert and Collister Sts., New York.

Two Lists of Books for Children — Some First Books: Some Later Books. In "Roads to Childhood" by Annie Carroll Moore. 1920. George H. Doran Company.

Books for Vacation Reading. Compiled by the Lincoln School of Teachers' College. Practically all these books have been selected and most of them annotated by the pupils in the seventh, eighth, ninth, and tenth grades. 1919. The Lincoln School of Teachers' College, New York.

Science and Technology, books for the High School Library. Compiled by Edith Erskine. 1919. Chicago Public Library.

Heroism, a reading list for boys and girls. 1914. The New York Public Library.

Out-of-Door Books, a list of specially readable books for young people in high school or college. Compiled by Marion Horton. 1918. The Bookshop for Boys and Girls.

Reference Reading for Girl Scouts. In "Scouting for Girls", Official Handbook of the Girl Scouts. 1920. Girl Scouts, Inc., 189 Lexington Ave., New York.

Stories to Tell to Children, a selected list with stories and poems for holiday programs. 1918. Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh.

A Graded List of Stories and Poems for Reading Aloud. Compiled by Harriet E. Hassler. 1915. American Library Association.

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THE LONDONER

Books for Christmas---Critical Standards---Literary Bluebottles---A Collected Edition of Arthur Machen---D. H. Lawrence in America---The Sins of Booksellers---Forecast of a Poor Season in the Book Trade.

LONDON, *October* 1, 1922.

BY the time these notes are in print we shall be in the midst of the Christmas season, and I hope we shall all be buying books for our best friends and books for our enemies (if we have any). It is most important to get this notion generally appreciated — that the more books read the more chance there is for the progress of real knowledge. Sainte-Beuve is supposed to have said (I say "supposed" because I have never yet met with the words in his works) that all life was one great book; but that was a literary figure. It will not help the author much. Possibly it may be thought that I am merely being selfish in demanding the larger circulation of books. This is not so. I do not write all the books. It remains true that Christmas is a time for the giving of presents, and that there is no present like a book. I hope my friends will bear this in mind, and spare me the ties and tie presses, the socks and sock presses, the gloves and glove presses which I fear they have in view for me. Good editions of the classic novelists — not expensive or "handsome" editions, but books that one can read in all conditions, without feeling that the covers are getting soiled, or that the work is heavy in the hand — these are the best for the purpose. I must admit that for me the choicest book is a good novel, a novel as much unlike my own novels as can be, and if it should be a novel by Jane Austen I am supremely content. But it need not be a novel by Miss Austen. I will name a few novels for Christmas giving.

These should be very friendly and agreeable books. They should be books that can be read over a fire or — since we no longer get cold and snowy Christmases in England — in a garden. I think on the whole that they must be uniformly "pleasant" in tone, though if the book is good enough I do not see why this should be a binding condition. Jane Austen I have put supreme; but I would not deny the right of Dostoyevsky or Stendhal to make an appearance by the Christmas morning post. Trollope will do very well; but he need not stand in the way of Conrad or Gissing or Bennett. I cannot conceive a better present, in this connection, than "The Old Wives' Tale", and this I say without prejudice in favor of the author. I mention his book expressly because it is one of the few books of our time which seems to me definitely to have taken classic rank as an exploration of real life. It has a breadth and a comprehensiveness as of the ancient novelists, combined with a strictness of truth typical of the best modern books. It is on a large scale, but it is scrupulously "real" and scrupulously constructed. Its proportions are admirable; its dignity, its quality, unquestioned. For the purpose I have in mind "The Old Wives' Tale" is excellent. I would give it to anybody without a qualm. I would not so

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give any one of my own books, or any other of Mr. Bennett's books, or any book by any other contemporary writer. No, I would give a book by a modern writer, without any hesitation; but I know of no book which can be so unhesitatingly given. The others would have to be chosen with care, so that the recipient's taste should not be outraged — except for his or her own good.

For example, I would give "Kipps" or "Mr. Polly" to those who are capable of appreciating them but I would be careful to choose as recipients of "Tono Bungay" or "The New Machiavelli" only those whose interest in affairs enables them to enjoy works dealing with public life. I would give "Youth" to all who can savor the real thing in literature. I would give "The Forsyte Saga" only to readers of refined taste. And in this case I will mention a friend of mine — not an Englishman — who took with him upon a holiday "The Forsyte Saga" and "Growth of the Soil". He read them in that order. At first he was supremely pleased with "The Forsyte Saga", but when he had read "Growth of the Soil" he was made dissatisfied with everything upon a less magnificent plane. He found fault with "The Forsyte Saga" for its very qualities of delicacy. They appeared to him of less value than formerly. It was a mistake in him to put two such different books in juxtaposition. His real standards went before the onset of a tremendously virile piece of work. So, perhaps, do the standards of those who read Turgenev immediately after Dostoyevsky. The comparison will not do. Delicacy and refinement will never be able to stand against vehemence in the minds of those upon whom vehemence by itself has an exciting effect. We must be very sure of our standards before we can venture to eat omnivorously from the table of literature. That is a piece of thought that we owe to our friends in giving them books, even by our own favorite authors.

* * * *

Of men younger than these I must own that I am uncertain. Not so much of their quality as of their acceptability. I have noted that people who love one book by a young author equally dislike another book by the same author. Those who can read my own books do not seem able at all times to enjoy the books of my friends. Or, on the contrary, they regard my own books as a penance, and openly wish that I were a real author, like Compton Mackenzie, who gives them genuine pleasure. We get to very difficult ground here. It is necessary to tread with great care in giving a contemporary writer who has not yet reached the rank of the established novelists. We must think for several minutes about the declared tastes of our friends, in order to distinguish which among these declared tastes are genuine and which are the mere fashions of a changing preference. It has to be borne in mind that there is no recognized standard of excellence in contemporary literature. One man's meat is another man's poison. I heard the other day two of the best known critics in England express directly opposed views of "The Brook Kerith". I will not give their names, or my own view; but the fact alone. They sat looking at each other, and from their mouths came these two terribly opposed opinions. When such critics disagree absolutely, with no room at all for the approximation of judgments, then it is clear that the standards of the one will never do for the other. In its way the story is a re-

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flection upon both critics, who by their disagreement gave away all claim to infallibility; but by anybody who knows about critics and their work this supposition of infallibility is never cherished. All the same, the encounter was disconcerting. It showed that standards will never in England be, as it were, standardized. Personally, I think this a good thing. The more standards, or lack of standards, the merrier. But to others the lack of any decisive authority is a handicap.

One of those who want some sort of central authority recently revived by a letter to the "Times" this very question. He demanded to know why we had not in England something comparable to the French Academy. I suppose that such a letter represents something which might be called the law of recurring notions, for the subject has been argued at intervals in this country for many years, and no doubt will continue to be argued for as long as there are people in the world who have nothing better to do than to argue about useless things. The correspondent of the "Times" thought that his suggested institution would be welcomed by authors and public alike. Not so. The "Times" had a pertinent leader upon the subject. It said that the influence of the French Academy had "formed and polished the national genius at the expense of the originality, spontaneity, and vigour, which are the chief glories of English literature". And upon the real issue the "Times" was soundness itself. I draw attention particularly to the end of the following extract:

> If we had had an English Association of literary artists for as long a period as the French Academy has existed, would it ever have contained KEATS, or SHELLEY, or BLAKE, to mention only three instances? To attempt to form one now would, we believe, be no real service to letters, while it would certainly arouse the perpetual intrigues and ambitions of pretenders, poetasters, *dilettanti*, and other literary bluebottles of all kinds. These people would have to be kept out, and that could be done only by rigidly limiting membership to really creative literary artists, by fixing on no precise number, and by carefully avoiding the name "Academy".

That is the best part of the article. The best part of all is the fine, and as far as I know the new, expression "literary bluebottles". For that phrase alone the article would be worth reading. It is a good descriptive term, and it is also a handy one. There are many literary bluebottles — those who feed upon the remains of literature and buzz about the heads of those who are yet alive in this domain. I could name a few on this side of the water; and I have no doubt that my readers in America will be able to add a number of names from among the professors of the United States. There should be a war of extermination upon the literary bluebottle. He does nothing for literature, but he is omnipresent whenever there is to be a feast. He is the ghoul, and the corpse upon which he feeds is befouled by him. I can remember once being upon a committee whose object it was to name some considerable number of genuine authors. It had, as I remember, hardly any other function. It was, in fact, almost bluebottlish. But among the names put up for discussion I was continually coming across those of bluebottles. I said, "What has he or she to do with literature?" The answer, in effect, was, "Oh, he or she is a literary bluebottle, *and cannot be omitted from such a list as we are compiling.*" When the bluebottles heard, as their sponsors took care that they should, of this horrid scene, they were much offended. "Where", they

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demanded, "would modern English literature be without us? We are regal bluebottles. It is we who determine the status of all writers of our own time, just as the elder of us have determined that certain defunct writers are not with impunity to be challenged. What we say *goes*." The bluebottles were greatly annoyed. They buzzed quite a lot. They said, "Pure is no gentleman. He does not take us seriously." And then they settled down to their work again, of pushing their friends and decrying their non-friends, of laying eggs in a dozen papers (I do not here confuse the bluebottle with the cuckoo, although in some respects there would seem to be affinities between the species). It is the bluebottle who "pushes in", and settles the minor reputations. The major ones are beyond the bluebottle's reach. The bluebottle is always saying that the major writers are no good, and that they are old-fashioned, and that their morals are corrupt, so that they care only for lucre, and not at all for the lustre of the bluebottles. And when the news from the land of the bluebottles does not quite reach the listening ears of the larger public it is a constant puzzle to the bluebottles, whose vanity is thereby increased. The bluebottles say that they are voices crying in the wilderness, and their self-esteem is enormously enhanced by the general neglect of their judgments. Therefore any attempt to establish an Academy in England would be the bluebottles' chance, and the list of members would be packed and ridiculous, for the bluebottles would have seized the stronghold, and Academies would again be discredited in the Home of the Free.

* * * *

Arthur Machen's autobiography, to which I have already referred in these pages, has appeared here under the title of "Far Off Things". It is only a first instalment of the complete book, and is to be followed in January by a second volume, to be called "Things Near and Far". Thereafter will follow a collected edition which should be of much interest to those who prize valuable books. This is the Caerleon Edition of the Works of Arthur Machen. It will be in nine volumes, and will contain, I understand, everything, or almost everything, that Machen has written. My one doubt is regarding a very early book, much valued by those who delight in possessing the unobtainable in the byways of literature. The set should be extremely handsome, and as Machen is one of those writers who cannot touch anything without giving it the peculiar stamp of his original personality, I believe the new collected edition will do a great deal to consolidate even among the vulgar a reputation which has long been the secret glory of the elect. It is very strange how authors divide themselves naturally into those whose collected works may without impropriety be offered to the public, and those as to whom the less that is said the better. Some there are who have had collected editions and whose collected editions have been forgotten before they have been collected. Machen is not one of these writers. I assume without any doubt at all that the whole of the Caerleon Edition will be eagerly sought by collectors, and even by those who love books for their own sake.

* * * *

I hear that D. H. Lawrence is now in New Mexico, and that for the present he will stay in America. He has every reason to do so. American readers of his books are more numer-

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ous than those in this country, for as I have several times explained in this series of articles, the British library system is the enemy of writers of anything like singular genius. They can — these writers — do the best work in the world, but if the libraries will not circulate such works the author can depend only upon sales through individual booksellers. And the library system has so spoiled English readers that they are not accustomed to the purchase of new books. New books, if they are novels, have a precarious time in the booksellers' shops. They stay there until some happy accident gives somebody the notion of purchasing the bookseller's ewe lamb. Sometimes they stay there forever. Adverse views on the part of the library censors can very nearly wreck a novel which does not commend itself to standard morality. The books are either not ordered at all or they are kept upon a reserved list which stifles the demand for them. As a consequence, although Lawrence is almost everywhere regarded as a genius, it is not easy to read his books unless one buys them. And this means that if he were wholly dependent upon English sales Lawrence might whistle for a living, but he would not make it out of his royalties. Fortunately for Lawrence, and for modern literature, the same conditions do not exist in America to anything like the extent which prevails here. Americans do buy books. They buy them and they read them. It is a great thing. We all benefit, for however peculiar some of Lawrence's notions of life may be, he has no equal among the writers of his generation, and it would be nothing short of a disaster if the gift he possesses should for any reason be checked at a time when it shows signs of increasing richness and maturity.

I see that a publisher has done a very extraordinary thing in printing a letter from a correspondent who has tried in vain to get two books issued by his house. The man tried to get these books at a number of unnamed shops, and I forget how he managed to attain his end at last. The action of the publisher is extraordinary, because it seems to me to be the first time one of these letters has been printed. It is certainly not the first time that such a letter has been written. The chief grievance of the publisher is that the booksellers claimed never to have heard of the books asked for. Can they be blamed? I do not know of any infallible recipe for getting the names of new books brought familiarly before the bookselling trade. Booksellers do not read advertisements; they have not time to examine personally any one of the thousands of books which are annually shown to them; they are dealing in wares often essentially seasonal in their appeal. How can they be expected to answer with accuracy every question which a customer, or potential customer, addresses to them? And yet the ordinary person has no means of getting hold of books otherwise than through a bookseller, and the problem is a serious one. I remember that years ago H. G. Wells tried to get the best available edition of More's "Utopia". He went to a big bookseller, and asked his question. The result so shocked him that the article was written to draw public attention to the deficiencies of our present bookselling system. An equally annoying thing happened to me recently. I wanted certain books, which I believed to be out of print. I went to a large bookseller and asked if he had them in stock, or if he thought he could get them for me. He replied

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that he had not got them, that the publishers' stock had been destroyed, and that he did not think he could get them — that I might advertise, if I liked, but that he did not feel very enthusiastic about the results. I said, "Very well", and left the shop. I next tried a big second-hand shop, and they said that they knew the books, and that they sometimes had them; but that it was not worth their while to advertise for them on my behalf. So, as a last resort, I telephoned to the publisher, to ask if he could help. He replied that one of the books — one that I happened to possess — was out of print, but that the other eleven volumes were all in stock, and could be supplied without difficulty. Imagine what would have happened if I had been a person unused to the buying of books. I should not have got them. Now it seems to me that the second-hand bookseller was a mere fool, because he did not know whether I might not have been a large customer if he had taken a little trouble. He made no attempt to engage my interest. He simply took it for granted that I knew what I wanted, that he could not supply me, and that I might go to Jericho for all he cared. But the new bookseller was specious as well as disobliging. I shall not be likely to go again to his shop. And yet I have often bought books there in the past; he is my nearest bookseller; and a customer is always a customer. No. He was not prepared to take any trouble. I grieve at this, because I have occasionally defended the bookseller. I did not tell the man so, and therefore I cannot blame him for not knowing that I had defended his species. But all the same I feel I have a grievance against the booksellers of England; and I shall not lightly forget it. Thus do we make enemies.

* * * *

My information about the Christmas season in England is that it is not going to make any record. These are early days, of course, and it is not to be expected that the public will be thronging the shops for new books for several more weeks. Nevertheless, I do not find much optimism in the trade as to the general prospect. Children's books may improve a little; but with cheap continental toys coming in I expect they will have a poor time. Gift books, of which there seem to be comparatively few, do not show much hope. New novels are slow and faltering. Nothing outstanding has yet appeared, and I do not imagine, from the lists which are being issued, that there is going to be anything very sensational in this department. I should be prepared to forecast a thin season, and a good deal of dissatisfaction. If my fears are right, then I fancy the situation will be extremely unpleasant. In the colonies the same shrinking appears to be apparent. London buyers for the colonial houses are being very careful, and indeed they have direct instructions to be so. An amusing thing is recorded. One of these agents has received a warning from his chief house: "Buy only books by writers of established reputation. Especially novels. Be very careful with these, and do not buy them unless absolutely necessary. Especially those published by ———." Nothing would cause me to reveal the missing name; but it makes me chortle.

SIMON PURE

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BROADWAY, OUR LITERARY SIGNPOST

By Kenneth Andrews

With Sketches by the Author

JOHN GALSWORTHY seems to be one of those writers who are never quite comfortable in the theatre. He has never altogether forgiven himself for starting to write plays in the first place. His great success as a dramatist, one half suspects, makes him uncomfortable. The theatre has a great lure for him; it still has a glamour which even his long experience in it has failed to dim. One feels that he is a little ashamed of that, and that he still comes to the theatre stealthily excited, a trifle defiant, as a respectable British barrister might take his roadster on a dark night and drive to an assignation with a lady who had never been introduced to his wife.

Surrounded by the gaudy tinsel of the theatre Galsworthy may be just a little conscious of his distinguished appearance, his grey hairs, and his West End manner of speaking. He may even be a little mindful of his high position in the artistic community. He is not entirely convinced that it is dignified for a man like himself to play at makebelieve. So he is inclined to justify himself with certain impressive gestures.

Galsworthy, the novelist, is quite content to spin yarns. Even in his masterwork, "The Forsyte Saga", he becomes quite passionately interested in his people. He glows with the eager partizanship of the true teller of tales, and as the absorbing history moves on it absorbs Galsworthy himself and its social significance is pointed out more and more perfunctorily. As a novelist he is, for the most part, an unashamed devotee of his craft. He is not above writing to order serials which will appeal to the many thousands who build up the circulation of popular American magazines.

But it is not enough for him merely to write a good play. In the theatre it seems necessary for him to fortify himself with a moral. A play must seem to be not so much a play as an illustration of his social doctrine. He takes, it is evident, a keen delight in fashioning stories for the stage; but he is never able to overcome the temptation of casting them in the form of parables. That is a subtle temptation for a man like Galsworthy. It provides a very comfortable latitude which, if he merely told a story, would be denied an author of his self-respect and standing. Once it is established that the events on the stage are to be taken more or less figuratively, that they are designed to illumine an important theme, the author may go almost as far as he likes. He may resort to the most brazen devices if he succeeds in infusing into them what seems to be allegorical significance. Galsworthy, you will find if you examine him closely, is an adroit manipulator of the very tricks which enable Owen Davis to own a place in the country. As a constructor of a well made play he could make up a class

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of Augustus Thomas, Avery Hopwood, Sam Shipman, Max Marcin, Roi Cooper Megrue, and Professor George Pierce Baker and tell them things they would be grateful to know. As a dramatic technician he is scarcely surpassed by any living writer in this country or in England. And he did not spend his apprentice years at the feet of Pinero, he spent them in the commercial theatre where plays are drawn up according to box office specifications. That is, he learned superbly well the details of his craft. Deep down in him, one may venture to say, there is a great weakness for sheer melodrama. Plot rather than character generates his creative power.

On the other hand plot in itself is not enough to make his creative power function at its best. He requires the impetus of moral purpose. He has tried to get along without it on occasion, but never with success. In "The Fugitive", his worst play structurally, he merely tells a story, and it is not much of a story. In "A Bit o' Love" and in "Joy" he lacks the support of a moral and turns out inferior work. All of his great successes are stiffened by indignation, their seams are waxed over with symbolism. Most of them are so developed that they can end with a shrug, a throwing out of the hands, and the question, "Well, what can be done about it?" Where an author is dealing with an immediate and burning grievance, one that can be remedied by definite action, he is justified in writing thus inconclusively. It is perhaps the best method of presenting the truth in such a case; it is not inconceivable that a play of this type may have some slight influence in the righting of the wrong. Galsworthy dealt with such a theme in "Justice". But in "Strife" and "The Mob" and "The Skin Game" he did not. The harsh ironies he touches upon in those plays are not due to any imperfections in any man made social

JAMES DALE
He portrays with rare skill the sultry Jew in "Loyalties" who demands his thousand pounds.

system, they are implicit in human nature. Those ironies are the materials out of which great drama is made, but they are only the materials. A playwright does not do his whole duty if he simply displays them. The great dramatist is justly expected to weave them into a completed pattern. Galsworthy's failure to do this — one may even say his refusal to do it — is his great weakness as a playwright.

In "Loyalties", his latest work to reach these shores, he has fashioned a play which provides perhaps a more thoroughly satisfying theatrical experience than anything he has ever done. It is of crystal clearness, sparing of word and incident, engrossing in its simplicity and the stark development of its story. All that is extraneous is pared away cleanly as with a very sharp and very dexterous scalpel. As an exhibition of technical mastery we think it is unmatched in

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contemporary drama. An atmosphere of almost strained absorption is created, and not because the story is particularly striking, but because of the profound knowledge of theatre values which went into the telling of it. But it is as a superbly told stage story that "Loyalties" is interesting; we cannot get excited over its social significance. It reminds one that there is a supposed ethical abyss between the Jew and the Gentile and by rather specious means it points out what in a given set of circumstances might result therefrom. But as a matter of simple fact the events in the play do not take place because the man who is robbed is a Jew. A thousand pounds have been stolen, and the thief is ferreted out in a highly ingenious and engrossing way: that is why the play is good. If the victim had not been a Jew it would have been just as good, and just as significant as drama, though perhaps not quite so provocative in New York. In other words, we feel that Galsworthy's implication that his play is a comment on the ancient problem is not much more than an impressive gesture.

More admirable, more worthy of Galsworthy, is the other generalization that is implied, namely that in such a scandal the people involved are shackled by inexorable and conflicting loyalties. The friends of the thief find themselves bound by loyalty to him as one of their own people. The thief's wife is loyal because he is her husband, and in her code that is enough. The legal gentleman who is retained to defend the accused drops the case when he discovers where the guilt is, because of loyalty to his profession. And finally, it is implied that De Levis demands his pound of flesh — for the reason that Shylock demanded his. This last seemed a false note in so immaculate a work, and the final line, after the thief has shot himself, jars dismally. He leaves a letter to the effect that a revolver keeps faith. That almost burlesques the idea of the play. This suicide itself is grievously out of key, it is a cheap and fortuitous way of bringing the story to a halt. Galsworthy could not have been guilty of it but for his habitual refusal to weave his material into a pattern.

In the Theatre Guild productions of the past one has been conscious of a directing mind extremely sensitive to the mood which the playwright wished to establish. In the case of "Liliom"

THE DRAMA SHELF

"Second Plays" by A. A. Milne (Knopf). Including "Make-Believe", a play for children, "Mr. Pim Passes By", "The Camberly Triangle", "The Romantic Age", "The Stepmother". In his introduction Mr. Milne says he knows nothing about writing plays, but he is learning.

"Frightful Plays!" by Charles S. Brooks (Harcourt, Brace). One about pirates and one about beggars. Plays that would highly amuse a father while he read them to his little son.

"King Arthur's Socks" by Floyd Dell (Knopf). Written on this novelist's spare afternoons. Most of the eleven plays included have been produced in obscure little theatres.

"A Treasury of Plays for Women" ed. by Frank Shay (Little, Brown). Certainly a novel anthology. Eighteen plays all of whose parts may be taken by women. They are of uneven merit, varying from Strindberg's "The Stronger Woman" to Christopher Morley's "Rehearsal".

"Contemporary One Act Plays of 1921" ed. by Frank Shay (Stewart Kidd). Confined to the work of American authors and bringing together what are no doubt the best examples.

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the delicacy with which the necessary mood was maintained was no doubt responsible for its astonishingly wide popular appeal. The success which "He Who Gets Slapped" achieved was largely due, we think, to the fact that someone had succeeded in imbuing the actors with a sense of the ironical fantasy which was the soul of the play. Everything that happened on the stage partook of that spirit, and the result was a complete and unified creation which gained its poignancy because its appeal was so clear and definite. The plays themselves were not popular pieces; it was the comprehension of their mood on the part of their producers which made them live. It seems that this quality is lacking in the Guild's production of Karel Capek's "R. U. R."; and this play, of all the plays they have done, needed it most.

The author takes a perverse and fantastical idea and lets his fancy soar. If some scientist should develop a formula for making human beings by chemical processes, and if all the hard work of the world were turned over to them, he suggests, let's take a night off and try to imagine what would happen. These synthetic beings would be useful to manufacturers, they would eventually be used as the soldiers of the world. They might in the end become so numerous that they would spread over the earth and become more powerful than human beings. Then let us suppose, since we are just supposing, that God should become annoyed at the encroachment on his prerogatives and deprive mankind of the power of reproduction. Suppose then that the "Robots" should form one big union and kill off every human being on earth except one. And suppose — this is something of a stretch — that there is only one copy extant of the priceless formula for making "Robots", and suppose this is destroyed. What would happen then? Indeed it is a theme to fire the imagination, a daring theme for a play, but a splendid one if it is not taken too seriously. The Theatre Guild, astonishingly enough, seemed to take it very seriously, after the first act.

They seemed to lose entirely the mood of fantasy in which the author unquestionably conceived his play, the mood which they themselves established in the beginning. The third act booms as they have staged it. David Wark Griffith could not have improved upon their treatment of the scene where the chief "Robot" stands silhouetted against a fiery sky and sounds his cosmic tocsin. We hope no movie caption writer ever gets a chance at that scene. It is of course

JACK HAZZARD
In "The Greenwich Village Follies" he lifts his falsetto voice in moving farewell to "Dear Old Alaska".

possible that the author himself changed his key, and that the play could not have been produced otherwise. One is inclined to that conclusion when he recalls the unwarranted moment of sadism in the epilogue, and the sudden drop to sentimentality at the end. The play provides a mem-

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orable evening, there is a richly sardonic humor threaded through it, and there are also keen thrills; but it seems to lack the finished direction which we have come to expect from the Theatre Guild.

Monckton Hoffe in "The Faithful Heart" puts on no airs. There is no allegory slyly concealed in his lines (we hope). The play is that rare thing on our stage: an unashamed romance. We confess that we enjoyed it shamelessly. "The Awful Truth" by Arthur Richman is well bred and civilized and smart. It is particularly enjoyable because the author had the courage to make an ass of the he-man who speaks of "God's good women", and because he had the even greater courage to make his heroine one of the Devil's bad women. Ethel Barrymore in Hauptmann's "Rose Bernd" is Ethel Barrymore still. The new Equity Players give a vivid production of "Malvaloca" but Jacob S. Fassett's translation reads better than it plays. "The Greenwich Village Follies" and "The Passing Show" both seem more lavish, and perhaps a little funnier, than usual. Somerset Maugham's "East of Suez" is in his earlier manner, which is an awful thing to say about any play. "Spite Corner" by Frank Craven is unfortunately one of those plays which would end abruptly if the leading man should meet the leading lady face to face for a three minute talk. "Banco" from the French of Alfred Savoir is cut to about thirty-two proof, and has rather a watery taste. Martin Brown obviously thought his "The Exciters" was farce, but the actors thought it was melodrama, and as usual the author lost the decision.

A FUNERAL

By Hortense Flexner

IT is all so decorously done,
This hiding from ourselves in the earth,
A man, who is no longer a man.
We speak in whispers, wear black,
Concealing with many symbols
The crudeness of what has happened.
And yet through our restraint,
And curbed wonder,
Mad savages go shrieking,
Primitive men with hairy faces
Wail their horror to the moon,
And shadowy women like ourselves,
Stroke curiously a cold hand,
And ask,
"What is it?"

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THE BOOKMAN'S GUIDE TO FICTION

THE BOOKMAN *will present each month tabloid reviews of a selected list of recent fiction. This section will include also the books most in demand according to the current reports in "Books of the Month", compiled by the R. R. Bowker Company, The Baker and Taylor Company's "Monthly Book Bulletin", McClurg's "Monthly Bulletin of New Books", and* "THE BOOKMAN'S *Monthly Score". Such books as the editor especially recommends are marked with a star.*

THE CAPTIVE HERD—G. Murray Atkin—*Crowell.* Another story of how a good woman can soften and mellow and correct a man by the power of love, told with considerable subtlety.

IN THE DAYS OF POOR RICHARD—Irving Bacheller—*Bobbs-Merrill.* A historical novel of charm, with Ben Franklin often around the corner.

FIELDING SARGENT—Elsa Barker—*Dutton.* Psychoanalysis, as a cure for all the ills the human mind is heir to.

FLOWING GOLD—Rex Beach—*Harper.* A romance of love and men of iron in the oil fields.

RIDERS UP!—Gerald Beaumont—*Appleton.* These racy stories mingle tears and laughter and are told by one who loves the turf.

WHEN THE WEST WAS YOUNG—Frederick R. Bechdolt—*Century.* Whole libraries of dime novels could be evolved from these true tales of the old days in the wild west.

THE GREEN OVERCOAT—Hilaire Belloc—*McBride.* A really humorous detective story about a professor who borrows an overcoat.

THE LOVE LEGEND—Woodward Boyd—*Scribner.* An honest attempt to prick the bubble of illusion concerning a Prince Charming that always comes.

*OLD CROW—Alice Brown—*Macmillan.* When the long book is finished, one wonders which is better done—the telling of a great story or the picturing of real people. Both are accomplished unusually well.

RICHARD—Marguerite Bryant—*Duffield.* The father's renunciation cannot effect the regeneration of his wayward son until love tips the scale and frees him from a prison without walls.

ROBIN—Frances Hodgson Burnett—*Stokes.* A continuation of "The Head of the House of Coombe", in which the incipient love affair is brought to a happy conclusion, with the usual sentimental frills.

THE THREE FIRES—Amelia Josephine Burr—*Macmillan.* Love, avarice, and ambition are neatly schematized in this passionate story of Ceylon.

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AT THE EARTH'S CORE — Edgar Rice Burroughs — *McClurg.* Grotesque and fantastic adventure with a lure similar to that of "Tarzan".

*THE WIND BLOWETH—Donn Byrne—*Century.* More ambitious than "Messer Marco Polo" and not quite so good, but filled with Celtic beauty and wisdom. *(See page 493.)*

*ROUGH-HEWN—Dorothy Canfield—*Harcourt, Brace.* An excellent psychological love story of two young Americans, filled with interesting detail, humorous incident, and fine characterization. *(See page 489.)*

*ONE OF OURS—Willa Cather—*Knopf.* After creating an extraordinary hero, Miss Cather plunges him into the sort of background which many of her admirers did not expect from her.

RACKHOUSE—George Agnew Chamberlain—*Harper.* Ex-Captain Norris, alias "The Black Mask", crashes his motor trucks through the eighteenth amendment for a million profits, and gets away with it.

A STONE IN THE PATH—Maud H. Chapin—*Duffield.* Sixteenth century romance concerning an artist monk and the cardinal sin.

DOUBTING CASTLE—Elinor Chipp—*Boni, Liveright.* An unpleasant family makes life miserable for its most attractive member.

THE KING'S ARROW—H. A. Cody—*Doran.* Good, clean wilderness stuff for Canadian patriots.

MUMMERS IN MUFTI—Philip Curtiss—*Century.* Mr. Curtiss in his happiest vein. Young Arnold Bellsmith, afflicted with melancholia, consults Dr. MacVickar and receives a prescription which includes the ownership of a musical comedy on tour and the girl he had always been waiting for.

THE COUNTRY BEYOND—James Oliver Curwood—*Cosmopolitan.* Men live lies and fair girls plight their faiths in the open country under Mr. Curwood's special brand of spruce trees.

FOOL'S HILL—Leona Dalrymple—*McBride.* Paul Northrup's adventures and family are decidedly amusing.

JOAN OF ARC OF THE NORTH WOODS—Holman Day—*Harper.* An improbable, carelessly written tale of the lumber camps.

THE VEHEMENT FLAME—Margaret Deland—*Harper.* An interesting study of the love of an ill matched couple and its tragic resulting jealousy.

CHARLES REX—Ethel M. Dell—*Putnam.* The English lord finds that the boy in his care is really a girl, and marriage follows. Not a new theme; but still—

FUR SIGN—Hal G. Evarts—*Little, Brown.* Two city waifs are helped by an oldtimer to realize their dreams of becoming trappers.

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THE DANCING FAKIR—John Eyton—*Longmans, Green.* The India that we learned of through Kipling is shown us once more.

THE CORTLANDTS OF WASHINGTON SQUARE—Janet A. Fairbanks—*Bobbs-Merrill.* Ann Byrne strays into the battle of Gettysburg and into some interesting love scenes.

PEREGRINE'S PROGRESS—Jeffery Farnol—*Little, Brown.* A frankly romantic tale of nineteenth century England, told in the author's best eighteenth century manner. A good antidote for *Weltschmerz.*

TALES OF THE JAZZ AGE—F. Scott Fitzgerald—*Scribner.* Exotic fancy and a few of Mr. Fitzgerald's wild young folk in his best short stories.

THE MIDDLE OF THINGS—J. S. Fletcher—*Knopf.* A mystery story containing the usual amount of thrills, and more than the usual amount of good writing.

TRILBY MAY CRASHES IN—Sewell Ford—*Harper.* The father of "Torchy" ushers in an American girl whose metropolitan adventures are narrated in the new American language.

THE MAN WHO LIVED IN A SHOE—Henry James Forman—*Little, Brown.* The somewhat saccharine chronicle of how the responsibility of four young children changed a bachelor recluse's life.

THE FRUIT OF THE TREE—Hamilton Fyfe—*Seltzer.* One modern woman's practical solution of the eternal triangle.

THE DRIVER—Garet Garrett—*Dutton.* A good story of how a great railway system was built up by a man who may have been patterned after E. H. Harriman.

THE GLAND STEALERS—Bertram Gayton—*Lippincott.* The Steinach operation succeeds so well with a nonogenarian millionaire that he goes to Africa to give others the same boon. Though his plan fails, it gives rise to a roaring funny yarn.

TO THE LAST MAN—Zane Grey—*Harper.* A feud in the great west—packed with manly incident and bound round with red blood.

THE HEART'S JUSTICE—Amanda Hall—*Doran.* Muffet love Papa? This novel's distinction is that it is practically sexless.

ROPE—Holworthy Hall—*Dodd, Mead.* An inheritance and an heir who must prove his worth go to make up this sometimes amusing though obvious story.

ACROSS THE MESA—Jarvis Hall—*Penn.* Mines, mesquite, Mexicans, and mesas bring to an eastern girl a realization of the things that are and aren't worth whole.

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*MARIA CHAPDELAINE—Louis Hémon—*Macmillan.* A fluidly written idyl of young love and sorrow in a quaint Canadian setting.

*THE BRIGHT SHAWL—Joseph Hergesheimer—*Knopf.* A psychological romance. His best story since "The Three Black Pennys"—what more can we say? *(See page 488.)*

THE UNLIT LAMP—Elisabeth Sanxay Holding—*Dutton.* When husbands and wives fall out, it is decreed that a little child shall lead them back to premarital bliss.

THE SHADOW OF THE EAST—E. M. Hull—*Small, Maynard.* A fair adventure story without the special thrill of "The Sheik".

*IF WINTER COMES—A. S. M. Hutchinson—*Little, Brown.* A melodramatic Dickensonian story woven about the personality of a misunderstood man.

*THIS FREEDOM—A. S. M. Hutchinson—*Little, Brown.* The author's worst book is yet proving a topic for discussion in most families where the status of woman is still a subject for debate.

*THE CATHEDRAL—J. K. Huysmans—*Dutton.* Durtal, the hero of M. Huysmans's "En Route", approaches righteousness æsthetically, through the portals of the Cathedral of Chartres.

ESCAPE—Jeffery E. Jeffery—*Seltzer.* An Englishwoman discovers the moral value of revolt.

THE TIMBER PIRATE—Charles Christopher Jenkins—*Doran.* A brisk story with some lively lumber camp scenes and more genuineness than its sort of a tale usually has.

THE MOTH DECIDES—Edward Alden Jewell—*Knopf.* The love tangles, great and little, of a northern Michigan summer girl.

THE MOTHER OF ALL LIVING—Robert Keable—*Dutton.* Flames of sex striking in various directions form triangles and quadrangles, against an African setting.

SIMON CALLED PETER—Robert Keable—*Dutton.* What a minister of the gospel might do under circumstances of war. Sex predominates.

CAPPY RICKS RETIRES—Peter B. Kyne—*Cosmopolitan.* More adventures of the bewhiskered and lucky Cappy, for those who have liked him in the past.

THE TWENTY-FIRST BURR—Victor Lauriston—*Doran.* Ingenious plot material but otherwise for adolescents.

*BABBITT—Sinclair Lewis—*Harcourt, Brace.* The American business man in a comedy of manners superbly proportioned. Thoroughly praiseworthy.

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FAIR HARBOR—Joseph C. Lincoln—*Appleton.* More of Mr. Lincoln's characters in a seagoin' set. Rather funnier than most. *(See page 493.)*

THE CAT'S PAW—Natalie Sumner Lincoln—*Appleton.* A mystery which will tax the ingenuity of the most amateur detective.

THE TALE OF TRIONA—William J. Locke—*Dodd, Mead.* Locke's best style and a story of a struggling personality.

THE TRAIL OF CONFLICT—Emilie Loring—*Penn.* Two kinds of family pride clash until love unravels all snarls.

BILL THE BACHELOR—Denis Mackail—*Houghton Mifflin.* A whimsical, mysterious tale of the London of today.

THE HEART OF LITTLE SHIKARA—Edison Marshall—*Little, Brown.* Excellent hunting stories of Burmah and of Oregon.

THE SKY LINE OF SPRUCE—Edison Marshall—*Little, Brown.* Amnesia, law courts, adventures in the wilds: ingredients for a rapid-fire story and this is it.

THE LAST MILE—Frank A. McAlister—*Doubleday, Page.* A novel of disillusionment whose final note is—"At least there's lots to laugh about."

FROZEN JUSTICE—Ejnar Mikkelsen—*Knopf.* A tale of Eskimo vengeance and adventure; slightly expurgated it would be a splendid book for boys.

THE GREEN GODDESS—Louise Jordan Miln—*Stokes.* The melodramatic success of George Arliss produced in book form. The India of yesterday in juxtaposition with now.

*WHERE THE BLUE BEGINS—Christopher Morley—*Doubleday, Page.* The author's best since "The Haunted Bookshop"—a fantasy all about a dog who turned human. *(See page 493.)*

STILL LIFE—J. Middleton Murry—*Dutton.* In which, despite the name, neither life nor love remains fixed. Noteworthy for its happy compromise between the old and new story telling method.

THE THINGS WE ARE—J. Middleton Murry—*Dutton.* This love story makes fascinating reading for those who like unusual writing. Here is a triangle with the sharp corners rounded off to avoid melodrama.

BROKEN BARRIERS—Meredith Nicholson—*Scribner.* Mr. Nicholson, keenly aware of the latest social developments, attacks the problems of the younger generation with skill and honesty and a reticence not always observed by the younger sociological novelists.

*CERTAIN PEOPLE OF IMPORTANCE—Kathleen Norris—*Doubleday, Page.* The Crabtree family in and out for several generations. San Francisco life in detail.

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TWO SHALL BE BORN—Marie Conway Oemler—*Century.* A rattling good tale of international intrigue with an "also ran" love interest.

SOME DISTINGUISHED AMERICANS—Harvey O'Higgins—*Harper.* Short stories employed to tell in a delightful fashion supposedly true chapters of the lives of certain plausible near-great contemporaries.

THE EVIL SHEPHERD—E. Phillips Oppenheim—*Little, Brown.* Melodrama, highly seasoned.

JIMMIE DALE AND THE PHANTOM CLUE—Frank L. Packard—*Doran.* The gentleman adventurer always goes in for such ungentlemanly adventures!

WANTED—A WIFE—Alfredo Panzini—*Brown.* An Italian business man applies sound business principles to the wooing of women—with vivacious results.

CARNAC'S FOLLY—Gilbert Parker—*Lippincott.* Primitive politics, love, and adventure in the usual northern locale.

DUST OF DESIRE—Margaret Peterson—*McBride.* Maureen Simpson has some terrible experiences in the wilds of Uganda but wins through to happiness in the end.

MILLIONS—Ernest Poole—*Macmillan.* A deft piece of work showing the souls of a group of money grubbing relatives to millions. *(See page 492.)*

CLAIR DE LUNE—Anthony Pryde—*Dodd, Mead.* The opera composer's career almost blinds him to the fact that he is in love with his wife.

THE CAVE WOMAN—Norval Richardson—*Scribner.* Mary Watson learns that wealth and utter ruthlessness cannot cope with the power of selfless love.

FOURSQUARE—Grace S. Richmond—*Doubleday, Page.* A glorification of the teaching profession.

*THE BREAKING POINT—Mary Roberts Rinehart—*Doran.* A thrilling psychological mystery in which a man, afraid to face his past, first loves, then finds himself.

HIRONDELLE—Henry C. Rowland—*Harper.* Adventures of a privateersman on the eve of the War of 1812. A salty yarn, and well told.

CAPTAIN BLOOD—Rafael Sabatini—*Houghton Mifflin.* "There is no more to be said, gentlemen. My name is Blood—Captain Blood, if you please", etc.—on page 107 of this swift-moving tale.

TOY—Gertrude Sanborn—*Donohue.* A remarkable book—remarkable in the fact that a publisher was ever found to print it.

VANDERDECKEN—H. De Vere Stacpoole—*McBride.* How modern pirates are captured, told in a breezy Sunday supplement way.

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IN JEOPARDY—Van Tassel Sutphen—*Harper.* Devoted to the solution of an insoluble murder mystery.

THE THREE LOVERS—Frank Swinnerton—*Doran.* Not up to the author's usual level in writing, but an interesting story of a young girl nevertheless. *(See page 499.)*

*GENTLE JULIA—Booth Tarkington—*Doubleday, Page.* Julia and her sister are two more perfectly satisfactory Tarkington young people. Adolescence glorified.

THE MIRACLE—E. Temple Thurston—*Appleton.* In the west of Ireland the fisher folk still turn to their priest to shield them from the pranks of the Little People.

BREATH OF LIFE—Arthur Tuckerman—*Putnam.* The equivalent of a round trip ticket to the Caribbean Sea. A well written story, attractively set.

THE HOUSE OF FIVE SWORDS—Tristram Tupper—*Doran.* The five swords represent the five foreign wars of the United States. Light romance and pleasing love story.

THE PENITENT—Edna Worthley Underwood—*Houghton Mifflin.* A harrowing tale of the destruction of the Russian Empire—and this is only the first of three novels comprising the story of the first Czar Alexander.

SAND—Olive Wadsley—*Dodd, Mead.* Blood brother to "The Sheik". Only more so.

*THE CATHEDRAL—Hugh Walpole—*Doran.* About the best-proportioned novel Walpole has written. The title is somewhat misleading, as the interest centres in a family and not in matters ecclesiastical. *(See page 498.)*

THE GLIMPSES OF THE MOON—Edith Wharton—*Appleton.* Snobs arrayed in all the panoplies of snobbery divorce, fall in love, marry, and travel in such places as are usually inhabited by snobs.

BLACK PAWL—Ben Ames Williams—*Dutton.* A tragedy of the sea, exceptionally well told—don't let the jacket mislead you.

JUDITH OF THE GODLESS VALLEY—Honoré Willsie—*Stokes.* Judith is some girl—Mrs. Willsie does the western story just a trifle better than any of the men folk.

NIGGER—Clement Wood—*Dutton.* Not too deep under the skin of the negro problem goes this somewhat rhythmical thriller. *(See page 492.)*

1943—Mr. X—*Dorrance.* A melodramatic cry of revolt by a champion of the wets.

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THE EDITOR RECOMMENDS—

Mr. Hergesheimer Looks Into a Certain Mirror

"THE room was long, tiled, and had, against the far wall, a great mirror which held in reverse the gay sweep of the tables, the heavily powdered shoulders of women, the prismatic flashes of diamonds and men's animated faces. The reflections were almost as fascinating as the reality and Charles gazed from one to the other."

On page 43 of "The Bright Shawl" (Knopf) Mr. Hergesheimer, perhaps intentionally, describes the Hergesheimer method — life seen through some psychological peculiarity of one of his characters, life distorted or enriched with the distortion or enrichment of a specific mentality. He has done this with superb skill in this new short novel. It is man in pursuit of a romantic ideal, in which pursuit love and passion fall away, and devotion for the cause and those who typify the cause remains. The Cuban background is as vivid and as exotic as the shawl of La Clavel, the dancer, who is the most vital portrait here drawn. Yet even this rich coloration fades to nothingness before the subtle interweaving of mood, whim, and fancy in the mind of Charles Abbott, the young American, who binds his soul to the cause of Cuban independence. That the tale of "The Bright Shawl" will make a perfect film story for Rodolph Valentino and Nita Naldi, should they happen upon it, is all the more to its author's credit, for so closely are the almost melodramatic incidents interwoven with the mental adventurings that the plot value never fails and the climax, when event and psychology meet after a tremendous crescendo, is doubly satisfying. Mr. Hergesheimer's style is at its best. Occasionally it betrays him, and a sentence such as the following results:

"She was as slender as a boy of a race unknown to Charles — without warmth, without impulses, fashioned delicately for rooms hung in peacock silks and courtyards of fretted alabaster and burnished cedar."

Three Prejudiced Gentlemen

WOULD an essayist who was not prejudiced be worth the reading? Or, rather, do we perhaps not mean "opinionated" rather than "prejudiced"? Isn't H. L. Mencken, when he calls his book "Prejudices: Third Series" (Knopf), actually calling it "The Reactions of a Decidedly Opinionated Man"? Howsoever that may be, here is a volume filled with violence and sparks, more stimulating than most and calculated to create ire in the breasts of even the lamblike. Mencken's whole attitude toward America may be found on page 62: "So the uplifter, the soul-saver, the Americanizer, striving to make the Republic fit for Y. M. C. A. secretaries. He is the eternal American, ever moved by the best of intentions, ever running *à la* Krausemeyer to the rescue of virtue, and ever getting his pantaloons fanned by the Devil." This he has said before. He says it again, pulling out his loudest stops and letting roar full organ on innumerable variations of the theme.

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"Huneker: A Memory" strikes me as the best thing in the book. A subtle portrait this, and worth remembering. "Advice to Young Men", as anything but advice to young men, would be excellent. Now Maurice Francis Egan is a different person, apparently an admirer of Mencken, too, if we are to judge by several tolerant references. "Confessions of a Book-Lover" (Doubleday, Page) is a quiet and warming book. Not hot water bottle warming, Mr. Mencken; but open fire, with good dry logs, shooting splendid sparks. "My Boyhood Reading" is an essay worth calling an essay. Nor is any part of the book dull, and most of it is stimulating. I hesitate to recommend the Dean of St. Paul's without a warning. At his best, as in "Confessio Fidei", he is difficult. Yet in his second series of "Outspoken Essays" (Longmans, Green) there is the now famous essay on "The Victorian Age", in which we find a glorification of Tennyson and the exhibition of a none too great understanding of present day writers. And the "Confessio Fidei", a careful analysis of his own religious faith, seems to me worth the trouble and the pondering it will take to fathom Dean Inge's not especially fluid style. I should like to quote without comment a paragraph of this which seems to me pertinent:

> Lastly, we magnify the problem of evil by our narrow and exclusive moralism, which we habitually impose upon the Creator. There is no evidence for the theory that God is a merely moral Being, and what we observe of His laws and operations here indicates strongly that He is not. If we suppose that His interests are about equally divided between the moral, intellectual and æsthetic aspects of His creation, so that He enjoys all the wonders which science studies and all the beauties which art imitates, no less than the holiness of a saint or the self-devotion of a hero, then much which the mere moralist finds a scandal in the government of the world receives a satisfactory explanation. I have never understood why it should be considered derogatory to the Creator to suppose that He has a sense of humour. The lack of this sense is considered a defect in human nature; and some of us would think that heaven would be very dull without it. The world is full of absurdities which to a superior Being may afford infinite merriment. Several animals are laughable, though few are really ugly; and many of the antics of our own species must seem exquisitely ridiculous to anyone observing them from outside. We often, without meaning it, picture God as a sour Puritan. It would be easier to justify His ways to man if we pictured Him more genially.

A Truly American Novel

IN "Rough-Hewn" (Harcourt, Brace), a novel in which Dorothy Canfield Fisher explains why Marise and Neale of "The Brimming Cup" were destined for each other, the author has done a number of things with an unusual display of both understanding and technique. For the first time, I have been convinced that love at first sight is possible. By following through the lives of her hero and heroine separately until they meet — one hundred and eleven pages before the end (there are five hundred in the book) — Mrs. Fisher has created an unusual and fascinating dual story, a story that abounds in rich characterization, humorous incident, sentiment, and drama. The French background is admirable. The worship of the American college youth for athletics has never been handled with more understanding. The sensitive complexities of New England inheritance are drawn here with a faithfulness that can only be the product of deep experience. This is a healthy story of the life struggles of two well bred Anglo Saxons. It is thoroughly American. It is readable throughout and, to me, at least, comes as a blessed relief

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from the welter of current novels where satirist, sexologist, psychoanalyst, and orientalist bash the Ten Commandments with a Fool's Bladder and hide behind the skirts of possible genius. Mrs. Fisher has never written with surer wisdom, or a defter touch.

G. K. C. Looks Backward

CHESTERTON'S book on America is undoubtedly the best of its kind. It is packed with paradox, and not lacking in a fine sense of balance, as the old phrase goes. "What I Saw in America" (Dodd, Mead) is, more precisely, what he *felt* in America. He attempts to analyze the difference between the English and the American character and he is at the same time humorous and fair. How much wiser a book than that of Charles Dickens, or yet again of Margot Asquith, and how much more tasteful a book than that of W. L. George. Curiously enough, the best chapter in the book is the one on "The Spirit of England", though the most striking anecdote seems to me to be the following:

> But I found something like my real innocent abroad, my real peasant among the sky-signs, in another part of the same establishment. He was a much leaner man, equally dark, with a hook nose, hungry face, and fierce moustaches. He also was a waiter, and was in the costume of a waiter, which is a smarter edition of the costume of a lecturer. As he was serving me with clam chowder or some such thing, I fell into speech with him and he told me he was a Bulgar. I said something like, "I'm afraid I don't know as much as I ought to about Bulgaria. I suppose most of your people are agricultural, aren't they?" He did not stir an inch from his regular attitude, but he slightly lowered his low voice and said, "Yes. From the earth we come and to the earth we return; when people get away from that they are lost."
>
> To hear such a thing said by a waiter was alone an epoch in the life of an unfortunate writer of fantastic novels. To see him clear away the clam chowder like an automaton, and bring me more iced water like an automaton, or like nothing on earth except an American waiter (for piling up ice is the cold passion of their lives), and all this after having uttered something so dark and deep, so starkly incongruous and so startlingly true, was an indescribable thing, but very like the picture of the peasant admiring Broadway. So he passed, with his artificial clothes and manners, lit up with all the ghastly artificial light of the hotel, and all the ghastly artificial life of the city; and his heart was like his own remote and rocky valley, where those unchanging words were carved as on a rock.

For Mothers and Their Sons

IN "A Gift Book for My Mother" (Harper) Harrison Rhodes has done skilfully and with beauty an almost impossible thing. He has drawn a reverent picture of his dead mother — of her humor, her wisdom, her relation to his family, of his love for her: it is a picture of tenderness and of sympathy, but so filled with fun and with understanding that the effect which might be unpleasantly bathetic is one of deep sentiment. Naturally, the comparison will be made to Barrie's "Margaret Ogilvy", but they are quite, quite different. Mr. Rhodes has given us a character, so gracefully sketched and so faithfully drawn in that she is difficult to forget, with her whims, fancies, and little faults. Then, as a background, he has made a comparison of generations in America that is just as sure as his characterization. The most penetrating commentary on the younger generation that I have seen is contained in this study of the older. Here are manners and customs recalled, and an occasional quiet note of satire.

—*J. F.*

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A SHELF OF RECENT BOOKS

A STUDY IN SURVIVALS

By George H. Sargent

COULD Henry Dunster or Stephen Daye take up a work like that of Mr. Updike — bearing the imprint of Harvard University and placing that institution in line with the great university presses of Oxford, Cambridge, Paris, and Salamanca — doubtless he would exclaim, "What hath God wrought!" For Mr. Updike's work in two large volumes with hundreds of illustrations is an outgrowth of lectures on printing given by him in one of the university graduate courses a few years ago. In its completed — although not complete — form, it becomes monumental.

When Stephen Daye set up his press at Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1638, the art of printing was at a low ebb. Paper, type, and workmanship were about as villainous as could be produced, not only in the new colony, but wherever printing was practised, although a few steadfast souls carried on the tradition of printing. A history of printing types, of course, covers only one phase of the typographic art, but the use of well cut and beautiful types leads to the use of better paper, and requires better presswork. In our own day, as in the past, the basic factor in the improvement of the art of typography is the type, and no one can use types understandingly and with effectiveness without knowing something of the standards to which the best printers have always adhered.

Not even the casual reader has failed to note the fact of an increasing appreciation of the book beautiful. The so called "revival of printing", which we generally date back to the time of the establishment of the Kelmscott Press in 1891, has had a new and more wholesome impetus in recent years. Morris, whose intense mediævalism led him to the choice of types which it is not altogether a pleasure to read, in spite of their intrinsic beauty and their high decorative quality when used in combination, exerted a profound influence on printing. He not only stimulated others to the production of new and beautiful types, but he let loose upon the world a host of amateurs, dabblers, and imitators whose meretricious productions are now of value only as specimens of a perverted art. In the present revival, in which Mr. Updike, as head of the Merrymount Press, has borne an honored and conspicuous part, the tendency is away from the conscious formality of black letters and the weak hairline types to forms that are useful and beautiful; and of these there are not too many. Mr. Updike calls his book "a study in survivals" and he has shown not only what type forms have survived, but why they should survive, and has laid down general principles which should govern the fitness of types to survive in years to come. Without this groundwork the modern typographical artist is likely to spend much time, labor, and money in foolish experiments.

Mr. Updike's work treats of the history, forms, and use of printing types technically only in so far as is

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necessary to an understanding of his subject, stressing the artistic and idealistic sides of the matter. He traces the development of type forms from their inception with the unsurpassed work of Gutenberg through the dark ages of printing to the present, dwelling lovingly upon the typography of eighteenth century France, giving enough biography of the famous printers to show the conditions under which they did their work, and putting an effectual quietus upon the mistaken idea — for which he very properly blames Ruskin and Morris — that the mediæval craftsman worked in an idyllic atmosphere in which neither time nor cost was of account. The work is plainly that of a man writing about his hobby, and it is a pleasure to find that he is able to treat a historical and technical subject with a light touch which makes it readable. The book beautiful is no longer the mere dream of a printer, and this is not a manual for the composing room, albeit it contains that information which is indispensable in the composing room producing beautiful work. The collector of books has taken this field for his own, and Mr. Updike's work, which combines the wisdom of the ancient writers on typography with his own original ideas on the subject of printing types, is not only a book lover's book, but monumental in its character, likely to fix the standards for years to come. If some modern designers may feel that insufficient homage has been paid to their part in the present revival, they may console themselves with the reflection that Mr. Updike has not failed to criticize his own Merrymount types.

Printing Types: Their History, Forms and Use. By Daniel Berkeley Updike. Two volumes. Harvard University Press.

ASSORTED NOVELS

By John V. A. Weaver

CLEMENT WOOD is a poet who has written some very fine verse at times. But he is not yet a novelist, nor does he show any signs of becoming one in this long story of his. He must learn that a novel must have some form, some technique; it cannot be simply a string of episodes, loosely connected, with no emphasis, no climaxes, no real body to it. "Nigger" was undoubtedly meant to stir up people over the way the blacks are treated in the south; Mr. Wood should know, for he is a southerner. His incidents are typical: that is, they are the stuff of which first-page atrocity journalism is made. They fail to be very interesting, because Mr. Wood's characters are too much types. He never makes any of them emerge into individuals. They are "niggers", granted; but none of them is an individual Negro. He has not shown the psychology of any of them. The book reads like a report of a committee on conditions. The illustrations of white depredations are gruesome and revolting enough, but they did not affect this reader, at any rate. "Birthright" and "White and Black" covered all the ground which "Nigger" attempts, and did it so well that Mr. Wood's book, not only no novel, is not even a tract worth reading. It is amateurish in conception and execution.

Ernest Poole is a clever technician, and he has an original idea in this story, "Millions". Gordon Cable, reputed to be a millionaire, is dying from injuries received in an automobile accident. His sister Madge, a countrified little old maid — not so old in years, but "sot" in her ways — has been summoned from her small town

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to nurse him. She knows that she will probably inherit all her brother's money if he dies. The other Cable relatives arrive, and hang over the dying man with vulture-like anticipation. All of them, Madge included, build air castles with the money almost within their grasp. But Madge is a commendable human being; she really loves this strange brother who has grown away from all of them. And, realizing that by passively sitting around she can let Gordon die, she does everything in her power to restore his health. She succeeds, and she also succeeds in being a potent factor in bringing about Gordon's marriage to an actress who has been the object of considerable insult on the part of the other relatives. It turns out there wouldn't have been any millions after all if Gordon had died. But the effect on Madge of the internal struggle and the position of prospective heir to great sums of money in which she lived for a while, revolutionizes her whole life, and frees her from her shackles of inactivity.

Altogether a very interesting psychological study, well constructed and well written.

Joseph C. Lincoln always puts out a product which lives up to its trademark. The reader knows that when he opens a Lincoln novel he is going to get Cape Cod sea captains and Cape Cod talk, literarily quaint characters, and a good standard blow-my-mizzentops'ls humor. "Fair Harbor" is a good Lincoln story, all about a middle aged sea captain who has retired temporarily on account of accidents to his legs. He has wished on him the job of superintending a home for mariners' women, and his many trials and vicissitudes, mixed up with his case of love for his pretty young assistant, afford much of the "good clean fun" to which Lincoln addicts are used. It is a marvel to me how Lincoln spins out his yarns; he makes the most threadbare material go a very long way. Truth to tell, he is not uninteresting, either. If you like Lincoln's stuff, you will like "Fair Harbor".

An ambitious piece of work is "The Wind Bloweth". It is dense with Celtic atmosphere. Indeed, Mr. Byrne has taken so much pains with putting a magic and a romance about his seven incidents in the life of Shane Campbell that I found it hard going, often. It is not so clear a narrative as "Messer Marco Polo", but there are many flashes of that same epic beauty. Mr. Byrne hasn't quite hit what he is driving at, but he has come close to it; and there is not a doubt in the world that he will succeed fully one of these days. Shane Campbell wanders through the world, in many lands, an idealist and a dreamer. At first he is looking for a dancing island which we are led to believe exists only in his imagination. Then he looks for love, and at last finds it, after several trials. The stories are too strangely conceived and written to allow close analysis. Let it suffice to say that Donn Byrne has caught romance and beauty many times, and these times make up for much difficult reading.

"Where the Blue Begins" strikes me as being some excellent writing wasted upon trivialities. The story is an allegory, I suppose. Also, I believe it must have been intended for a children's book. It is all about a dog named Gissing, who lives a suburban life, wears a silk hat, and gets a job as floorwalker in a big department store. He quits this job, fearing that he is becoming too smug and contented, and stows away upon a

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ship, and from there on the thing is an extravaganza. There are isolated passages of a fineness which make me feel very badly for Mr. Morley, a writer of high abilities who can waste his time upon so silly and unsuccessful a *tour de force*.

Nigger. By Clement Wood. E. P. Dutton and Co.
Millions. By Ernest Poole. The Macmillan Co.
Fair Harbor. By Joseph C. Lincoln. D. Appleton and Co.
The Wind Bloweth. By Donn Byrne. The Century Co.
Where the Blue Begins. By Christopher Morley. Doubleday, Page and Co.

FOUR POETS

By Louis Untermeyer

LET us say the worst about Herbert Gorman's poetry at once, for its defects are so obvious that, unless they are granted and disposed of first, they are likely to obscure the very definite qualities that distinguish "The Barcarole of James Smith". The worst thing is this: almost half of the work is frankly imitative. Gorman, it is evident, has worshiped at the dissimilar shrines of E. A. Robinson and T. S. Eliot, and a great part of his book is a record of his efforts to join both gods — and free himself from them. The first page is all Eliot, or rather a mirthless parody of his mordant idiom.

> In Ethiopia, the sun
> Shines forever. Cinnamon
> And aromatics spice the air,
> And Candace is black and rare.

Several of the succeeding poems acknowledge the identical influence; even the titles are in precisely the same key as the one developed by the author of "The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock". Instead of Eliot's "Sweeney among the Nightingales" or "Bleistein with a Cigar", we have Gorman's "The Melody of Patrick Murphy" and "Einstein Practises". The Robinsonian indebtedness is more deeply felt though less pronounced; it is sensed rather than seen. Only in one or two of the lyrics and in one lengthy blank verse monologue is the reader forced to recognize the obligation. Robinson's famous "Ben Jonson Entertains a Man from Stratford" is the most eloquent portrait of Shakespeare ever written in verse. Gorman, in exactly the same form, writes a long soliloquy entitled "The Son of Dawn" and attempts to do the very thing for Christopher Marlowe.

So much for the debits. The credit side of the ledger shows a decided balance in Gorman's favor. Here is something positive — a lyric strength coupled with an intellectual intensity that is the poet's own. "The Mandrake Root" and "Rainy Night" are two particularly illuminating examples. Some of the verses reprinted from his first collection, a tentative but searching pamphlet called "The Fool of Love", are on a similarly high plane. I regret that I have not sufficient space to quote three or four of them; from one, at least, I must detach an illustrative quatrain or two. This is the beginning of the sharply conceived, sharply executed "Love's Fanatic":

> Well, here it is: you call for me: I come,
> But with an eagerness not quite my own,
> Propelled by that decisive martyrdom
> That pleased the saints upon their faggot-throne.

> You see them smiling in the cruel flame
> That exquisitely licks their willing limbs.
> And finding some sad pleasure in the game
> Not quite embodied in their lusty hymns.

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"The Barcarole of James Smith" has in it the power as well as the performance of poetry. And, in spite of its patent borrowings, it promises greater achievements.

John Dos Passos's influences may be less obvious but they are no less disturbing. Time and again, he seems to be uncertain which tone to adopt, which gesture to use — and succeeds only in making a compromise that expresses neither him nor his intention. The echoes, experiments, and variations of form lead me to believe that Dos Passos is a poetic writer rather than a poet, that, being first of all a novelist, he attains in his prose a rigor and clarity absent from this volume. But his pictures of travel, the best of which have the quality of a vivid improvisation, are never program-pieces, seldom overelaborate, always stimulating. There is almost as much color and movement in "A Pushcart at the Curb" as in a legend by Amy Lowell. Because I prefer his kaleidoscope prose in the high spirited "Rosinante to the Road Again", it is not to be inferred that I do not find sections like "Winter in Castile" and "Nights at Bassano" alert with something of the moving brilliance that Dos Passos, with amazing versatility, has put into his water color cover. I appreciate his swift sensitivity — and wait for its sublimation in the forthcoming novel, "Streets of Night".

The Masefield of "Salt Water Ballads" dominates Milton Raison's "Spindrift", a mixture of dexterous rhythms and awkward measures, of emotional candor and borrowed sentimentality. The imitative strain is not unnatural. Like Masefield, Raison (who, I believe, is not yet twenty) gathered his material for his first book on board ship, and many of his verses that deal with nautical experiences are, to filch a phrase from McFee, "like the melodious whistle of a boy on a fine summer evening". The first section, "Sea Sketches", is the book's principal exhibit; it is, in fact — pun or no pun — its *Raison d'être*. Here, simply drawn but with something of the etcher's incision, are portraits of the lookout, the old wiper, the ship's butcher, the messboy, and a dozen others.

Raison's other verses are less interesting. He is willing to offer banalities that should have been killed as soon as he saw them in print. His execution is erratic. He sets down (and repeats) a crude couplet like

> There is no other man I know
> Resembling a schooner so,

forcing the reader either to trip over the second line or to supply an extra syllable for its first word. But Raison has courage; that is proved by the table of contents alone. It takes a certain unabashed trust for a poet to include, in his first book, two sections of junvenilia. A humor not, I suspect, altogether intentional adheres to these two groups which Mr. Raison, still in his nonage, has entitled "Early Verses"!

With "The Black Panther", John Hall Wheelock regains his poetic stride. In spite of the inaccuracy of his "unbroken progress" emphasized by an unfortunately exaggerated jacket, this volume marks a return to the lyrical realism of "The Human Fantasy" and "The Beloved Adventure" with a deeper if somewhat darker ecstasy. The ground lost in the two immediately preceding volumes is more than made up by such poems as "Vaudeville", the sweeping solemnity of "The Fish-Hawk", the spiritual radiance of "The Secret

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One". Even the short lyrics reveal Wheelock's recapture of his first power and his new restraint. The title poem and "The Lion House", which act as prologue and epilogue to the book, are excellent examples of Wheelock's growing mysticism — a mysticism that, fused with passion, never sinks to routine or loses itself in rhetoric.

Perhaps Wheelock is so preoccupied with the soul of man that he occasionally loses himself in his own metaphysical rapture. But his music often sounds a spaciousness which the words only suggest. And if his exaltation sometimes stammers with its very vehemence, it is something — and, in a period of passionless virtuosity, no small thing — that it is, at least, exalted.

The Barcarole of James Smith and Other Poems. By Herbert S. Gorman. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

A Pusheart at the Curb. By John Dos Passos. George H. Doran Company.

Spindrift. By Milton Raison. George H. Doran Company.

The Black Panther. By John Hall Wheelock. Charles Scribner's Sons.

MOUNTAINS AND MOUNTAINEERING

By Will S. Monroe

GEOGRAPHICAL science dates back little more than a century. Humboldt and Ritter were the two great pioneers who hewed tracks through tangled jungles of unsystematized geographical facts and supplied the compass which has made further trail making in this jungle possible — Humboldt as the scientifically trained traveler, with a genius for gathering and correlating geographical facts, and Ritter as the teacher, who trained men to follow in Humboldt's footsteps and who enriched the science of geography by his numerous pedagogical treatises.

A half century later came the mountain clubs of Europe — the Alpine clubs of England, Germany, France, Switzerland, Italy, and Austria, composed of men devoted to mountaineering, first of all the exploration of the higher Alps and later of lofty mountains everywhere. These European clubs were followed by somewhat similar organizations in America — the Appalachian Mountain Club, the Sierra Club, the Alpine Club of Canada, the Colorado Mountain Club, the Green Mountain Club, and others. And men associated with these clubs have given us the beginnings of an altogether creditable literature of the mountains of America — literary men who are also mountain lovers, like Clarence King, John Muir, J. Smeaton Chase, Enos A. Mills, Allen Chamberlain, and T. Morris Longstreth.

LeRoy Jeffers, active in a number of the mountain clubs of America and Europe, has long ranked as one of our best magazine writers on the high spots of America. He organized the Associated Mountaineering Clubs of North America, which has done so much to coordinate our fifty or more mountain organizations and bring them in touch with similar bodies in other parts of the world. As librarian of the American Alpine Club he has gathered an extensive collection of mountaineering literature and photographs of scenic regions. His "The Call of the Mountains" is certain to bring a large measure of pleasure to our growing army of footfree mountain rovers, as well as to that larger group so well characterized by John

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Muir as tired, nerveshaken, overcivilized Americans, who are just beginning to learn that going to the mountains is really going home.

Mr. Jeffers's book covers, and covers well, most of the mountain areas of the United States and Canada — the Canadian Rockies, our own Colorado Rockies, the great plateau regions of southern Utah, the high Sierras, and rather briefly some of the high spots of the Atlantic seaboard — Mt. Katahdin in Maine, the White Mountains of New Hampshire, and the Green Mountains of Vermont. Especially interesting are his chapters on the little known but wonderfully picturesque regions of southern Utah — Bryce Canyon, the natural bridges at Cedar Breaks, and the recently established Zion National Park.

He pays a deserved tribute to John Muir, a prince among mountain lovers, and graphically describes the high Sierras, so much beloved by Muir. There are informing chapters on the Yellowstone, the Glacier, the Rocky Mountain, the Mesa Verda, and the Yosemite National Parks, as well as on the Grand Canyon of the Colorado. The closing chapter on "The Voice of the Sea" does not strike the reviewer as germane to the other subjects in the book, and he wonders why Mr. Jeffers included it.

In the opening chapter, which gives the title to his series of essays, Mr. Jeffers has assembled and organized a good many useful and interesting facts on the sport and art of mountain climbing, the hardships and dangers that may be avoided, the courage and endurance that may be developed, and the joys that are certain to come from companionship with the higher solitudes. The book is illustrated with a hundred really fine halftones and a colored frontispiece of Mt. Rainier. These are certain to give joy to readers of whatever class. This otherwise excellent book is lacking in an index, a defect that one would not expect from a trained librarian like the author.

The Call of the Mountains. By LeRoy Jeffers. Dodd, Mead and Co.

LITERARY CONFESSIONS

By Edith Leighton

THE most revealing thing about a man is his reaction to himself. It is to find that that we read autobiographies, since they are the surest medium of seeing the author in his true light. He may put up the most deceptive kind of bluff all his life, but let him write a single page of autobiography and he stands revealed. It is the literary form of confession.

Harry Kemp is very thoroughly analyzed before one is through with "Tramping on Life", but he is quite willing that it should be so. He tells his story with a passionate honesty that spares no one, himself least of all. He sets down in detail how he broke each and every commandment, when and where he showed a cowardly streak, and even the word lashings he received from others and which his maturer wisdom agrees with. That takes no small amount of courage and humility. But his breathless eagerness to tell every last thing about himself also leads to some unnecessary grossness and a good deal of vanity. He calls himself "a poet" with an air, and announces himself in that capacity much as though it were a trade. "I am John Gregory, the poet." To those who consider being a poet a subtle and delicate thing,

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not always coincident with making rhymes, this sounds like coxcombry. But he was very young and he *had* sold several verses.

It would be hard to think up a more varied career than this young man had. He went as cabin boy to Australia and came home on a cattle ship; he worked in factories and slept in jails; he went to a church school and a midwestern college; he traveled in box cars and lived with vagabonds, at the same time getting to know great men and famous writers. All this is written in rapidly, almost carelessly, as though the central figure were done in oils and the rest sketched in as background. But what is of real value is the fact that all Harry Kemp's adventures, varied as they were, only served to sharpen his feeling for beauty; that instead of being hardened by his contact with life, he has come out more sensitive and more broadly developed than he would have been with any other kind of education. The book is written in an unusual style — a succession of little dabs, separated by rows of dots, sometimes as many as three to a page. It is a sort of snapshot method, capable of producing a great quantity of brief, vivid impressions but jerky and confused in a book of such length.

Theodore Dreiser has written up a straightforward sketch of his experiences in newspaper work and filled it full of real people and events under their own names. Every line is vibrant with life seen through the prism of personality; it is an orderly arrangement of facts, viewed in perspective from a distance of time. Mr. Dreiser can treat even himself with a large impersonality and a quiet sense of humor that establishes our faith in anything and everything else he has to say. One feels above all that the breadth of his experience is due wholly to himself. Other men have been reporters and have seen fires and accidents, society balls one hour and sordid murder scenes the next, or interviewed all sorts and conditions of men — politicians, archbishops, train robbers — but what gives this book its particular quality is the depth of the author's insight and the sympathy of his understanding. It is a sympathy that identifies him with his experience for the time being and, through his power of vivid word picturing, is handed on to his reader. Despite his difficulties one always feels that this man is a success. The years of which he writes are those of his early twenties, but he has already come close enough to life to judge of its real values. Despite his blundering escapades with women, his sentimental streaks and his lost jobs, one has perfect confidence in the outcome. His is a big personality, and so, by the laws of literary equation, his is a big book.

Tramping on Life. By Harry Kemp. Boni and Liveright.
A Book About Myself. By Theodore Dreiser. Boni and Liveright.

A MAN AND TWO WOMEN

By Hildegarde Hawthorne

WHAT I most wanted when these three books came into my hands was a country house with a big calm room in it and a fire that crackled slightly and hours and hours of perfect leisure. Walpole, Swinnerton, and George! Well, anyhow, I had the three books. The country house and the fire and the leisure. . . . I opened "The Cathedral" and forth-

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with fell under enchantment, and a person enchanted has no wishes, but is content and thoroughly alive.

For Walpole has the power of magic. He sees always the marvelousness, the amazing beauty of life, and the world into which he takes you, which is just this world of ours, is thrilling because it is seen and felt with imagination. He perceives the full wonder of life, and he shows it to you as an artist sees a hundred shades of rose and purple and gold where the ordinary eye glooms at a sodden grey alone, and sets them on his canvas for that eye too to see.

This story he has placed in a small cathedral town in England, and timed it before the war. It begins on a wild October evening in 1896 and the course of the events related occupies some eight or nine months. That year was the Jubilee Year, and behind the tragic incidents of the story itself, the glitter and rejoicing of that season when all England paid honor to its Queen make a background of rich contrast. The dark pattern of the Archbishop's calamities is the more compelling because the rest of the world, and particularly his world, is bathed in sunshine and color.

The book portrays the utter downfall of a great and splendid figure, Archbishop Brandon of the Cathedral of Polchester. We meet him at the moment when he touches what was perhaps the acutest sensation of happiness and greatness he ever attained. It was at least one of those rapt moments when he realized absolutely his own magnificence and power and glory. When he felt himself the favored friend of God, and looked down on other men with affection and compassion, but as on persons of another breed than he — for indeed he felt himself to stand among the angels.

Archbishop Brandon is a penetrating, a merciless study of a man blinded by his own conceit, a man ruled by precedent, obstinate, self-satisfied, incapable of true thought, incapable of understanding anything or anyone opposed to him. Yet this man is also a good man, an honest man, a lovable man. He is worth so much that he is worth saving, and since he can be saved only by undergoing the uttermost agony, he treads a bitter road. The handful of characters associated with him, and who in one way or another help forward his fate, are drawn with the greatest charm and insight, and made to live for you in a telling phrase, as where one maiden lady is described as "looking like a tightly rolled umbrella with a parrot head handle". Humor, sympathy, and graciousness are in the book, and much beauty, and there is also the wild, sweet breath of young and happy love.

Swinnerton's preoccupation is a woman rather than a man, in his "The Three Lovers". The theme is that of a young girl, lovely and clever and infatuated with herself, and of how she comes to know herself as she is rather than as she fancies herself to be. The means by which she reaches this knowledge are three men, each of whom, in his own way and for such ends as appeal to him, loves her. Patricia is attracted to each one in turn. Two of the lovers seek her seduction, and she is saved from them not so much by virtue or conviction, as by the overpowering vanity which possesses her, and which tells her that the best only is good enough for Patricia; the wonderful, the dream, love in its purity and greatness! Swinnerton has never done a more difficult thing more magnificently than he has done this study of a girl, innocent,

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full of candor and simplicity, with quick intuitions, volatile yet real emotions, chastity without coldness, conceit that is yet capable of seeing the truth and of yielding to it. Patricia is adorable, though, as Edgar says once, "the most conceited, blind, ridiculous little fathead". This book, then, like Walpole's, is a study in conceit. But here it is the conceit of youth, of inexperience, of eyes not yet open to life. Patricia learns to measure herself before the end, and to readjust her values.

In the writing of this novel Swinnerton's art was never surer or more beautiful. His style seems effortless, unstudied, almost casual, but what knowledge, training, and taste it holds.

W. L. George has also devoted himself to the study of a woman in "Her Unwelcome Husband". The story is a dark, unhappy thing, but in Mrs. Caldecot we are shown a woman who meets life with a sheer courage, a dauntless gallantry that make the sordid elements of that life shimmer with a hint of glory. Deserted by her husband, who is a brute, she has taken a lover to whom she is utterly devoted. At the moment when the book begins this lover is growing tired of her. The inevitable break occurs. It is in the way Mrs. Caldecot takes this break, in the manner with which she handles the outer incidents of her position, and in the contest later with her husband, that the spirit and the soul of her are shown to be so high and so sweet. The book is written with that cleverness we expect from George, and with a comprehension amounting to tenderness besides.

My strong advice is to get all three of these books, for they are each written in a fortunate hour and express the talent of the three men who wrote them with force and grace.

The Cathedral. By Hugh Walpole. George H. Doran Company.
The Three Lovers. By Frank Swinnerton. George H. Doran Company.
Her Unwelcome Husband. By W. L. George. Harper and Bros.

RACE RELATIONS

By Walter F. White

IN the chapter on "Public Opinion in Race Relations" in the report of the Chicago Commission on Race Relations, are quoted certain commonly held beliefs of Americans about Negroes taken from "The American Credo" by H. L. Mencken and George Jean Nathan. In repeating them I gladly run the risk of utterance of a commonplace when I say that the majority of the conflicts between whites and Negroes in America are due to ignorance of even the most obvious facts about the Negro in the United States. A few of these instances of the tendency of the American mind are:

> That a Negro's vote may always be readily bought for a dollar.
> That every Negro who went to France with the army had a liaison with a white woman and won't look at a colored woman any more.
> That all male Negroes can sing.
> That whenever a Negro is educated he refuses to work and becomes a criminal.
> That all Negroes who show any intelligence are two-thirds white and the sons of United States Senators. . . .

To the intelligent and unprejudiced mind these items from the American creed will properly be amusing. They are not so funny, however, when one considers that a considerable part of the disastrous riot in Chicago in

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1919 can be directly traced to inherent and acquired beliefs as and more absurd than the ones I quote. It is for this reason that the two volumes which form the subject of this review mark a considerable advance from placid acceptance of such beliefs.

"The Negro in Chicago" is the full report of the commission composed of twelve prominent white and colored citizens of Chicago appointed after the Chicago race riots by the then Governor of Illinois, Frank O. Lowden, "to study and report upon the broad question of relations between two races". The decision to do this necessary task might appear to the observant eye a case of locking the stable door after the horse had been stolen. To the discredit of Chicago that charge will be partly true, for even those who were but casually conversant with the situation in that city knew months before that a riot was impending. Yet, all credit is due to Chicago and the State of Illinois for the atonement they have made by means of this investigation and report.

For more than a year trained investigators delved into the causes of the riot that cost the lives of thirty-eight persons, twenty-three colored and fifteen white; that caused injury to five hundred and thirty-seven others. All the causes, remote as well as immediate, for that outbreak were exhaustively considered. The wartime migration of Negroes from the south caused by economic pull from the north and the oppressive push from the south; the conflicts between employers and employed with the Negro as the buffer between those forces; the house problem; political corruption; pernicious yellow journalism by the Chicago press; the miserable failure of the police force of the Illinois city; the harboring and spreading of propaganda designed to create ill will between the races — all these as well as the powerful and fundamental determinant, public opinion, are treated in detail and with remarkable non-bias. There is but one important cause of the outbreak which is neglected. Drawn by the same industrial lure that motivated the migration of Negroes, some twenty thousand southern whites went to Chicago in the years 1916-19. Competent and unbiased observers declare that much of the bitterness between the races in Chicago was caused by these ex-southerners who brought north with them their anti-Negro bias. That condition is true as well of many other sections of the north and explains in part the increased tension of the past decade in race relations.

After having treated at length and in interesting fashion of the causes, the Commission undertakes to recommend to the public, to city and state officials, to the press, to employers and labor unions, and to all other factors sane, reasonable steps for the prevention of other race riots in Chicago. These are applicable not only to Chicago but to every section of the United States. The publication of this report is a tremendously valuable contribution to the entire question of inter-racial relations and stands as a milestone in the solution of this, the most important problem facing America today.

A worthy companion or supplementary volume to the report is Frederick G. Detweiler's "The Negro Press in the United States". Mr. Detweiler has made a painstaking and thorough investigation of the potency of the Negro press which is today, next to the church, the most powerful force in creating that coherency among Ne-

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groes which has been so notable during the last few years. It is an interesting and amazing experience to learn of the number, make up, influence, and circulation of these nearly four hundred publications of which the white reader knows little. No student of American problems can fail to read of this constantly expanding force, this "wheel within a wheel" which is today unifying the thoughts of eleven million Americans of dark skin.

The Negro in Chicago. Report of The Chicago Commission on Race Relations. The University of Chicago Press.
The Negro Press in the United States. By Frederick G. Detweiler. The University of Chicago Press.

AUTOTHERAPY

By Morris Fishbein

"EVERY day, in every way, I am getting better and better." With this formula, if we are to believe Emile Coué and his disciples, it is possible for one to cure oneself not only of such ailments as psychasthenia, hysteria, pseudocyesis, or other complaints classified by physicians as functional, but also of such pathologic conditions as tuberculosis, hunchback, club foot, asthma, frontal sinus infections, and prolapse of the uterus or other organs. Ah, well! It is not the first time that such methods have been proposed as therapeutic catholicons! There is, for instance — but it were best not to mention the cult in Boston, for it has eager publicity men.

M. Coué's method has the advantage over all other mental healing methods that its formula is so simple. Of course, the master himself, in his private clinic, by his teaching, accomplishes results when those self-taught fail. The naïvety of the descriptions of the clinics surpasses even that of the most accomplished flapper.

"There are two classes of persons in whom it is difficult to arouse conscious autosuggestion," says M. Coué: "1. The mentally undeveloped who are not capable of understanding what you say to them. 2. Those who are unwilling to understand." And yet Mr. Brooks describes children's clinics at which Mlle. Kauffmandt performs miracles by suggestion on infants not old enough to speak. These scientists should get together. But M. Coué is right in this instance; he is right not only about the impossibility of practising suggestion on the infant, but the infant deserves the right to the best treatment that modern scientific medicine can give it. Too many children already have strangled to death from diphtheria while misguided parents withheld antitoxin. If that kind of parent wants to count knots and gurgle about growing better and better he ought to be allowed to do it; he ought even to be encouraged to do it!

It would be futile to analyze carefully the statements, true and fallacious, in these two books. They tell of no new principle, only of a new method. And the method is not new in the practice but only in the apparatus and the hocuspocus. The final achievement of this psychological genius is a formula for severe cuts or bruises. Should you catch your finger in a door, sit down calmly and say, "It is going — it is going — going — going — going —" and then after about twenty repetitions, "gone." If you believe it, try it. M. Coué says that the pain will disappear. I tried

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it but probably I don't believe it, because the pain lasted for quite a while.

M. Coué's laws, his conceptions, his methods and beliefs conflict repeatedly with the proved facts of anatomy and pathology. There is no proof, contrary to the assertion of Mr. Brooks, that prenatal impressions of the mother may affect the unborn child. A prolapsed uterus or any other organ will not be elevated any better by relaxed ligaments under suggestions from the brain, than a drooping pair of trousers by a pair of worn out suspenders. All the explanations offered, in the way of increased blood supply to the parts induced by imagination, which thus brings about regeneration, will not prove that the ligaments mentioned actually do raise the uterus; such explanations are not proof — they merely confuse the reason. If regeneration is thus simply brought about, why die? It merely remains for the tottering senile wreck to quaver that he is growing better and better and he can dispense with gland transplantations.

M. Coué has emphasized an old truth — that a diseased mind may be favorably affected by mental methods of healing. He has not contradicted any of the known facts of medical science. If his cult succeeds, some of the other mental and faith healing cults are going to lose a lot of supporters. M. Coué's method is quite inexpensive; his central organization has a small and sufficient upkeep; his method can be used by those of any religion — or none.

Self Mastery Through Conscious Autosuggestion. By Emile Coué. American Library Service.

The Practice of Autosuggestion by the Method of Emile Coué. By C. Harry Brooks. Dodd, Mead and Co.

THE MECHANICS OF POETRY

By Llewellyn Jones

PROFESSORS Jay B. Hubbell and John O. Beaty refer with admiration to Bliss Perry's "Study of Poetry", but they evidently feel that there is room for a more elementary book suited perhaps to grammar schools, when they offer us their "Introduction to Poetry". This book deals with the form rather than with the psychology of verse, although there is a chapter on "poems studied by theme". For a school book, it is exceptionally generous in its study of contemporary American poets. Its authors — professors in a southern denominational college — discuss Masters and his "Spoon River Anthology" as dispassionately as they do Whittier. Rare thing among American critics, they dare to say of Alfred Noyes: "Although hardly a typical conservative, Alfred Noyes in the main impresses one as a belated Victorian."

But at the risk of seeming ungracious we must devote the greater part of this review to quarreling with the authors' teaching on the metrical side of poetry. They have an outworn theory and even exemplify that with a more outworn method, so that any student who follows them blindly will find himself in the utmost confusion when he tries to scan any but the simplest and most monotonous lines of English poetry — as we shall prove by following their method and seeing where it leads. The authors specifically state that English verse rhythm, unlike musical rhythm, does not depend on time, but on accent. Beginning with duple metres, they say: "The unit . . . consists of two syllables the first unaccented, the second accented. This, or any similar minor unit of poetry, is called a foot."

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They then tell us that throughout their book scansion will be indicated by using the symbols "x" and "a" for unaccented and accented syllables.

Now English verse is not based on accent, but on time, as we shall show. All accent does is to mark the time measure. And the authors' "a" has to stand for three different sorts of accent: for that accent which marks the main syllable of a word — "word accent"; for secondary accent which is often used, especially in blank verse, to mark the beat; and for that purely conventional accent or "ictus" which in duple verse often comes on an "a" or "the" or "of". The "ax" method of scanning, introduced in 1841 by R. G. Latham, is quite inadequate, and only its apparent simplicity, perhaps, recommends it to these authors. But let us, for a moment, take it seriously. Here are a few lines from Christina Rossetti's "Mother Country":

a a
Oh what is that country,
a a
And where can it be,
a a
Not mine own country,
a a
But dearer far to me.

We have put an "a" over each accented syllable, and all went well until we struck the last line: surely "far" should be accented, but we cannot leave "dear" without one. In our character of a naïve reader of this book we dare not accuse Miss Rossetti of false quantities, so we think a moment and start all over again:

a a a
Oh what is that country
a a a
And where can it be
a a a
Not mine own country
a a a
But dearer far to me.

Surely from this we can see that it is the time signature to which syllables are read, and not their mere prose accentuation that gives us verse rhythm. In that stanza the "far" gives us the right clue. The poem has many stanzas in which there is no clue. In other words, much of it can be read in duple time or in triple time. This particular example is taken from T. S. Omond's "A Study of Metre" which the authors do not even mention in their bibliography. In their book it is true they mention "time" as a factor in English verse, which they excuse themselves from considering because it is too advanced, but time they confuse with "quantity" — that is the length of individual syllables. Students will find their chief confusion when they come to apply the "ax" system to blank verse. Here the authors say — although their statement is made in connection with duple metres in general — that "the number of feet in a line is determined not by the number of syllables but by the number of accented syllables". Now this is not true of duple metres — though it is of all "accentual metres". Historically the duple metres show a progress from strict syllable counting to our later English freedom. And if the student tries to scan them by accented syllables, how will he deal with this line from Shakespeare:

I do remember an apothecary

— in which there are only two main speech accents. He surely cannot scan it:

I do remem/ber an apoth/ecary.

What we actually do is to place a very slight, purely conventional accent on the alternate syllables — an accent indeed which may only be mentally

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sounded because the essential rhythm of alternating verse is so easily carried in the mind. In triple or quadruple metres, on the other hand, a real accent is necessary or we should be lost among the subordinate syllables. But quadruple verse — which sounds like this:

We are false/ and evanes/cent and aware/
of our deceit/

— these authors have not treated at all, in spite of its increasing vogue in modern poetry.

It is only when we regard time and not syllables as the basis of metre that we can understand the poet who drops syllables and lets a pause take their place. To this the authors give a belated recognition when they tell us that Tennyson dropped the unaccented syllables in:

Break, break, break
On thy cold grey stones, O sea,

where, they tell us, the place of the unaccented syllables may be taken by silence, pauses, or by prolonging the syllables. As a matter of fact such prolongation of the sound would be grotesque, and the only explanation of why those lines should be rhythmical is that of time equivalence. Each of those lines consists of three equal time bars:

Break/ ∧ break/ ∧ break
On thy cold/ grey stones/ O sea.

The caret represents a pause, a pause which is equivalent — in duration — to a syllable. Only by the use of such a symbol and by the recognition of isochronous bars can English verse be scanned in a manner which actually denotes its real rhythm, and only by the recognition that the beat may be marked by ordinary accent or, in duple verse, by a conventional or metrical accent, can English verse be scanned properly or, what is really the same thing, read properly.

An Introduction to Poetry. By Jay B. Hubbell and John O. Beaty. The Macmillan Co.

GARRETS FOR POETS

By Karle Wilson Baker

I FOUND a royal-moth half way out of his chrysalis,
Powerless to go further.
I broke the hard, brittle shell with my fingers — too late.
His crumpled wings were gorgeous,
But they would not fly.

The limitations of a chrysalis are the strength of a caterpillar:
They help him to concentrate his mind on wings.
But when it comes to emerging,
Every caterpillar should arrange to be prompt and lucky —
If he wants to soar.

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THE BOOKMAN'S LITERARY CLUB SERVICE

THE BOOKMAN *for this month presents the third instalment of its series of literary club programs. Believing that there has never been a study outline of literature which combined range of subject with a real understanding of the end to be achieved, the editors have brought together representative committees of authors, students, and critics to present for the use of women's clubs an outline which will contain both elements. The divisions of the series will be as follows:*

I. Contemporary American Fiction
II. Contemporary American Poetry
III. Contemporary American Drama
IV. The Short Story

After contemporary American literature has been covered, programs on the historical background of our literature will be given, and these will be followed by a survey of the English field.

These BOOKMAN *programs will be formed, not by the editors of this magazine but by a board of advice which has been organized to include names from various lines of literary thought in America, so that the result will represent no one group. The executive committee of advice is as follows: Mary Austin, the novelist; Dr. Arthur E. Bostwick, librarian of the St. Louis Public Library; Dr. Carl Van Doren, one of the editors of "The Century"; Hon. Maurice Francis Egan, diplomat and literary critic; Dr. John Erskine, president of the Authors Club and professor of English at Columbia University; Mrs. L. A. Miller, president of the Colorado Federation of Women's Clubs; May Lamberton Becker, of the "Reader's Guide" of the New York "Evening Post"; Dr. Joseph Fort Newton, rector of the Church of the Divine Paternity, New York City; Booth Tarkington, the novelist; and Rose V. S. Berry, chairman of the fine arts committee, General Federation of Women's Clubs.*

The editor of THE BOOKMAN *and his advisers and associates will answer promptly and to the best of their ability any question confronting any literary club. Such questions should be addressed "*THE BOOKMAN'S *Literary Club Service".*

A MEETING of the poetry committee has just been held in New York City, and the program on poetry will start in the February number. The chairman of the poetry committee is Amy Lowell, the other members: Grace Hazard Conkling, Edwin Arlington Robinson, Carl Sandburg, Sara Teasdale, and Louis Untermeyer.

The first quarter of the study outline of "Contemporary American Fiction" was published in October — "Novels of Story Interest" — and included Joseph Hergesheimer, Ellen Glasgow, Mary Johnston, Harry Leon Wilson, Mary Roberts Rinehart, Winston Churchill, and Emerson Hough. In November appeared the second quarter, including, under the heading of "Novels of Personal Reaction", Edith Wharton, Booth Tarkington, Robert Herrick, Kathleen Norris, Henry B. Fuller, and Sinclair Lewis.

As a general bibliography for developing the program we recommend the following:

Contemporary American Novelists. 1900-1920. Carl Van Doren. MACMILLAN.
Contemporary American Literature. Manly and Rickert. HARCOURT, BRACE.
Some Modern Novelists. Helen and Wilson Follett. HOLT.
The Men Who Make Our Novels. George Gordon. MOFFAT, YARD.
The Women Who Make Our Novels. Grant Overton. MOFFAT, YARD.

For a study of contemporary American criticism in connection with the program see the bibliography on page 362 of the November BOOKMAN.

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CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN FICTION

Committee: Mary Austin, chairman; Willa Cather, Zona Gale, Sherwood Anderson, Mary Roberts Rinehart, William Allen White.

Third Quarter: The Novel of Ideas

This is a type which has undergone important changes within the last quarter century. It attempts to deal with problems of national or even of international significance, questions of class and caste, politics and economics. This form of story is growing in popularity and is being handled in an increasing variety of ways.

The following are outstanding figures in this field. The names of three works of each are given as meriting special study. The opening comments under each author's name are by the editor. Quotations marked C. V. D. are by Carl Van Doren and are taken from his book, "Contemporary American Novelists". Those marked M. F. E. are by Maurice Francis Egan. The viewpoints of these two members of the executive committee form a nice contrast.

THEODORE DREISER

Sister Carrie. 1907. RICKEY.
Jennie Gerhardt. 1911. HARPER.
The Genius. 1915. LANE.

Inchoate, vigorous, impassioned, this brutal and awkward novelist has paved the way for the younger realists.

Dreiser was born in Terre Haute, Indiana, on August 27, 1871. For many years he was a newspaper man on journals in Chicago, St. Louis, and New York, and his accounts of reporting in his recently published autobiography are among the best of their kind. Later, he was an editor of various publications, among them "Every Month", "Smith's Magazine", and the "Broadway Magazine", and editor-in-chief of the Butterick publications for several years.

"Sister Carrie", published originally in 1900, was withdrawn by the publishers. Since then, led by H. L. Mencken, critical appreciation of Dreiser's work has grown. Living now on the Pacific coast, he has at times been connected with the moving pictures. His latest published work is his autobiography, "A Book About Myself", just issued.

Edward H. Smith wrote of him as a person, "To me he is tall and shambling, tired, shy, timid, always tentative, absorbed and absorbing, hungry, searching, penetrating, slow, inexhaustibly weary, pitying and pitiful. He is also jocular and frequently boyish. He is romantic without having many of the graces of the romancer. He is superficially inexpressive and annoyingly inarticulate, at the wrong time — a quality which sometimes reaches over into his writing and blurs many an exuberantly conceived passage."

Of "Sister Carrie" M. F. E. says, "Self-conscious, clever, false to real life."

"Not the incurable awkwardness of his style nor his occasional merciless verbosity nor his too frequent interposition of crude argument can destroy the effect which he produces at his best — that of an eminent spirit brooding over a world which in spite of many condemnations he deeply, somberly loves. Something peasant-like in his genius may blind him a little to the finer shades of character and set him astray in his reports of cultivated society. His conscience about telling the plain truth may suffer at times from a dogmatic tolerance which refuses to draw lines between good and evil or between beautiful and ugly or between wise and foolish."—*C.V.D.*

"But this is farther than we need go to suggest his insufficiency. It is enough to point out that he belongs to nothing in the present; by which we mean, not that he is in advance of his age, but that he has stood still while his age was going somewhere. His most recent contacts are with Zola and with George Moore of 'Esther Waters'; all he has done to modernize these influences is to exaggerate them. He writes with the French outspokenness but not with the

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French skill; he has the Russian savageness of portrayal without the Russian interpretative unity. He goes to an international school, learns carefully the opposites of all the things that are taught there nowadays, plumes himself on the tolerant breadth of his world-citizenship, his truly modern acquisitiveness — and comes out the complete Prussian. He commits the Prussian fallacy of transferring the war of different species to different individuals of the same species; and, unmindful of the drift toward fraternity, he is equally unmindful of the novel's self-development toward symmetry and organic design. While the Russian novel criticises life by penetrating to the truths which lie at the center of it, the novels of Mr. Dreiser continue to select and present life in series of loosely strung illustrations of a theory; and even if we admit that the abhorrent theory may be true, we can at the same time protest that the art is not only bad, but a bad anachronism.''— *Helen and Wilson Follett*

REFERENCES:
Contemporary American Novelists, p. 74.
Some Modern Novelists, p. 350.
THE DIAL, June 14, 1917.
THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, February, 1916.
A Book About Myself. Theodore Dreiser. 1922. BONI, LIVERIGHT.
Dreiser — After Twenty Years. Edward H. Smith. THE BOOKMAN, March, 1921.

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

In Our Town. 1912. GROSSET, DUNLAP.
A Certain Rich Man. 1912. GROSSET, DUNLAP.
In the Heart of a Fool. 1918. MACMILLAN.

Simple, often the moralist, yet distinctly American in his method and beliefs, he gives us faithful characterization and wise observation of modern life.

Emporia, Kansas, where he now edits and owns the ''Gazette'', was his birthplace; February 10, 1868, the date of his birth. He is thoroughly of Kansas — educated at the State University, married to a Kansas woman — and has lived there all his life. He is an ardent politician and was a member of the Progressive National Committee from 1912-16. A popular and revered figure, he was sent to France during the war and was one of our delegates to the Russian Conference at Prinkipo. We quote from ''The Men Who Make Our Novels'' a portion of a piece by the Hon. Victor Murdock:

''Beginning with the last — his home life. He gives himself up to the solid comforts of domestic happiness. There is nothing about him to indicate that he has a commercial care, or a political interest or a literary design. He takes full liberty with his library, pulling down Kipling or Wells and scanning a sentence or two at random and then replacing the book with no sign that he has taken anything out of it. He turns on the talking-machine and plants himself squarely in front of it — going strong for the Valkyrie, Rheingold and Schubert's unfinished symphony and plunking the needle back on some particularly favored phrase. He wanders forth with his family into the garden and notes, without particular enthusiasm, the progress of wistaria, lilac and iris. Back again in the house, he edges over onto the piano seat and tries very softly and quite beautifully 'Genevieve' with minor improvisations. He has an eye to the kitchen and an adolescent demand as to the nature of the dessert. He rises a degree in enthusiasm over the business of salad-fabrication, and wanders back into the library when it has been disposed of. Now all this is William Allen White at home — but it is without the identifying characteristic which marks him everywhere. That identifying characteristic is the appearance of mental detachment while he is at it. One cannot too surely charge that he does not know he is looking at the iris, or listening to the Valkyrie or gloating over the salad, but one carries away the impression that he is doing these things somewhat mechanically and that his real occupation at the moment is some tremendous thinking in the center of an isolated mental area, safe against all manner of outside invasion.''

Of ''A Certain Rich Man'', M. F. E. says, ''Thoroughly well done.''

''Yet to be of his world with such knowledge as Mr. White has of Kansas gives him one kind of distinction if not a different kind. His two longer narratives sweep epically down from the days of settlement to the time when the frontier order disappeared under the pressure of change. He has a moving erudition in the history and characters and motives and humors of the small inland town; no one has ever known more about the outward customs and behaviors of an American state than Mr. White. His shorter stories not less than his novels are racy with actualities: he has caught the dialect of his time and place with an ear that is singularly exact; he has cut the costumes of his men and villages so that hardly a wrinkle shows. In particular he understands the pathos of boyhood, seen not so much, however, through the serious eyes of boys themselves as through the eyes of reminiscent men reflecting upon young

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joys and griefs that will shortly be left behind and upon little pomps that can never come to anything. 'The Court of Boyville' [Macmillan] is now hilariously comic, now tenderly elegiac. None of Mr. White's contemporaries has quite his power to shift from bursts of laughter to sudden, agreeable tears. That flood of moods and words upon which he can be swept beyond the full control of his analytical faculties is but a symptom of the energy which, when he turns to narrative, sweeps him and his readers out of pedestrian gaits.''—*C.V.D.*

REFERENCES:
The Men Who Make Our Novels, p. 19.
Contemporary American Novelists, p. 134.

MARY AUSTIN

A Woman of Genius. 1917 (new ed.). HOUGHTON MIFFLIN.
The Man Jesus. 1915. HARPER.
No. 26 Jayne Street. 1920. HOUGHTON MIFFLIN.

With an almost visionary power Mrs. Austin creates a procession of ideas and ideals to which both her characters and her plots are rigorously subjected, yet this does not spoil her mastery of the novel form in which she is a sure technician. Her mysticism is powerful and shines steadfastly in the drab morass of American literature.

Mary Hunter Austin was born at Carlinville, Illinois. When she was a girl, she went, because of ill health, to California, where she lived at the edge of the desert and came to know the prairies, the hills, the forests, and the native Indians. She was a good horsewoman, a teacher, and, more and more, a student of the soil of America and its interpreter in her novels, poems, essays, and plays. Since then, she has become known as well as a lecturer and an expounder of American life and letters. At present she spends a large part of the year in New York City, traveling occasionally, however, to keep her contacts with the outlying districts of the country from which she draws the unusually fresh and inspired quality of her work.

Of ''A Woman of Genius'', M. F. E. says: ''Thoughtful and sincere; a genuine contribution to our literature.''

''She creates, it seems, out of depths of reflection and out of something even deeper than reflection. She has observed the unconscious instincts of the individual and the long memories of the race. The effect upon her novels of such methods has been to widen their sympathies and to warm and lift their style; it has also been to render them sometimes defective in structure and sometimes obscure in meaning. If they are not glib, neither are they always clean-cut or direct. Along with her generous intelligence she has a good deal of the stubborn wilfulness of genius, and she has never achieved a quite satisfactory fusion of the two qualities. She wears something like the sibyl's robes and speaks with something like the sibyl's strong accents, but the cool, hard discipline of the artist or of the exact scholar only occasionally serves her. Much of her significance lies in her promise. Faithful to her original vision, she has moved steadily onward, growing, writing no book like its predecessor, applying her wisdom continually to new knowledge, leaving behind her a rich detritus which she will perhaps be willing to consider detritus if it helps to nourish subsequent generations.''—*C.V.D.*

REFERENCES:
The Women Who Make Our Novels, p. 164.
Contemporary American Novelists, p. 140.

WINSTON CHURCHILL

(See THE BOOKMAN *for October,* p. 247.)

DOROTHY CANFIELD

The Bent Twig. 1915. HOLT.
The Brimming Cup. 1921. HARCOURT, BRACE.
Rough-Hewn. 1922. HARCOURT, BRACE.

A firm handling of the intimate details of neighborhood life, a joyful understanding of the burdens, trials, and experiences of the American family.

Dorothy Canfield Fisher was born in Lawrence, Kansas. Her father was then president of the University of Kansas. She took her bachelor's degree from Ohio State University and her Ph.D. from Columbia University. With a knowledge of many languages, a background of intense and praiseworthy service during the war, a family and a home near the village of Arlington, Vermont, she is a splendid housekeeper, an interested mother, and a writer whose work is a serious and absorbing task. Her work ranges from ''English Rhetoric and Composition'', through ''The Montessori Mother''

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(Holt, 1912) and the novels, to a forthcoming translation of Papini's monumental "Life of Christ". A student and a critic, she is vivid, faithful, and essentially sincere as a person. Her novels are thoroughly readable and interpret the best in Anglo Saxon America with skill and understanding.

"If Floyd Dell seems in 'The Briary-Bush' to hint at the human necessity to turn back by and by from freedom, Dorothy Canfield in 'The Brimming Cup' pretty clearly argues for that necessity. Doubtless it is to go too far to claim, as certain of her critics do, that she had made a counter-attack upon the assailants of the village and the established order, but it is sure that she gave comfort to many spirits disturbed by the radical outbursts of 1920. Already in 'The Squirrel Cage' [Holt, 1912] and 'The Bent Twig' she had shown an affectionate knowledge of the ways of households in small communities; and in 'Hillsboro People' [Holt, 1915] she had added another hardy, kindly neighborhood to the American array of villages in fiction. 'The Brimming Cup' sounded a deeper note than any she had yet struck. Suppose, the novel says, there were a woman who had been trained in the wide world but was now living in a distant village; suppose she had heard and felt the tumult of the age and had begun to question the reality of her contentment; suppose, to make the conflict as dramatic as possible, she should find herself tempted by a new love to give up the settled companionship of her husband and the heavy burden of her children to seek joy in a thrilling passion."—*C. V. D.*

REFERENCES:
The Women Who Make Our Novels, p. 298.
Contemporary American Novelists, p. 173.

UPTON SINCLAIR

The Jungle. 1906. DOUBLEDAY, PAGE.
The Moneychangers. 1908. RICKEY.
King Coal. 1917. MACMILLAN.

A born propagandist, who writes with the dramatic force born of a passionate earnestness, with a resulting sense of nervous strain.

He was born at Baltimore in 1878, was graduated from the College of the City of New York, and studied in postgraduate courses at Columbia University. He commenced writing early, and varying his literary efforts with those along political and social lines he has been both active and radical ever since. His interesting protest against present day journalistic methods may be found in "The Brass Check" (Sinclair, 1919).

Of "The Jungle" M. F. E. says, "A jumbled *succès de claque.*"

"The road for Mr. Sinclair to travel is the road of irony and documentation, both of which will hold him back from ineffectual rages and thereby serve to enlarge his influence. Such genius for controversy as his may be neither expected nor advised to look for quieter paths; it feels, with Bernard Shaw, that 'if people are rotting and starving in all directions, and nobody else has the heart or brains to make a disturbance about it, the great writers must'. It is fair to say, however, that certain readers heartily sympathetic toward Mr. Sinclair observe in him a painful tendency to enjoy scandal for its own sake and to generalize from it to an extent which hurts his cause; observe in him a quite superfluous gusto when it comes to reporting bloody incidents not always contributory to any general design; observe in him a frequent over-use of the shout and the scream. He has himself given an example—'100%' [Sinclair, 1920]—on which such critical strictures are based; in that best of his novels as well as best of his arguments he has avoided most of his own defects.

"A revolutionary novelist naturally finds it difficult to represent his world with the quiet grasp with which it can be represented by one who, accepting the present frame of life, has studied it curiously, affectionately, until it has left a firm, substantial image in the mind. The revolutionist must see life as constantly whirling and melting under his gaze; he must bring to light many facts which the majority overlook but which it will seem to him like connivance with injustice to leave in hiding; he must go constantly beyond what is to what ought to be. All the more reason, then, why he should be as watchful as the most watchful artist in his choice and use of the modes of his particular art. It requires at least as much art to convert as to give pleasure."—*C.V.D.*

REFERENCES:
The Men Who Make Our Novels, p. 101.
Contemporary American Novelists, p. 65.

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RECENT BOOKS IN BRIEF REVIEW

JOHN Peale Bishop and Edmund Wilson, Jr. call "The Undertaker's Garland" (Knopf) a "book about death ". But they have made it more a book about life — and especially about certain none-too-desirable human characteristics and social conventions found in life as this century knows it. Cynicism, considerable romanticism (deny it as they will!), unclothed reality, and much humor — all these things enter into this surprising combination of prose and poetry. The decorations by Boris Artzybasheff fit into the sardonic tone of it all, and offer a black funereal atmosphere which the publisher has also helped with his binding. "The Death of a Soldier" should be read aloud to everyone who still sees war as a pleasant and inspiring diversion. Fictionized soldier dialogue seldom equals it.

Pertinent bits of rhythmical prose arranged vers libre fashion on the pages of a small book and named "Slings and Arrows" (Brimmer) reveal what human contacts get most on the nerves of Edwin Francis Edgett of the Boston "Evening Transcript". It might be used as a guide to conduct. It would keep us from blocking the sidewalk, lingering at the telephone, coming late to the theatre, rolling manuscripts, smiling meaninglessly, or in any other way neglecting the fact that we have neighbors on this planet.

In 1917, when certain small ships were sent out on the English channel and the Irish sea as submarine decoys, Joseph Conrad shipped aboard the "Freya", a strictly unseaworthy little craft, as special writer covering the activities of the "Q" boats. The captain, J. G. Sutherland, found him a fascinating companion, and has written this brief account, "At Sea with Joseph Conrad" (Houghton Mifflin), bringing out not only the personal charm of the great sea writer, but an interesting bit of British naval policy quietly and heroically carried on during the hardest years of the war.

Although we are ordinarily wary of those who use the language or the background of the ancient tradition, this does not prevent us from acknowledging an amazed pleasure in the ability of Bryher in "Arrow Music" to twist from the ancient and supposedly well worn instrument a living and hot idiom, as keyed to our febrile and hysteric age as the clash of industrial steel rivets or the maniacal clatter of the ticker tape.

The title poem is a gesture of splendid and scornful youth with its disgusted assertion that

> it is better to die beneath a Persian rose bush
> than to smell dung and cabbages for forty years.

In "A Carthaginian in Rome" we have a fulgorous and thick bitterness that is palpably adolescent, but one can forgive this lack of intellectual content for the sensuous beauty of the mosaic patterns that the book contains. There is an occasional lapse into the vaguely suggestive, notably in climaxes, where the poet is weakest as the imagist is like to be. But

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for the most part the work is well cut, the words accurately inlaid; and when this poet can give us those sidelights into doubt that lend the charm and distinction of humanity, little more need be asked of her.

"Giving and Receiving" by E. V. Lucas (Doran) is the title of the first essay in this book. To read it alone would appease in no small way the irritation that may be felt on Christmas Day at some of the presents one receives—for one has forgotten the presents given. Mr. Lucas has given us a rare little book of wide outlook and varied emotions—from the delicious humor of "The Battle of the Mothers" to the pitiful tragedy of "Whenever I See a Grey Horse".

Some of the human senses and emotions are interestingly dissected before one's eyes by Robert Chenault Givler in "Psychology" (Harper), a discussion of the science of human behavior. Mr. Givler employs humor and a goodly seasoning of comprehension of the average reader's limitations. The result is that a subject which might easily be so written as to give the reader the willywogs is presented with commendable clarity.

"How international good manners might be improved if all nations and races could see themselves as others see them," says Andrew Gerrie, borrowing a phrase from the immortal Bobbie for use in "Ireland's Woes and Britain's Wiles" (Stratford), a pleasing book in which whimsically he ridicules some nations' foibles. He points out that "some men who happen to be our misrepresentatives at Washington do not constitute America; the fire-eaters of Japan are not Japan; the Junkers and flannelled fools of England are not England, and dear old Ireland is a whole lot bigger and better than Sinn Fein." Mr. Gerrie's effort is clearly to uncover grounds whereon nations may clasp hands in understanding and amity instead of "sticking pins in each other's trousers".

Aprils, their afternoons, and their second coming, fascinate the poets. In these "Afternoons of April" (Houghton Mifflin) Grace Hazard Conkling is at her excellent best. She is easily, almost too easily, a poet, a reed for varied and delightful interpretations of the earth's beauty to sound through. Only once in a long while, as in her "Joan of Arc", has she put a right finger on deeper emotions. Her forte is atmosphere, the lighter tones and colors, and her best songs are chamber music.

The true art of joke telling is possessed by few. But there is one man who not only knows a good joke, but who has made joking his business for many years. Thomas L. Masson, in "Listen to These" (Doubleday, Page), offers a galaxy of choice jokes accumulated during a twenty year incumbency as editor of "Life". There is wide enough range to make the collection welcome to both those who insist meticulously upon jokes of the intellectual sort, and those whose taste runs to a clever twist and ridiculous situations.

There is a sincerity about Fred Lewis Pattee's "Sidelights on American Literature" (Century) which is pleasant even though it smacks somewhat of lavender. The studies of Longfellow, Poe, Bryant, and Mary W. Freeman show a good deal of sympathy and insight. The best thing

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about the all-embracing résumé of H. L. Mencken's career is the title of the chapter, "A Critic in C Major". We very much suspect that Mr. Pattee does not fully understand this "enfant terrible". In fact we noticed that, at one point, he quoted a paragraph of the learned gentleman's and then attacked it on grounds which showed that he could not have comprehended the essential point of the quotation. The matter in question, by the way, was the duties of critics and gentlemen.

"The Book of the Sky" by M. Luckiesh (Dutton) is a bewildering volume. It evidently could not make up its mind whether to be scientific, appreciative, or merely rhapsodic. So it decided to take turns at all three. These moods, all of them, are frequently interspersed with lyrical quotations from Bryant, Thomson, Coleridge, et al. In its scientific moods, the book reveals some interesting passages. Particularly, certain descriptions of the sensations during aerial excursions are given vividly and con amore.

To hail Jane Austen anew as a spirit of all time is a rare and happy experience. And to find that Jane Austen at seventeen, writing of "Love and Freindship" (Stokes), was even then an artist, however individual her orthography, one has only to read this newly published book of hers with its uproarious and uncannily clever burlesque of the Evelinas, Cecilias, and Clarissas who were still popular in Jane Austen's day. Only the "Bab Ballads" where

> Freddy fainted on a stool,
> And Johnny on the top of Freddy,

have approached the scene of "Sophia fainting every moment and I running mad as often". The book is full of quotable bits. There are complete characterizations even in the fragments and the imaginary letters, some of them clearly calling to mind the people of "Sense and Sensibility" and of "Northanger Abbey".

The "New Larned History for Ready Reference, Reading and Research" (C. A. Nichols) is a cyclopædia which gives historic treatment to topics in politics, law, religion, economics, science, and so on. The articles are composed almost entirely of extracts from the works of great writers and historians. The necessity and advantage of this method are far from obvious, but if we concede them we must also concede that the editors and their assistants have done their work well. There are numerous illustrations, maps, and charts; and some of the material is quoted from surprisingly recent publications, e.g., accounts of the proceedings at the Paris Conference.

Not infrequently, the latter moments of a man's declining years are filled with speculation on the life to come. So we are not surprised to find our beloved naturalist, John Burroughs, dwelling on the great mystery in "The Last Harvest" (Houghton Mifflin), a posthumous volume. But it does shock somewhat to see him so despairing about it all. "I wish there were something to light up the grave for me, but there is not," he cries. "The faith of all the saints and martyrs does not help *me*," he adds despondently. "I must see the light beyond with my own eyes." That more than fourscore years of observation and meditation should result in such a hopeless frame of mind is a sad

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commentary on the finale of a long and otherwise fruitful life.

Picturesque, haphazardly spontaneous, these bits of "Spanish Folk Songs" (Houghton Mifflin) which Salvador de Madariaga has translated are well worth reading. In his preface, Señor de Madariaga says, "The secret of it is that Spanish popular poetry is disinterested. It aims at nothing. It falls like a ripe fruit from the tree of experience, and thus attains, without effort, a character of fatal perfection." It is not so simple to discover perfection in all the poems. Some of them are so slight as to be almost nil, others are merely apt similes, but the best have, as their translator says, an effortless, fresh truthfulness that is delightful.

A vast deal of history is compressed into a lucid and scholarly narrative in William Spence Robertson's "History of the Latin-American Nations" (Appleton). From the period of the aborigines through the colonization and conquest by the Spanish and the Portuguese, and the achievement of independence, these neighbor republics have been carefully traced and painstakingly presented. The book lacks the charm of Prescott, but its thoroughness and detail make it an excellent textbook and an invaluable work of reference in a field which has never before been completely covered.

If any man but Vilhjalmur Stefansson were to tell us that the North Pole is not so cold as some American towns, that most of the Arctic lands are rich meadows grazed by millions of useful reindeer and muskoxen, that two winters in Alaska will teach anyone to like cold weather, that northern oil, iron, gold, meat, and wool can be brought here even in winter by airship or submarine, we should be inclined to call that man visionary. But in "The Northern Course of Empire" (Harcourt, Brace) Stefansson has said all this and much more as well, and has said it with so many proofs and in so reasonable a manner that one must believe. Incidentally he has produced a readable book and a convincing argument for settling the great north.

Elie Faure's second volume, "Mediæval Art", in his "History of Art", translated from the French by Walter Pach (Harper), is a valuable contribution to world literature. M. Faure recognizes the need among peoples in all ages of artistic creation—a need as poignant as that of love or food. His comments upon the art of the period covered in this book are illuminating and should enable the student to grasp the close relation between art and progressive civilization.

It's quite nice for a change to have mountains and valleys and seas and rivers and fields as the main characters in a book, and to read of their influence upon people. "Frequented Ways" by Marion Newbigin (Houghton Mifflin), a study of the most civilized sections of western Europe from a geographical viewpoint, is a remarkably interesting book.

"Poems" by Margaretta Schuyler is a medley of the rare and genuine and the cheap and meretricious. Apparently without the least critical sense she has placed side by side in her book—it is little more than a pamphlet—such opposed pieces as "For Prote" with its rich embroidery of figures, and "The Silver Penny", literally a penny peep show. This

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poet, who has color and no form, needs a technique to develop what in her shorter poems descends to a slipshod mention of barely evocative phrases. After all, suspension points are not all there is to expression.

"On a Chinese Screen" by W. Somerset Maugham (Doran) is a many colored and sometimes gorgeous record of the impressions gathered by this versatile writer on his recent visit to the East. The most gorgeous passages, though, are not descriptions of oriental embroideries, but of the people he observed with his sensitive and sympathetically analytical mind's eye — mandarins and missionaries, consuls, coolies, and casuals. Character studies, short narratives, tragedy, trivia are here, all delightful, though some may take exception to the few small pages which seem not quite successfully to be trying to be prose poems. Stouthearted readers will like "The Vice-Consul", a striking and horrible thing; everyone, surely, will feel the thrill in "Romance".

Three peninsulas of nearly equal area, but differing radically in contour and physical formation, project into the Mediterranean. They are Spain, Italy, and Balkania. The populations of Italy and Spain are homogeneous. Balkania's inhabitants are so dissimilar that the world wonders how so small a territory can carry peoples so opposed racially, politically, economically. The marvel has been, with wars and revolutions an almost daily occurrence, that a gradual unification has not resulted. But the fact is that discord and jealousy today are even more pronounced than at the overthrow of the Ottoman Empire. "The Balkan Peninsula" (Harcourt, Brace) by Professor Ferdinand Schevill tells the interesting story of this centre of conflict from the migratory period down to the present time.

Fear for the ultimate destruction of state rights, in both theory and practice, has led Charles W. Pierson to write "Our Changing Constitution" (Doubleday, Page). He shows how, almost from the time the Constitution was adopted, the federal power has continually encroached on that of the states, so that our so called dual system "is fast losing its duality". Mr. Pierson particularly dwells on the manner in which the right of Congress to regulate interstate commerce has even been used to give it police power within the states, as in the Narcotic Drug Act, the White Slave Act, and the attempted Child Labor Laws.

"Star Dust", the first volume of collected verse by Power Dalton, makes its hesitant entry via the hand press of Will Ransom, in an edition limited to 259 copies. It deserves a much wider circulation, though many of the poems have already appeared in leading poetry magazines. As a first volume "Star Dust" is distinctly promising, though marred in places by that thinness of thought which sometimes results when the poet cultivates too intensively the limited acres of his own personal reactions. There is in this book, however, a vivid pictorial quality and a lyric sense which find their best expression in the sonnets.

"The Sporting Life, and Other Trifles" by Robert Lynd (Scribner) is not, of course, a handbook for sportsmen. Its reader must first have an amiable feeling toward the informal essay. The sportsman may find the vehicle not to his liking, for it is very

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belletristic. The admirer of Mr. Lynd's adroit essays may on the other hand find himself wandering in very unfamiliar subject matter. As a respectable British essayist, Mr. Lynd has much to say about cricket and horse racing and Oxford boat races, and nothing at all about the baseball and football upon which our pink and green sheets subsist. In his "other trifles", he is on more familiar ground, as "On Wearing a Collar", "A Defense of Nonsense", and "Baths" indicate. Here he displays a moderate charm, and the tenuous strain of humor expected of an essayist well grounded in his essay classics.

"A Journey in Ireland" by Wilfrid Ewart (Appleton) represents the results of a tour of Ireland "undertaken with the single object of studying the state of the country and the state of feeling in the country, as to which the newspapers contradicted each other and propaganda and partisanship persistently vied". The author proceeds primarily by the narrative method, reporting numerous incidents and conversations from his experience in Ireland; and, as a result, the book is not only vivid but interesting. It loses somewhat in value, unfortunately, owing to the fact that it is concerned largely with remarks and prognostications concerning Ireland of the days prior to the agreement with England; but it has the merit of presenting material which, if not directly related to contemporary problems, is at least of historical interest.

It is to be hoped that "Rollo in Society" (Putnam) will introduce Rollo to many potential friends who did not meet him when he appeared in the pages of "Vanity Fair". Here the splendid little fellow with his cricket and his tippet and his clam shell from Atlantic City has moved into the City — into Society, with all its complicated demands upon the individual. But Rollo threads the maze successfully, though not uneventfully, under the skilful guidance of his polished Uncle George. In uniting, in his happy way, Rollo and Broadway, George S. Chappell flicks two generations with amusing neatness.

For people of importance, "Getting Your Name in Print" by H. S. McCauley (Funk, Wagnalls) will prove a very useful little volume. It suggests any number of ways of getting publicity and provides some valuable "don't's" as well as "do's". However, Mr. McCauley emphasizes the fact that the news you want published must be of general interest to your fellow men, and obscure seekers of the limelight get little encouragement. The book is written in a bright, amusing style and gives a very clear idea of general newspaper practices.

When a crowd of literary protestants get together and shout, they make considerable entertaining noise. What good it can do is questionable when one remembers the band that formed the press committee of the Bull Moose party. That did not prevent the publication of "Nonsenseorship" (Putnam), however, and here is offered the cries of the oppressed against the restriction of press, liquor, and other things. Entertaining it certainly is, from the introduction of Mr. Putnam himself to the very end. Moreover, the protestants found such a diversity of things against which to holler that there is not even a monotony of theme. Contributing to the collection are Heywood Broun, George S. Chappell, Ruth Hale, Ben Hecht,

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Wallace Irwin, Robert Keable, Helen Bullitt Lowry, Frederick O'Brien, Dorothy Parker, Frank Swinnerton, H. M. Tomlinson, Charles Hanson Towne, John V. A. Weaver, Alexander Woollcott, and the author of "The Mirrors of Washington".

Harold Norling Swanson flings a challenge to the critics of "mid-American" culture by giving to his first volume of verses the title "Corn" (Malteaser). The book is a collection of moods and fleeting impressions, sometimes lyrical and sometimes cynical or gross, and all expressed in the free verse manner of Alfred Kreymborg. Though Mr. Swanson evidently sets out to prove that the Land of Main Street has an effective poetic inspiration of its own, he refutes his hypothesis by singing his most poignant tunes when he escapes from the corn belt. When he pictures the people and the thoughts around him, he is as flat and uninspired as the locality itself is accused of being.

Her experiences in the Italy of today all seemed to Elizabeth Hazelton Haight to have some hereditary connection with the Italy that was. So in "Italy Old and New" (Dutton) she puts down those incidents, decorating them with frequent allusions to yesterdays. The result is a travel book of real invitation. Dull histories and Baedeker have given us Roman records and obvious Italy, but this author shuns the tourists' delights and offers happily fresh intimacies.

There is audible music in John Gould Fletcher's "Preludes and Symphonies" (Houghton Mifflin) that a majority of the free verse formists have failed to sound. He has something else, too, which makes his work exoteric — his descriptions are real. In some of these poems there is stimulus to thought, but from the majority one gets just the inhalation of beauty.

"Letters of a Radio-Engineer to His Son" by John Mills (Harcourt, Brace) is far from being as risqué as its title might lead one to believe. In this case the son is responsible for nothing worse than simplicity in the treatment of the subject. The book begins with a statement of the electron theory of the constitution of matter, from which are developed the principles of electrical phenomena and their application to radio-telephony. The author has the gift of making theory as interesting as the application; hence he manages to do considerably more than satisfy superficial curiosity in an invention.

"The whole of the social life and much of the political during the eighteenth century was focused round this thoroughfare," says E. Beresford Chancellor in "Memorials of St. James's Street and Chronicles of Almack's" (Brentano). His book is a descriptive history of a section of London's West End that is particularly rich in literary associations, Almack's being only one of the famous clubs with which are associated the names of celebrated men and women. It seems to have been published here for the few who are interested by things literary other than literature; and this impression is strengthened by the handsome edition.

"John Burroughs Talks" by Clifton Johnson (Houghton Mifflin) is a biography composed of a series of interviews that lay equal emphasis upon significant points and insignificant de-

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tails. The author does not show any nice sense of discrimination; he revels in trivialities and commonplaces, and mixes them at random with an occasional weighty utterance. The book gives what some might term an "intimate picture" of the life of John Burroughs; yet one cannot but feel that there is something at once inane and futile about the type of book, now unfortunately too common, which holds an autopsy over the undistinguished daily routine of the life of some distinguished person, from the number of slices of toast he ate for breakfast to the model of safety razor he used for shaving.

In "The Declaration of Independence" by Carl Becker (Harcourt, Brace) is to be found a careful and thoroughgoing study of the document that signified the birth of the American nation. Primarily, the book is an analysis of the political philosophy behind the Declaration; of the relation of that proclamation to the theories of Locke, Newton, and others; and of the fate, during the nineteenth century, of the principles expounded by Jefferson during the eighteenth and representing the ideas current at that time. The Declaration, concludes the author, was founded "upon a naïve faith in the instinctive virtues of human kind" — "a humane and engaging faith" which "could not survive the harsh realities of the modern world", and which, accordingly, has given way to the reign of nationalism and industrialism and of an aggressive imperialism.

The exact word is just where it belongs in "Verse" (Knopf) by Adelaide Crapsey. Short bits indeed are most of these, but the white spaces of the page about the few precise phrases only emphasize how apt are the words. Ink could have covered the page, but the delight of these wistful songs would have been lessened with each superfluous line. They are delicate cameos.

Captain C. A. W. Monckton, F.R.G.S., F.Z.S., F.R.A.I., and Resident Magistrate of the Northern Division of New Guinea, has written another book of haphazard recollections. "Last Days in New Guinea" (Dodd, Mead), a large volume beautifully bound and illustrated, contains tales of the experiences of the R. M., some of them interesting but few significant. It is so full of personal remarks concerning nonentities that it might well be called "The Mirrors of Nowhere". For one to whom the names of Sergeant Barigi, the old chief Giwi, and the Reverend Percy Money have some meaning, these anecdotes must hold a thrill. For the rest of us they are mildly entertaining yarns told in the traditional patois of the stage Britisher, and interlarded with many scraps of geographical knowledge.

In the lists where joust the lean undernourished Case for the Immigrant and that ridiculous bloated figure of One Hundred Per Cent Americanism, Edward Hale Bierstadt tilts an ironic spear in behalf of the immigrant. Repudiating the programs of Y. M. C. A. origin, the propaganda of National Security Leagues, American Legions, and other pseudo-Americanizing organizations, "Aspects of Americanization" (Stewart Kidd) calls for an unsheathing of the fine old kernel of democracy if it still hide at the heart of our commonwealth. For mutuality of action, for the dovetailing of interests and ideas which is true Americanization, a real mediating

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agent is needed, and this Mr. Bierstadt finds in the Foreign Language Information Service. Extensive appendices outline the work of this bureau and confirm its worth. Mr. Bierstadt slashes to the marrow of the situation with a clean yet merciless weapon, revealing America to herself with unflattering clarity.

There are, among a couple of hundred poems, five by Frederic F. Van de Water and two by Robert Louis Stevenson in "Songs of Challenge" (Houghton Mifflin), an anthology prepared by Robert Frothingham. That is about the average of quality maintained throughout — five to two in favor of the F.F.V. type.

"The Story of a Varied Life" by W. S. Rainsford (Doubleday, Page) is an autobiography invested with much of the fascination of fiction, for in it we follow the hero through adventures as various as the exploration of the uncharted wilderness of western Canada and the slow building up of parishes in Toronto and in New York. The book has about it an air of sincerity that instantly attracts the reader; it has the tang of real experience and real life; it is thoughtfully written, is uplifting in its attitude, and abounds in anecdotes that add vastly to its interest.

"The Psychology of Medicine" by Dr. T. W. Mitchell (McBride) is intended to clarify the general subject of psychoanalysis. The book is, however, too uninterestingly written to attract the lay public and it treats on nothing that would be new to anyone versed in the subject.

"History of the Pilgrims and Puritans, Their Ancestry and Descendants" by Joseph Dillaway Sawyer, edited by William Elliot Griffis (Century History Co.), is like those great tapestries of mediæval days that depict the deeds of a hero against a background suggestive of his entire epoch. The struggle for religious freedom, especially in England, is followed from the fifth century on, and serves as setting for the story of Pilgrims and Puritans. No phase of their activities, no detail of their times, is omitted. Yet the book is not verbose; its fault lies rather in a tendency to flowery wording. Illustrated on almost every page (it totals, in three volumes, over a thousand pages), a well told story of interesting days, it is a book that an adult may well enjoy — and a child, opening it, is almost certain to find himself transported to an engrossing world of adventure and manifold picturesqueness.

Arthur S. Hoffman, for a number of years editor of "Adventure", has contributed "Fundamentals of Fiction Writing" (Bobbs-Merrill) to the long list of treatises on the short story, the novel, and kindred subjects. But Mr. Hoffman breaks away from the trite, pedagogic manner, shifts the conventional viewpoint entirely, and strikes at the heart of the matter by urging all writers, new and established, to remember that Illusion (with a large capital "I"), the stuff of which fiction is made, is like a piece of knit work; drop a stitch, and the process of unraveling is begun. There is little attention to rhetoric, less to grammar, and only the merest glance at the essentials of punctuation, spelling, et al., yet somehow, we believe Mr. Hoffman has touched the deepest note thus far sounded. An excellent book to serve as a postgraduate course in short story writing.

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THE BOOKMAN'S MONTHLY SCORE

Compiled by Frank Parker Stockbridge in Cooperation with the American Library Association

What is the matter with the new books? If the compiler of reports of public library circulation were called upon to extend the list to eleven titles instead of ten, his only recourse would be to resign. There literally is no eleventh choice. Among all of the reports, which were unusually complete for October, not a single title, other than the ten first in each classification, scores as many as ten points, as compared with from one hundred to two hundred points for the titles that stand at the head! Only two other books of fiction scored a single first choice in any library's report, and only one other general work.

Look at these lists, representative not merely of the most popular books read by the book borrowing public but of practically the only books they are reading at the present writing — the question above set down is inevitable. To attempt a conclusive answer calls for a quality of temerity which this reporter does not possess; but the facts seem to carry certain implications. For example: that many of the new books are merely efforts to "cash in" on the apparent popular taste, and are rejected because they offer no new message. That is indubitably true of some of the new fiction, and there are titles that appear scatteringly on the reports of general literature in demand, of which it may also be fairly said the library borrowers' taste is far more discriminating than casual observation discloses. The new book of real merit wins this widely scattered aggregation of "average Americans" on merit alone, and that speedily. The book "made to sell" is as quickly discarded.

Next month doubtless will see some new titles in both lists, but there is now, for the first time since this monthly score was begun, just four years ago, not a single indication as to which of the new books seems likely to gain wide popularity in the libraries.—F. P. S.

FICTION

1.	This Freedom	*A. S. M. Hutchinson*	LITTLE
2.	Robin	*Frances Hodgson Burnett*	STOKES
3.	Babbitt	*Sinclair Lewis*	HARCOURT
4.	The Breaking Point	*Mary Roberts Rinehart*	DORAN
5.	If Winter Comes	*A. S. M. Hutchinson*	LITTLE
6.	The Glimpses of the Moon	*Edith Wharton*	APPLETON
7.	Gentle Julia	*Booth Tarkington*	DOUBLEDAY
8.	The Country Beyond	*James Oliver Curwood*	COSMOPOLITAN
9.	Certain People of Importance	*Kathleen Norris*	DOUBLEDAY
10.	The Vehement Flame	*Margaret Deland*	HARPER

GENERAL

1.	The Outline of History	*H. G. Wells*	MACMILLAN
2.	The Story of Mankind	*Hendrik Van Loon*	BONI
3.	The Mind in the Making	*James Harvey Robinson*	HARPER
4.	The Outline of Science	*J. Arthur Thomson*	PUTNAM
5.	The Americanization of Edward Bok	*Edward Bok*	SCRIBNER
6.	Outwitting Our Nerves	*Jackson and Salisbury*	CENTURY
7.	Queen Victoria	*Lytton Strachey*	HARCOURT
8.	The Conquest of Fear	*Basil King*	DOUBLEDAY
9.	Painted Windows	*Anonymous*	PUTNAM
10.	Books and Characters	*Lytton Strachey*	HARCOURT

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FOREIGN NOTES AND COMMENT

Let Us Have Anniversaries

THE Germans, with the possible exception of the Danes who memorialize even a prominent merchant when he has rounded out a certain number of years, are the world's most consistent advocates of all that is connoted by an anniversary. They let no great man or event escape. Their plans, already under way, for the celebration of the two hundredth anniversary of the birth of Immanuel Kant, in 1924, give promise of being the most elaborate that have ever been made in honor of a pure philosopher. They have also begun, even now, to remember the centenary of Goethe's death — in 1932.

Momentarily they have three anniversaries of unusual significance on their minds: the four hundredth of the publication of Martin Luther's translation of the New Testament, the one hundred and fiftieth of the incidents that inspired and served as the background of Goethe's "Sufferings of Werther", and the sixtieth of the birth of Gerhart Hauptmann.

Luther's case is simple. The Old Testament was originally written in Hebrew, the New Testament in Greek. When Luther (born 1483) began his work that led to the Reformation, there were some fourteen different translations of the Bible into German. But he claimed that no one of these was adequate, for two reasons: (1) the German translations were made from the Vulgate, or Latin, edition, and were therefore translations of a translation; (2) such translations as had been made were naturally made by Catholics — there were no Protestants — and Luther insisted that they were not fair. The extent to which he was disingenuous need not worry us. It is plain that if Scott's "Ivanhoe" were done into Italian from a French rendering the resultant version might be slightly off in some ways; and then again it might not. And whether the German translations of the Bible the people were reading in the sixteenth century were propagandistic is a question to be left solely to the professors of theology in the Fatherland.

The real point lies in the fact that Martin Luther was one of the world's greatest stylists. The New Testament he "released" on September 21, 1522 (his translation of the Old Testament was not completed until 1534) is in a German that has been reechoed for four hundred years, by Lessing and by Schnitzler, by Schiller and by Wedekind, by Herder and by Hauptmann. Our own English may owe much to the King James version of the Bible; the German of these men and all their colleagues owes more to Luther's Bible. His is a remarkable exemplification of linguistic virility, and undisputed proof of his own genius as the creator of a great prose. With a few negligible exceptions, such as Luther's *seyn* for modern *sein*, German prose has changed but little in all these years. And the man of whom it has been said that he knew more about the Devil than he did about God, created it.

Goethe's case is just as simple, and just as informative. In 1771, he left the University of Strasbourg with

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enough knowledge of law to be called a lawyer. As a lawyer, incidentally, Dr. Goethe had but one case and in it he defended a son against his father. In 1772 he went to the little town of Wetzlar to practise his profession. While there he met Charlotte Buff, probably the prettiest girl he ever loved. She was the second daughter in a large family the mother of which was no longer living; Lotte played the rôle of mother to her brothers and sisters. But she was already engaged to one Albert Kestner. The rest is known, for according to fairly reliable statistics, the Bible is the most read book in the world, "Don Quixote" by Cervantes the second, and Goethe's "Werther's Sufferings" the third. There is no language of any importance into which it has not been translated. And this story Goethe got in Wetzlar, a town of only about fifteen thousand people today, and only a little over an hour's ride from Coblenz. The Germans have a right to celebrate the incident.

"Werther's Sufferings" suggests the key to Goethe's real greatness. "Werther" was a tremendous success; but Goethe, whose complete works fill up much over a hundred volumes, never again wrote anything that resembled it. Indeed no one of his works is like the other, either in style or contents. His "Goetz von Berlichingen", translated by Walter Scott and serving as the initial inspiration to Scott's historical novels, is unique among his creations. He wrote "Hermann and Dorothea" and never again tried that type of work. The same is true of his "Wilhelm Meister" and his "Elective Affinities" and his "Egmont" and his poems and his scientific works and his autobiography. There is indeed but very little of the first part of "Faust" in the second.

This breadth as revealed by variety is equally true of no other writer with whom I am at all familiar. Shakespeare's historical plays are quite similar. To me there is much of "Macbeth" in "Hamlet" and I have always had difficulty in keeping certain of Shakespeare's romantic plays apart. Lope de Vega is credited with more than a thousand plays all on precisely the same model. Lope merely had a dramatic "form" and filled in the blanks. Or, to bring the subject down to modern times, the title of any one of Jacob Wassermann's novels could well be "The World's Illusion", the titles of all of Johan Bojer's novels could well be shifted, and there is quite a little of "Main Street" in "Babbitt". Goethe set his mind to work on a theme, elaborated it, and then left it forever and completely. Of what other poet is this true?

It is as nearly true — in German literature — of Gerhart Hauptmann as of any other poet who ever wrote in Hauptmann's language. Recall the titles of his works: "Fuhrmann Henschel" and "Hanneles Himmelfahrt", "Die versunkene Glocke" and "Die Weber", "Rose Bernd" and "Pippa Tanzt". Where is the similarity? There is none. Lessing's "Minna von Barnhelm", to take a classic illustration, was largely a preparatory effort to Lessing's "Nathan der Weise".

The Germans are quite justified in celebrating Hauptmann's sixtieth birthday. He is their greatest living poet, and their most versatile. And in this celebration we would be justified in taking more than an academic interest. Hauptmann was in this country in the early 'nineties, and if he did not write a part of his "Sunken Bell" while in Connecticut, all signs fail, and source hunting in literature

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is a fraudulent pursuit. Moreover, Hauptmann (he has gone on record to this effect) would be in this country at the present, lecturing, were it not that he wished to attend the celebration of his sixtieth anniversary, and that Prohibition is in effect over here.

The American people may consider it unwise to interest themselves in German; that is their business. But the American people will never have a traditional interest in their own literature until they have learned the anniversary lesson from the Germans, or from some other nation. The births or deaths or both of our best writers should be celebrated in season if they are to be known and read out of season. There are over a million school children in New York City alone, and it is unlikely that ten of them could give the precise day on which a single living American writer was born. The Hauptmann celebration has been so widely observed that it is improbable that there are ten normal German children over ten years of age who do not know that Hauptmann was born in Silesia on November 15, 1862. Such information helps to establish a literary tradition and create respect for the things of the spirit. Let us have anniversaries!

ALLEN WILSON PORTERFIELD

Some Dutch Writers

IN Holland a vigorous literature has grown to fruition within the last quarter of a century. The widely read Couperus is only one of a group whose significance is world wide, and who will be universally appreciated when the barriers of language have been broken down by more general translation as has been the case with the Russians and some of the Scandinavians.

There are Frederik Van Eeden, Johann De Meester, Querido, Henriette Roland-Holst, Borel, and a host of others. One of the most interesting and certainly the most versatile of these is Frederik Van Eeden. He is novelist, dramatist, experimental Socialist, and poet as well as a physician and psychiatrist. He deals with social problems in a constructive if somewhat idealistic fashion and his "Johannes Viator" has sometimes been called the Bible of modern Holland.

But the average reader turns from the lengthy preachments of "Johannes Viator" to find a very real pleasure in his early "De Kleine Johannes".[1] "De Kleine Johannes" is told with incomparable charm and like Maeterlinck's "The Blue Bird" is a story of the eternal quest for happiness. It is also in the guise of a fairy tale, but it goes deeper and voices a more profound thought. True happiness, expressed first in a mere pagan joy of living and later in knowledge and understanding, is found at last through service.

Dr. Van Eeden was the founder of the first pyschiatric clinic in Holland. It was his study of the mental ills of the unadjusted individual that led him to believe that those ills had often a real basis in the general ills of society. He founded a communistic community called Walden, after the Walden of Thoreau, and also a number of cooperative food shops and bakeries.

Walden failed, as have similar communities the world over, but the clinic is still successfully carried on. While

1 "De Kleine Johannes" translated as "The Quest" was published by J. W. Luce and Co. in 1910. There is also a version published in England as "Little Johannes" which has an introduction by Edmund Gosse.

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Van Eeden's novel "The Deeps of Deliverance" (Putnam) holds the same doctrine of personal negation and of happiness to be found only through service that is in "Johannes Viator" and "De Kleine Johannes", his plays often abound in sparkling satire and delicate comedy. Notable among these is "De Steudent t'Huis" (The Student at Home).

Johann De Meester is of a different type from Van Eeden — the pure man of letters not concerned with communistic philosophy or moral dogma but with the dissection of the individual soul. He paints vivid pictures of contemporaneous Dutch life, using big strokes of the brush, never the photographic camera method of description. He stands out as a master craftsman and the rhythm of his prose has been compared to the rhythm of a Greek chorus by his countryman Kloos. High praise from a man who is himself a stylist with the pagan adherence to pure beauty of outline. But beauty of outline without an inner core of reality and truth would be worthless, to our way of thinking. In De Meester we have both.

His "Louise Van Breedevoort" pictures life in a small country community. Louise, daughter of a country gentleman, gives up the man she loves to a peasant girl with whom he has become involved. She concentrates upon her work, wins great success, and her friends all speak of her as happy and fortunate. The book closes with this touch of irony, a suggestion of difference between the inner life of the individual and that life as it appears even to one's most intimate friends.

But the literature of Holland, which so often pictures sombre reality, is not untempered by the spirit of romance. The close connection with the Dutch East Indies possessions has had a very definite influence upon the life of the entire people. The warm glow of the East penetrates the mist and cold of the mother country with visions of spice laden ships wafted by tropical breezes over the golden waters of Java or Sumatra. There is scarcely a family in Holland without some direct personal contact with the Orient, and the literature of a people must needs reflect the many sided phases of its life. We find Dutch writers stirred by influences other than grim realism or communistic dogma. Couperus has written of Java, and Augusta De Witt, and the breath of a far off influence stirs the pages of Querido.

But Henri Borel, in whom eastern influence is most manifest, does not write so much of the Dutch East Indies as of China. His masterpiece "Kwan Yin" [2] is an interpretation of the art and philosophy as well as the life of China. But while Borel so often carries his head among the clouds, his feet sometimes rest upon solid earth. His popular "Het Jongetje", concerning a little western boy, is in reality his own story.

It will be noted that Borel, like many of his countrymen, bears a French name reminiscent perhaps of the days of Louis Quatorze and the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, when Huguenot refugees swarmed into Holland. Some of these abode for a season like the Pilgrims, but many remained to add a definite French influence to the life of the Netherlands.

Dutch poetry scarcely equals Dutch prose in interest. There are many charming singers, no great poet. Hen-

2 Borel's "Wu Wei", part of the larger work "Kwan Yin", has been translated into English and is published by Brentano's.

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riette Roland-Holst is looked upon as the eminent poet in the Netherlands today. But her poems, while perfect in form and filled with vivid imagery and imagination, might be called practically Socialistic tracts. She is an ardent Socialist and feminist, the leader of the Dutch Marxian party. She sings:

Ik heb in droom gezien een dag van bliejheid,
De vrouen ademden de lucht der vrijheid.

(I have seen in a dream a day of joy
When woman shall breathe the air of freedom.)

But her song is not only for woman, it is for all humanity. She goes back to the dawn of life and marks the slow evolution of man; his first rude mastery of agriculture, his taming of the animals, and the manner in which he learns to sail upon the waters with the help of wind and tide. Finally, universal freedom, the last and most glorious flower of civilization, is attained.

But it is our tendency to grow weary of a single mood. Its sustained sublimity seems so far removed from all human and personal emotion. Henriette Roland-Holst writes of suffering and struggle, but they are viewed from afar with something of the aloofness of the chorus of a Greek tragedy. Yet she is never tragic; she stands as an exponent of universal and undying optimism.

But optimism, as we have seen, is not a general characteristic of Dutch writers; they often sound the depths of suffering and despair. However, it is humanity's way to seek eternally after something better than it has known, like Van Eeden's Kleine Johannes. Perhaps this tendency accounts for the wide popularity of Henriette Roland-Holst. Like Hope who was caught in the bottom of Pandora's chest, she represents a human need to offset the gloom which her contemporaries see and which adherence to truth forces us to acknowledge has all too often a basis in reality.

AGNES SYMMERS

Notes from France

I SAID last month that we would turn to the novelists. The first one I have in mind is not French, but Swiss. He edits the "Revue de Genève", perhaps the best international periodical of the continent, and his name is Robert de Traz. Three years ago, a first novel of his, "La Puritaine et l'Amour", showed him a trained psychologist and a careful writer. His latest book, "Fiançailles" (Betrothal), shows more. Robert de Traz has now his place among our leading novelists. That part of Switzerland where French is spoken, and which includes Geneva and Neuchâtel, has been particularly rich in prose writers. Without going back to Topffer and the delightful adventures of Monsieur Vieuxbois, modern French literature owes to Switzerland such novelists as Edouard Rod, Ramuz, de Traz. This is perhaps comparable to the part played in French letters by modern Belgian poets: Rodenbach, Van Lerberghe, Maeterlinck, and Verhaeren.

Also outside the limits of France proper is the place where the brothers Marius and Ary Leblond were born. They are countrymen of Joseph Bédier, of Parny, and of Leconte de Lisle, and come from the Ile de la Réunion — the old Ile Bourbon, near Madagascar. Their new novel, "L'Ophélia, Histoire d'un Naufrage", has its setting in the stormy channels of the Indian Ocean,

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the madreporic islands haunted by strange races of birds; and it tells of the stormy passions of three men thrown into the roaring stream of adventure! More books will be born under the sign of Joseph Conrad.

The present year has seen two novels by Jean Schlumberger, "Un Homme Heureux" and "Le Camarade Infidèle", which is just out. This last book illustrates a problem which must have been frequent in the years following the war. A man and a woman are brought together by their common worship for a dead hero, and that worship is also the obstacle to their acceptance of a new passion. Slowly, they evolve from the proud refusal to follow their inclination to a more sincere and probably more courageous attitude. The story tells how it is sometimes easier to be heroic, unyielding, and negative than to accept the changing duties, the rising responsibilities of an ever renascent life. Jean Schlumberger was better qualified than anyone for this delicate analysis. Readers of his "Inquiète Paternité" do not forget the exceedingly tactful art of this novel, where the essence and the very reality of paternal feeling was discussed with a frankness and clarity rich in sentimental revelations. The Vieux-Colombier has played "La Mort de Sparte" by Schlumberger, a dramatic essay inspired by Plutarch, written before the last war and full of almost prophetical scenes. What was more comparable to the vanity of German invasion than this nightly entrance of the Macedonian king into the abandoned streets of Sparta, and his disgust and discouragement in having captured only a few dozen miserable houses, while the spirit of the conquered city had escaped and remained ready for everlasting resistance?

Another noble piece of work, of those that never will meet popularity but are the stone and mortar of which a great literature is built, is "La Conquête de la Joie" by Raymond Schwab. Not a novel; rather a series of well connected prose poems, not unlike the best lyrical prose of André Suarès. A kind of "Song to Myself" in which the thirsts and the joys play a sometimes tragic, sometimes triumphant fugue. There is an episodic portrait of King Louis XIII, a hitherto unknown and impenetrable figure for historians and analysts, which is as original as it is surprisingly powerful.

Our old friend Duhamel brings out a charming book of which his two little children are the heroes. It is called "Les Plaisirs et les Jeux". France seems to be rich, at present, in books concerning children. I don't mean books written for children. Most grown up people ignore the difference. Editors, especially, and publishers seem utterly incapable of seeing it. Again and again I have seen such books as "Caillou et Tili" by Pierre Mille, "Mon Petit Trott" by Lichtenberger, and even "Le Petit Pierre" classed as "juvenilia". It is so convenient to have classes! The trouble is that these are very bad "juvenilia", although they are excellent books on children. But this is too subtle for grown ups. . . . Only wait till we compile a "grownupiana" of all the nonsense formulated by the old on the subject of the young! Duhamel would be specially qualified for the job, as he has already created the character of Barnabé, the man-who-does-not-understand-children. We all have a revenge to take against Barnabé and his kind. I hope Duhamel will drag him on the stage some day.

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Max Jacob exerts a growing influence. Jacques Porel, in "Feuilles Libres", Paul Morand, in the "Nouvelle Revue Française" — two representative "young" writers — greet him as a master. His curious little "Cabinet Noir" is just a series of letters written by people belonging to the provincial little bourgeoisie. The prodigious accurateness of the style — I was going to say: of the *pastiches* — is something uncanny. The "commentaries" following the letters and tending to rehabilitate that little bourgeoisie long despised by artists, are of a humorist, a Christian, and a great writer all in one.

PIERRE DE LANUX

German Book Tidings

RICHARD DEHMEL, the German Tennyson, one of the most important figures in German lyric poetry of the last generation, died last year. Of late years he had devoted himself to drama, for which he had, like Browning, only a poet's half talent. His letters have now been published in a thick volume by S. Fischer. They are in many ways far more fascinating than his poetic work — wonderful letters, containing all the flower of a deep and rich personality. Dehmel was one of those men who give themselves liberally in their correspondence, revealing processes of mind, emotion, flashes of wit, and impulses of thought enough for an essay. Poets do this more readily than prose writers, partly because of a natural expansiveness, partly because the prosaist is always haunted, even if subconsciously, by the thought that he is squandering good copy. Dehmel, moreover, was acquainted with most of the important literary figures of his time. There are letters in the book to Arno Holz, Hugo von Hofmannsthal, Gerhart Hauptmann, Johannes Schlaf, Detlev von Liliencron, Thomas Mann, Hans Thoma, Max Klinger, and many others. A fine feast of occasional reading.

Germany is fixedly faithful to her classics. A reviewer in a literary monthly sits down and makes a wholesale meal of the "Goethe-Schriften" that have drifted into the office in the course of a couple of months. There are forty-nine of these new publications, ranging from new lives of this master, accounts of his various travels, his marriage, his other affections, truly German treatises such as "Goethe's Theory of Knowledge in its Modern Significance" — to new editions with important introductions and the Year Books of the various Goethe Societies. It is really doubtful if either America or England could make such a showing of Shakespeariana even if given a year to collect.

Wiesbaden has christened an art exhibition "Romantic Painting in Wiesbaden", and the opening was accompanied by lectures and celebrations intended to illuminate the romantic idea in authorship, music, and *Weltanschauung*, in its relation to "romantic painting". Two well known literary men, Wilhelm Schäfer and Herbert Eulenberg, lectured upon the romantic idea, endeavoring to define, coordinate, and relate it. Schäfer, a man of deep learning, followed the idea of the romantic in art back to the days of the Greeks and Romans and up to the days of Goethe. The young, still unpaganized Goethe who seems to us, with his "Sufferings of Werther" and "Elective Affinities", the very concept of sentimental romanticism, once uttered the words: "The classic is healthy, the romantic unhealthy."

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Unfortunately, Schäfer no longer had time to trace the meaning of romanticism for the present day.

Herbert Eulenberg, full of burning enthusiasms, sent out his defiant manifest in his very title — "The Triumph of Romance, today, tomorrow and in all eternity." He cried passionately: "Why do we lament over a lost war, since we have never lost our idealist spirit, nor can we ever lose it." This is refreshing evidence of the true romantic attitude which all the iron realities of life are unable to kill. For Eulenberg the romantic standpoint is that which animates all creative genius, romantic in its widest sense, of course, as the opposite pole to uncreative bald realism.

Many productions of great interest are promised for this winter by the Berlin theatre managers, among them Franz Werfel's powerful peasant drama "Bocksgesang", filled with the earth spirit, Pan spirit, of which I recently wrote, Galsworthy's "Strife", and Byron's "Sardanapalus".

The spectacular Hauptmann celebrations for the great dramatist's sixtieth birthday have also caused a flood of Hauptmann literature to appear upon the market, most of it in some way illuminating for admirers of the author of "The Weavers". Perhaps the best of these books is "Gerhart Hauptmann, Leben und Werke", published by S. Fischer. This is a valuable biography of Hauptmann by Paul Schlenther, revised and modernized by Arthur Eloesser. Of course, no book about Hauptmann's work is likely to remain authoritative, for a fruitful period is probably still before the tireless author, who shows no sign of any desire to lay his pen aside, or turn to reminiscence writing, that favorite solace of unproductive age.

The enthusiasm with which certain circles in America received Gustav Frenssen caused many an amused smile here, where the author of the racy dialect novels, "Jörn Uhl" and its successors, has long since been relegated to his proper rank. Frenssen has his place as a species of prose Burns, a novelist with a clever use of local color, but no German writer would dream of echoing the hail from Oregon to "one of the great ones of the earth!"

The Max Ahnert Verlag in Cassel has just awarded its five prizes for the encouragement of religious poetry. One prize went to the well known workman poet Alfons Petzold, and another to an American — Dr. Theodore Otto, of Coopersburg.

The author Johannes Fastenrath, who died some years ago, left a sum of 300,000 marks as a foundation, from the interest of which men and women who had distinguished themselves in belles lettres should be awarded a bonus. Under present conditions, this once handsome sum will not add much to the comfort of the hard pressed German literary folk.

A new translation of Shakespeare is being undertaken by Hans Rothe. "Macbeth", "As You Like It", "Troilus and Cressida", and "King Lear" are already published, so the great task is well under way. The new version is said to be greatly superior, both poetically and philologically, to any that have preceded it. The new "Macbeth" has already been played in Stuttgart, "Troilus and Cressida" in Leipzig. Another new translation of Shakespeare is being made by Professor Fritz Wolff of Berlin.

An important and fascinating work is "Von Homer bis Sokrates", by Dr. Theodor Birt (Quelle and Meyer, Leipzig). Although a mighty array

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of knowledge has gone to the making of this intimate history of Greek life, the book is written entirely without pedantry, indeed with a fresh vigor which many a young essayist might envy. To read Dr. Birt's description of Grecian vase painting is to experience Keats's Grecian Urn Ode in prose.

A new book, fascinating to all who are interested, either practically or theoretically, in children's education, is "Der Genius im Kinde" by Dr. G. F. Hartlaub, published by Ferdinand Hirt, Breslau. Over ninety illustrations show the early efforts of talented children, from three to thirteen years, to represent the world about them in pencil, chalks, and water color. A delightful naïvety, a fresh daring of execution distinguishes these spontaneous designs — some by school children in class, some by artists' children, one or two, such as the fantastic compositions done at the age of six or seven by the great imaginative illustrator, Alfred Kubin, already bearing all the marks of incipient genius. Dr. Hartlaub's text is as intriguing as his pictures. His theories are based on the sound principle that it is better to draw out the natural capacities of the child *(Erziehung)* than to stuff the infant mind with a quantity of indigestible knowledge. This is quite in accordance with American ideas of natural development.

Dr. Hartlaub makes the point that expressionistic art, in freeing the public mind from conventional trammels, opened the way for the educator. The child, in making a perfect "expressionistic" picture, is really *ex*pressing its *im*pression, educating its soul, as the author says, free from compulsion. There are masterpieces by seven and eight year olds in the collection which might easily be mistaken for the work of the expressionist leaders.

A sensation akin to the Georg Kaiser case was caused by the arrest of the dramatist Reinhold Goering, the author of "The Sea Battle", etc., for the sale of pictures belonging to a friend. At first it was alleged that Goering, who is an "Ideal-Communist", had become insane, but later the whole affair proved to be an unfortunate error. Goering had received the pictures in question with other property from a fervent disciple and had a perfect right to dispose of them as he pleased. Goering was accordingly at once released and also declared to be mentally normal.

Arts and crafts in Germany have their special literature and three of the most important works which have just appeared are "The History of the Goldsmith's Art" by Marc Rosenberg, published by Baer of Frankfort-on-the-Main; a history of pewter by the Breslau expert Hintze (Klinkhardt and Biermann, Leipzig), and "Masters in Engraved Iron" by Hans Stöcklein (Schreiber, Esslingen). The last book, although purely of interest for specialists, was sold out immediately after its appearance.

ETHEL TALBOT SCHEFFAUER

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CHRISTMAS GIFT BOOKS

A Selected List of New Books and Special Editions

FICTION

FIONA MACLEOD'S WORKS—*Duffield.* A selection of seven stories, illustrated by M. W. Lawrence.

MOBY DICK—Herman Melville—*Dodd, Mead.* An edition of this great American classic illustrated in color by Mead Schaeffer.

IVANHOE—Sir Walter Scott—*Dodd, Mead.* With 16 full page color illustrations by Rowland Wheelwright.

THE CLOISTER AND THE HEARTH—Charles Reade—*Dodd, Mead.* Illustrations in color by Evelyn Paul.

IVANHOE—Sir Walter Scott—*Harper.* Illustrated in color by Frank Schoonover.

GREAT PIRATE STORIES—Joseph Lewis French—*Brentano.* An anthology of thrillers by master story tellers.

GODS, GHOSTS AND GOBLINS—Bertha Lum—*Lippincott.* Weird legends of the Far East, illustrated and decorated.

LOVE AND FREINDSHIP—Jane Austen—*Stokes.* A newly discovered book of Jane Austen's youth, important as a literary find.

ADAM BEDE—George Eliot—*Crowell.* With 12 illustrations in color by Gordon Browne.

JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN—Miss Mulock—*Crowell.* Illustrated in color by Oswald Moses and G. F. Nichols.

LES MISERABLES—Victor Hugo—*Crowell.* Translated by Isabel Hapgood and illustrated in color by Bayard and Jeanniot.

ROMOLA—George Eliot—*Crowell.* Illustrated in color by Colonel R. Goff and others.

ROOTABAGA STORIES — Carl Sandburg—*Harcourt, Brace.* Tales that are the beginning of an imaginative American literature.

A WONDER BOOK—Nathaniel Hawthorne—*Doran.* Illustrated by Arthur Rackham.

SCOTTISH CHIEFS—Jane Porter—*Crowell.* An edition of this historical romance with plates of paintings done in Scotland by Sutton Palmer.

EAST OF THE SUN AND WEST OF THE MOON—*Doran.* Norse folk stories illustrated in color and black and white by Kay Nielsen.

THE CROCK OF GOLD—James Stephens—*Macmillan.* A new edition illustrated by Wilfred Jones.

BIOGRAPHY

THE LETTERS OF FRANKLIN K. LANE—Anne Wintermute Lane and Louise Herrick Wall—*Houghton Mifflin.* A life narrative revealing the inside story of the cabinet during the war.

JOHN BURROUGHS TALKS—Clifton Johnson—*Houghton Mifflin.* Throughout the book the recorder keeps himself in the background.

GEORGE WASHINGTON—William Roscoe Thayer—*Houghton Mifflin.* Psychological analysis and a clear presentation of a manysided personality.

GLIMPSES OF AUTHORS—Caroline Ticknor—*Houghton Mifflin.* For three generations the name of Ticknor has been associated with the famous authors of England and America.

THE SECOND EMPIRE—Philip Guedalla—*Putnam.* The story of Louis Napoleon. An imaginative interpretation.

A BOOK ABOUT MYSELF—Theodore Dreiser—*Boni, Liveright.* An honest autobiography. A record not only of events, but of emotional reactions.

TRAMPING ON LIFE—Harry Kemp—*Boni, Liveright.* Adventures of a poetic tramp on freights, in and out of jail, on the high seas, in school and college.

THE LADIES—E. Barrington—*Atlantic Monthly.* The story of those famous beauties of the eighteenth century whose lives enchant us to this day.

MEMORIES OF A HOSTESS—M. A. DeWolfe Howe—*Atlantic Monthly.* Not only a chronicle of notable friendships but the life story of one of the most distinguished hostesses of her day, Mrs. James T. Fields.

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MY LIFE AND SOME LETTETS—Mrs. Patrick Campbell—*Dodd, Mead.* Mrs. Campbell discusses most intimately many of the leading actors, managers, playwrights, poets, and men of letters of a brilliant generation.

LAST DAYS IN NEW GUINEA—Capt. C. A. W. Monckton—*Dodd, Mead.* Experiences in the administration of the northern part of New Guinea.

FROM SEVEN TO SEVENTY—Edward Simmons—*Harper.* The vivid reminiscences of a painter and a traveled man of the world.

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF WALTER H. PAGE—Burton J. Hendrick—*Doubleday, Page.* Mr. Page was ambassador to England from 1913 to 1918. His intimate revealing letters form the basis of the biography.

THE MATURITY OF JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY—Marcus Dickey—*Bobbs-Merrill.* Illustrated with photographs, original drawings, documents, etc.

DEGENERATION IN THE GREAT FRENCH MASTERS—Jean Carrère—*Brentano.* A defense of Puritanism issuing from a non-Puritan pen.

MY YEARS ON THE STAGE—John Drew—*Dutton.* Reminiscences of over fifty years. Introduction by Booth Tarkington.

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS—Delmar Gross Cooke—*Dutton.* A critical study.

MORE MEMOIRS AND SOME TRAVELS—G. B. Burgin—*Dutton.* A continuation of "Memoirs of a Clubman", the account of the author's contacts with London's men of importance.

WILLIAM DEMORGAN AND HIS WIFE—A. M. W. Stirling—*Holt.* The story of the man who first made his fame at the age of sixty-seven.

QUEEN VICTORIA—Lytton Strachey—*Harcourt, Brace.* A popular edition of a book which is already a classic.

THE PRINT OF MY REMEMBRANCE—Augustus Thomas—*Scribner.* The varied life of a man whose personality for years has attracted people interested in the theatre.

A HOMESTEADER'S PORTFOLIO—Alice Day Pratt—*Macmillan.* Life in the Oregon country.

MY LIFE—Emma Calvé—*Appleton.* The entertaining autobiography of the opera star.

A PORTRAIT OF GEORGE MOORE—John Freeman—*Appleton.* A biography and criticism of the Irish stylist.

ENRICO CARUSO—Pierre V. R. Key—*Little, Brown.* The life story of the famous tenor, done by Mr. Key in collaboration with Caruso's secretary.

CATHERINE DE MÉDICI: QUEEN OF FRANCE—Paul van Dyke—*Scribner.* A biography with rich historical background.

THE PUPPET SHOW OF MEMORY—Maurice Baring—*Little, Brown.* A storehouse of impressions and recollections.

POETRY

THE RUBAIYAT OF OMAR KHAYYAM—Edward Fitzgerald—*Houghton Mifflin.* Fifty-five full page drawings by Elihu Vedder. A popular price edition.

THE WASTELAND—T. S. Eliot—*Boni, Liveright.* A long poem by this Anglicized American, handsomely printed.

THE LE GALLIENNE BOOK OF ENGLISH VERSE—Richard Le Gallienne—*Boni, Liveright.* This poet's idea of what anthologies should be. A well made book.

THE HOUND OF HEAVEN—Francis Thompson—*Dodd, Mead.* The only authorized American edition and the first illustrated edition ever published.

SHELLEY—AN ANTHOLOGY—T. J. Cobden Sanderson—*Moffat, Yard.* In commemoration of the 100th anniversary of Shelley's death. Beautifully bound, in hand made type on special paper.

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THE GOSSIP SHOP

LYMAN ABBOTT, editor, preacher, and writer, died recently at the age of eighty-seven. We remember hearing him talk when we were seven years old. It was at the University of Chicago. Naturally, we do not remember what he said; but only his noble head and white, flowing beard. Active along many lines, and even to his death still a definite part of the editorial force of "The Outlook" — of which he was for many years editor in chief — he will be known longest, probably, for his "Reminiscences" and "Silhouettes of My Contemporaries", volumes of rare autobiographical value. In "Reminiscences" he wrote: "I look forward to the Great Adventure, which now cannot be far off, with awe, but not with apprehension. I enjoy my work, my home, my friends, my life. I shall be sorry to part with them. But always I have stood in the bow, looking forward with hopeful anticipation to the life before me." At eighty-two, Wilfrid Scawen Blunt, one of the most picturesque English literary figures of our generation, died. He was a wide traveler and his contacts and accomplishments, from the breeding of Arab horses to the writing of sonnets, were many. His "Diaries", recently published here, are amazingly rich in profound thought and vivid anecdote.

For a New Englander, a trip to Boston is always like visiting the seat of ancestral worship. One approaches with awe, and the awe does not decrease with acquaintance, though respect and appreciation deepen. Here was the Old Corner Bookstore, with its convivial Al Jennings, Lauriat's with genial Mr. Webber, Jordan Marsh's, where elusive Mr. Pitman abides among his books, the sunny rooms of Miss Mahoney's Bookshop for Boys and Girls, and the "Atlantic" offices, minus Mr. Sedgwick who is unfortunately ill but showing the reality of his influence in the choice of rare Italian furniture and in the never ceasing touch which his assistants told us he keeps with his magazine. We visited the offices of the Boston "Transcript", whose literary supplements our mother has read aloud to us for years, and conveyed her respects to the active Mr. Edgett, who was even more active than usual, making up his Saturday page. Most of the famous Boston publishers we saw. Comparison we must not make; but we may at least use the soothing syrup of flattery enough to say that they are fully as nice as the New York publishers, or even the Chicago publishers, or yet again those printers of books who reside in Philadelphia or parts even more remote. Well, Boston was agog! Yes, "agog" is the word. *Who wrote* "A Critical Fable"? We were surprised that little boys on the streets did not ask us the question concerning this rhymed discussion of American versifiers which has been published anonymously along the tradition of James Russell Lowell's "A Fable for Critics". Says one, "It was Miss Amy Lowell"; says another, "Mr. Gamaliel Bradford"; says another, "Mr. Louis Untermeyer." Dining at Miss Lowell's, we pointed an accusing finger at every person at the table, and found them all accepting the

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honor by denying it — except Professor John Livingston Lowes, who stoutly maintained that he wrote it, whereupon, naturally, everyone at once knew that he didn't. This fascinating literary scandal quite obscured other interests, though we should like to tell of hours of discussion before the great fireplace in the magnificent Lowell library, of the labors which Miss Lowell is putting into her life of Keats, of Winkie, the cat, and of the superb bookcase of detective stories we found in our room; but a house guest must not chatter, and we simply take off our humble hat to Boston, and a little more especially to the delightful household at Brookline.

Our new fashion editor (we now have two, one for hats and one for gowns) has black bobbed hair and active eyes, and she has been attending weddings and dinners this month, while we sat quietly at home in front of a fire and tried to plan the magazine and an occasional essay. There is no questioning the lady's social success. People do seem to tell her things that they would never think of telling us. For example, she finds Mr. Tarkington "a shy Mephistopheles" who "talks like a witty and dramatic angel". She asked him if he liked to write and he gave her a prompt No. A perfect existence for him would be to live in Kennebunkport and play with his new yacht. But then again, he doesn't feel right when he isn't working. "You see", he said, "I can work very fast. I work as well with my tools now as I ever shall. I could write a story fifty times and it would be no better the fiftieth time than the first. I wrote 'The Turmoil' in sixty days, 'The Magnificent Ambersons' in three months, and 'Alice Adams' in five. It takes longer as I get older you see. But in spite of speed and facility, it is always hard work." But Mr. Tarkington is not the sort of person to rest on his laurels. Then, our fashion editor went to see Mrs. Atherton, who has changed publishers and is said to have produced a sensational novel that is about to be issued. It is called "Black Oxen", which is taken from W. B. Yeats's line, "The years like great black oxen"; but she refused to tell more of it beyond the fact that it is a study of feminine psychology and has for its locale the New York of today. She was reading, our charming fashion editor tells us, 'The Detective Story Magazine'! (It is also our favorite.) "They tell good yarns in this," she said; "and when I am tired I don't want a subtle character sketch elaborated into a

Gertrude Atherton

great volume. I don't want fine English but a thrill!" In this search for thrills, we, ourself, have come to a

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point where plenty of sleep is the one thing that could possibly thrill *us!*

The public mind in Indiana in the last few years, particularly since the celebration of the state's centennial three years ago, has been responding to the lure of the historical. Perhaps no one person has had greater influence in this than Kate Milner Rabb, who not only wrote pageants for several communities and participated in a number, but who brought to the attention of Hoosier readers the fascinating "Diary of John Parsons of Petersburg, Virginia". This diary she edited under the title of "A Tour Through Indiana in 1840", and it appeared serially in the Indianapolis "Star". Indeed, the diary proved so popular that a New York publisher brought it out in book form. It might not be too much to say that its reception was one of the factors in influencing Mrs. Rabb to undertake a daily column for the editorial page in the "Star". This she started July 18, 1920, under the title, "A Hoosier Listening Post". "It is supposed", she says, "to consist of comments and observations on Indiana life and events, and to be mainly historical and reminiscent." Already she has dug up many interesting stories, old games, long forgotten ballads. She also visits historical localities in the state and writes up the story of her visit. One of the most important recently was her trip to participate in the dedicatory ceremonies of the marker at the home of General George Rogers Clark, near Jeffersonville, Indiana. Clark, it will be recalled, was pioneer, soldier, patriot, and conqueror of the Northwest Territory. The Indiana State Historical Commission and the State Historical Society consider Mrs. Rabb's column one of the agencies which have caused a remarkable awakening of the historical consciousness in the state and brought about the organization of many county historical societies. She feels that her work along this line has just begun, and that it has a great future. And as if active participation in numbers of literary and press clubs, historical associations, etc., and "jumping trains" all over the state in quest of the historical were not sufficient to employ one energetic woman's time — she also writes editorials regularly, an occupation as yet not quite so common for a woman. Most women reporters, alas, are still relegated to the "sob stuff".

Hugh Walpole's first New York lecture in the Broadhurst Theatre came simultaneously with the publication of a new popular pocket edition both in cloth and leather of six of his novels. Mr. Walpole was one large but set smile as he listened to the polite introduction that was given him by Joseph Hergesheimer, and Joseph Hergesheimer held just as joyous, blissful, and fixed an expression during Hugh Walpole's entire talk. It was a triumph of mutual joy and bliss! Begging their pardons, they did look a trifle like stuffed dummies smiling waxily from Madame Tussaud's cases. "Don't blush if 'deep' books bore you," said Mr. Walpole. "If your thought is fed by Ethel M. Dell and Dr. Frank Crane and you derive inspiration from 'The Sheik' be honest and stand up and say so! Don't blush if a superior person talks of Guillaume Apollinaire or Blaise Cendrars but don't condemn an artist, proclaimed great by the generations, because you do not understand him. For after all there must be something in the accumulated judgment of all ages." This startling

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statement roused no combative feeling in the audience. Mr. Walpole was neither cheered nor shouted down. However, it was not so much the content of his lecture as the charming

Hugh Walpole

way in which he delivered it that aroused our enthusiasm. "In looking back over the earlier periods", said Mr. Walpole, "we cannot help thinking what a heavenly time that must have been, with no theory of the novel, no courses in short story writing, no rigid standards to follow, no lectures, no lecturers." Mr. Walpole is very modest. That "heavenly time" would have enjoyed *him* very much indeed.

Memphis served as host to the recent meeting of the Tri States Authors' League. The aim of this new organization is to encourage and develop the literary talent of the three states, and to assist in the broadcasting of such productivity. The response to this need was shown in the eagerness with which writers flocked to the meeting. One earnest poet from Mississippi, seventy-three miles from Memphis, tried valiantly to make the appointed place on time, but two punctures held him mired and tired — one should say untired — on the outskirts of the city and he flew in, a somewhat spent Pegasus, at the eleventh hour. Others, like Perrin Holmes Lowery, were brightly and shiningly on time. Seven that were to have been of the elect were absent, owing to delightful duties connected with the proofreading and publishing of new books. Virginia Frazer Boyle was again elected president of the organization, with Fairfax Proudfit Walkup as secretary and treasurer. The vice president from Tennessee is John Trotwood Moore; from Mississippi, William Alexander Percy; from Arkansas, Fay Hempstead. The chairmen appointed for the different guilds are: history, Judge J. P. Young; poetry, Perrin Holmes Lowery; fiction, Bernie Babcock; pageantry, Anna Robinson Watson; press, C. P. J. Mooney; art, Florence McIntyre. At the evening session, poems were read by some of the members, with a historical address by Judge Young, a short talk on art by Miss McIntyre, and an interesting account by Mr. Mooney of Memphis as a literary centre. The poems read were by Kate Trader Barrow, Louise Preston Looney, Anna Robinson Watson, Fairfax Proudfit Walkup, and a group by Mr. Lowery. Out of this league there may grow a large and influential group of writers. It at least gives them the feeling that there is behind them a moral, physical and spiritual support. Perhaps, with this as an example, the prophets may be heard with more equanimity by the home folks.

We attended the other evening a special performance of "The Torch-Bearers" given, the program said, "to the patrons of the fine arts". It being a Sunday evening, we wondered what

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kind of audience it would be — and that proved to be the kind of audience it was. We saw only two dress coats — one on Henry Sell and the other on Vincent Serrano, who looked very handsome walking up and down the centre aisle for various reasons, one of which was to talk to the golden Helen Lee Worthing and to little Edna Wheaton. Ethel Barrymore was in the left stage box attended by brother Jack, and when we finally were able to drag our fascinated attention from her, we spied Kenneth MacKenna in a remote corner and Alexander Woollcott farther down front. Burton Rascoe and his lovely wife sat near us. Our eyes told us she was lovely and we knew she must be his wife since he made no attempt to talk to her. Milton Raison was there, looking incredibly boyish for a young poet with his first book already issued, and chatting with Heywood Broun and the lady who is known as Ruth Hale. Irene Castle floated in; we beheld Dwight Franklin and also Walter Kingsley seated close to a charming person with red hair; and we had an awful moment when cornered by a very fat and forceful lady who told us that while she had never published she had lately written several things which she knew, objectively, were very good. But we enjoyed the performance. Not so much, however, as Helen Menken's extraordinary portrayal in "The Seventh Heaven". However, we had a tragic disappointment when we saw Buster Keaton that evening. He isn't funny at all in the flesh! Are tragedians ever tragic, and vice versa? We wonder.

California news, from Laura Bell Everett:

Charles Caldwell Dobie was the guest of honor at the September meeting of the California Writers' Club. He feels the attraction of New York so strongly that California may lose him. Dobie says that editors are looking rather vainly for promising young California authors. I wish some of them would discover: Ruth Harwood, who won the Emily Chamberlain Cook Prize at the University of California. Some of her work has appeared in "Poetry" magazine of Chicago. Clark Ashton Smith whose little volume of verse, "The Star-Treader", is real poetry, and Harold Waldo, both of Auburn. Kate Bigelow Montague and Gail Lyser, whose western stories have fidelity to life as well as compelling interest, and Mabel H. Wharton, whose "Accommodating, I'll Say He Is" appeared in August "McClure's".

We expect some more good things from Oma Davies, who has written for "The Saturday Evening Post" and "The Delineator". She is Mrs. Ralph R. Eltse of Berkeley, and Mr. Eltse, a rising young attorney, is by the way a former classmate of Christopher Morley's. Anna K. Spero and Julia B. Mackie each have a distinguished touch but both hide their light under a roller top desk under the impression that there is no market. "The Rest Hollow Mystery" by Rebecca N. Porter is now out. Miss Porter is in the Extension Department of the State University. She is dainty and dark eyed, and a very interesting speaker. Florence Livingston is working on a novel to be completed this winter. She has a rare vein of humor that will make her notable. "The Custard Cup" is only a promise of that of which she is capable.

Julia B. Foster's "The Wild Feather Pillow", the first story in "Sunset" for August, won the fifty dollar prize offered last year by the California Writers' Club. The "Sunset" Staff acted as the judges, but made no offer for the story as "Sunset" was then using only western fiction. With their policy of making the magazine wider in scope, they purchased the story.

H. L. Mencken has returned from Europe. So has Leonora Speyer. So has Edward Knoblock the playwright, who, dapper and keenminded, tells us that he wrote practically all of a play which Cochran is to produce in London, coming over on the steamer, which upheld our own theory that first drafts of plays must be written in a hurry. Mr. Knoblock was on the point of leaving for California to do a picture for Mary Pickford and

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Douglas Fairbanks — whether he is to write or direct the picture, or both, or whether the picture is for Mary and Doug together or for only one or the other of them, we do not know. But it is absolutely authentic that he is going to California. While in England he spent several weeks on Arnold Bennett's famous yacht collaborating with him on a new play which will be produced some time in the near future. The difficulty has been in finding a theatre large enough, as the play requires a huge cast and many changes of scene. Sounds like "Chu Chin Chow". Mr. Knoblock says that Mr. Bennett is working very hard at a new book and is looking "exceedingly fit". That is exactly what Mr. Knoblock said.

Should we be ashamed of the fact that we enjoyed speaking at Wellesley College more than we have ever enjoyed speaking before? It is a bold statement; but true. Also, a walk through the campus on an autumn morning and along by the famous lake is worth a trip to the wilds of Massachusetts. If you have never talked with Polonius and Hamlet you should make a pilgrimage to the house of Katharine Lee Bates. Polonius is the parrot and Hamlet, the dog. They assist Miss Bates in her Shakespeare courses to an extraordinary degree. Polonius, being ninety-odd years old, is exceeding wise. He tells us that he is a follower of George Bernard Shaw and plans to live three hundred years or more. This hope is not shared by Hamlet, who is jealous both of Polonius's popularity and of his probable longevity. Miss Bates, as always, is writing poetry as well as teaching. Her recent volume "Yellow Clover" is unusual, written, as it was, as a memorial to a friend and in celebration of that friend's character. Not far from Miss Bates and her group of Wellesley intelligents lives Gamaliel Bradford, whose poetry and whose "American Portraits", "Union Portraits", etc. have attracted much attention. Somewhat withdrawn, he lives in a colonial house in Wellesley Hills. We immediately found ourselves relatives, a mutual ancestor having come over in the "Mayflower". Everyone in New England belongs to the same family. Mr. Bradford is one of these fortunate mortals who has made literature his career. He works quietly in his study, now writing a series for "Harper's Magazine" on various maligned figures of American history such as Aaron Burr and Benedict Arnold. We found him broadminded, tolerant, and interested primarily in the theatre, for which it is his greatest ambition to write. He confesses that he has many dramas locked away in the proverbial trunk. Some time, we hope that he will continue his literary portraits started some years ago in THE BOOKMAN but never completed.

Gamaliel Bradford

Annie Carroll Moore, whose "Roads to Childhood" is one of the best books of today on child reading, has recently returned from a hurried trip to Europe, where she went to collect material for a new series of talks and essays. These will be grouped under the general scheme, "Unusual Books for Children, and Their Authors". She will attempt to give little known facts about the writers of these chil-

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dren's books, as well as to emphasize the value of the volumes themselves. She has so far chosen the following titles: "A Little Boy Lost" by W. H. Hudson, "A Short History of Discovery" and "The Story of Mankind" by Hendrik Willem Van Loon, "Peacock Pie", "The Three Mulla-Mulgars", etc. by Walter de la Mare, "The Velveteen Rabbit" by Margery Williams, "Rootabaga Stories" by Carl Sandburg, "Rainbow Gold" and "The Enjoyment of Poetry" by Sara Teasdale, and "Martin Pippin in the Apple Orchard" by Eleanor Farjeon.

One of the largest and altogether most impressive first nights we have ever attended was that of William A. Brady's production of "The World We Live In" (The Insect Play) — a stupendous and beautiful spectacle of what it is possible for the new stagecraft to do. With the delicate "To Love" and this Gargantuan effort to his credit already this year, Mr. Brady has demonstrated with telling effect his discrimination and his new determination to give New York the best of continental ideas combined with the acumen of America. Everyone was in the audience. Poets mingled with chorus ladies, doubtless much in the manner which Kenneth MacKenna and others portrayed in the first act of the play. Fannie Hurst was there, Alice Duer Miller, the Untermeyers (Louis wrote parodies for the butterfly poet — we fear that the piece ending "I am that caterpillar" was along lines recently indicated by Miss Lowell in "The Dial"), Carlotta Monterey, Henry Sell and his wife, oh, on and on! The Al Jolson theatre is large and it was filled with youth *and beauty* — and one or two who were not young, and one perhaps who was not beautiful. We hear that Mr. Brady has been absorbed in Fabre ever since he started producing

Balieff

this play and that he spent much time endeavoring to instil the spirit of the French interpreter of insect life in the minds of his actors. For the most part, he seems to have succeeded. The third bill of the "Chauve-Souris" is, we think, the best. We would be willing to walk miles to hear "Malbrouk s'en va-t'en guerre" or to listen to the gipsy song again. Mr. Gest and Mr. Balieff were particularly jovial. We had Harry Hansen from Chicago in tow. He seemed to consider the "Chauve-Souris" too sophisticated for his native town. We wonder. Harry liked it, anyhow! "Six Characters in Search of an Author" is novel enough. We haven't seen it; but we hear that Brock Pemberton has again produced something daring and worth while. Pirandello, its Italian author, will doubtless become far better known in America, particularly for his astonishingly whimsical short stories. Of Pirandello as philosopher, James C. Grey has something to relate in the

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October number of that sumptuous periodical, "Theatre Arts Magazine". He says:

> In the Pirandello state of mind — what the Italians call "Pirandellismo" — life does not count except as pain. Whereas Ibsenism was the affirmation of the individual, Pirandellism is the triumph of pessimism incarnate in each individual as he goes down in the struggle between life and the need for sincerity, between society and the right to express his personality.
>
> Young Italy today is taking this sort of thing seriously. The mental processes of man — his intuitions — his pure acts — his truth — are daily matters of debate, together with the political theories involved in such movements as Fascistism, Communism and militant Catholicism. Strange as it may seem, metaphysics lives in the daily press of Italy. Young Italy is thinking and finds the expression of its consciousness in the subtle dialectics of Pirandello and his school. A mob of six hundred persons, young and old, came to blows and rioted in the streets of Rome recently, over one of his plays. Two men in Milan fought a duel over another, the one exasperated by the mental gymnastics of the author, the other delighting in the irony and the rarefied atmosphere to which the weaver of fancies invited him. To such an extent does the new theatre in Italy form part of the national life.

Frederick O'Brien, lately in New York for a few days only, and about to depart for San Francisco again, where he plans to write a novel, gave a roaring dinner party at the Coffee House. We have never heard such good stories as he tells. Of *raconteurs* he is the prince. They are sheer drama, romance touched with the fire of human experience. That is what makes his books so fascinating. When the ice cream arrived in the shape of a book, we accused him of representing his own "Atolls of the Sun"; but he assured us that the icy substance was, in reality, THE BOOKMAN. Alas, we were subdued immediately. George Chappell sang ballads, Wallace Irwin gave a song of Booth Tarkington's, the words of which we have been trying to secure for your delectation. Charles Hanson Towne sat next to us and made at least two superb puns during the evening. His anthology of poetry about Roosevelt is shortly to be published. Jesse Lynch Williams told us that his new play, "Why Divorce?", is soon to be produced. Heywood Broun invited us to go with him to see Harvard vanquish Princeton. George Putnam, the gay publisher, was recovering from his strenuous efforts at guiding a group of skittish authors through the wild west. If we could have listened hours more to Mr. O'Brien's stories we should have been content, and we never thought to stop to ask him if they were true. Of course they were! It is our opinion that any story well told is true!

Our fashion editor (she of the gowns) attended the wedding of Robert Sherwood, moving picture critic, to Mary Brandon at the Little Church Around the Corner one Sunday afternoon recently. She tells us that the bride, draped in wonderful lace (she has not yet learned to spot these points accurately at a distance), looked like a Spanish doll. Margalo Gillmore, who is about to star in Milne's "The Romantic Age", was a bridesmaid and, according to our informant, "very frightened". Peggy Wood said that she and John V. A. Weaver had been planning to be married very quietly; but that this was so beautiful she would have a church and a crowd and a white veil after all. Ina Claire was there and Tallulah Bankhead in a great fur coat that gave her a startling resemblance to "Nanook of the North", and Roberta Arnold and Mrs. Morris Gest and Mrs. Booth Tarkington, beautiful and gracious, and Alice Duer Miller. Our

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fashion editor expected to be caught in the stampede of adorers that usually follow Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks (he was one of the ushers and she sat in a front pew looking wistful) but they appeared to have slipped out a back way, for the only crowd was the crowd at the reception in Anita Loos's and John Emerson's apartment — an exceedingly merry one. Anita Loos, in spite of being pocket size, is a most vivid and forceful person. Why is it that women seem to glow and expand with radiancy at a wedding party while the men look exceedingly silly — most of 'em? Booth Tarkington, Grant Mitchell, Douglas Fairbanks, F. P. A., and even the exuberant Marc Connelly seemed a bit subdued; but all the women were in tremendous form. "We took our piece of wedding cake home but instead of sleeping on it three nights, as one must if one would learn the future in one's dreams, we forgot and ate ours. Now we shall have to wait for another wedding," says our fashion editor. Poor girl!

Two poems only did we find in the September magazines that possessed an especial appeal for us: "In Excelsis" by Amy Lowell in "The Century" and "Magnets" by Laurence Binyon in "The New Republic". We did, however, happen on "The Jester Book of Columbia Light Verse", edited by Otto v. St. Whitelock. Mr. Whitelock has ambitiously established the Bulstrode Press. The book is entertaining. It goes all the way from Brander Matthews, Frank Dempster Sherman, John Kendrick Bangs, and Joyce Kilmer to Mr. Whitelock (though thoroughly engaging, also thoroughly undergraduate) and his contemporaries. We are especially struck with "Little Orchid Annie", one verse of which is:

Little Orchid Annie's come to our house to stay
An' drink all papa's gin right up and jazz the nights away,
An' shoo the lights off on the porch, and pet while others sleep,
An' shake the bones an' spin the top — just read 'em, boys, and weep.

An' all the other flappers when the upstairs hooch is bum,
Will sit around the furnace fire an' lap up quarts of rum,
While listenin' to the risqué tales that Annie tells about —
But the Gordon Gin'll get her
Ef she
Don't
Watch
Out.

Here are the two best papers submitted before October 15 for our "Children's Book Week Essay Contest", printed exactly as they were written. The announcements of prize awards and the first and second prize winning essays themselves will be published in the January number.

MY BOOK PARTY

By John Pursell Roads, Age 13

Hillsboro, Ohio

In making out the list for my Book Party, I found it hard to select only twelve guests when I wanted to invite a hundred. But after studying the matter over, the result was satisfactory and we had a dandy time.

I first went to Mr. Dickens, but he has so many children in his house, it wasn't easy to choose among them. I wanted to invite Oliver Twist and the Marchioness because we were going to have a real feast and I wanted them to enjoy it with us since they never had much that was fit to eat, but I finally had to decide in favor of David Copperfield and Tommy Traddles, because they are two of the best friends I ever had. Neither Little Nell nor Florence Dombey could accept, but the Infant Phenomenon came and was welcome because she dances well and is a good entertainer.

Next I invited Hänsel and Gretel from the house of Humperdinck and Grimm. They are musical children who can sing about their experiences in the enchanted forest of Ilsenstein.

Then I invited the two most popular fellows I could think of, to be partners for

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Alice of Wonderland and Dorothy of Oz. They were Tom Sawyer and Penrod. Tom and Becky Thatcher were at the outs anyway, and he took quite a fancy to Alice because she is witty and full of fun. Penrod and Dorothy weren't so well matched, for he seemed to like Mr. Longfellow's Allegra better and Dorothy preferred David Copperfield.

Tommy Traddles liked the dancing of Miss Crummles, and as they are both British subjects, they had a fine time discussing Parliament and the theater.

The other two guests came from different ages and different countries, but they found a lot of interest in each other's company. They were David of Israel and the junior Macduff of Scotland. I met a real friend in Macduff when I saw him hurl defiance at the "shag-eared villain" sent by Macbeth to destroy his mother and her family. Everybody welcomed David as a hero, for we all knew about his prowess with the harp and slingshot.

Having so much talent present, there wasn't a dull moment at the party. David gave us an inspiring number on the harp, chanting a psalm in his musical Hebrew tongue. Macduff followed with a skirl on his Scottish bagpipe. Dorothy told us a story about the Wizard of Oz and Alice recited "The Walrus and the Carpenter". Tom Sawyer was coaxed into relating some of his experiences as an "erronort", the Infant Phenomenon danced the Spanish Fandango and in conclusion, Hänsel and Gretel danced and sang the Knusperwalzer as well as they did when the old witch came out of the oven baked into gingerbread. The rest of us, not having any particular accomplishments, looked on and had as good a time as anybody.

It was a great party, and our thanks are due to THE BOOKMAN for its success.

MY BOOK PARTY

By Cynthia Mundy, Age 15

Lynchburg, Virginia

I wish you could have been here for my book party. Such a fluster and hurry as there was getting ready for it. Hardest of all was the deciding of who to invite. I could think of so many, many men characters to ask, but — the women! Have you ever thought how many women characters amount to anything when taken out of their bookish surroundings? There are not many, I tell you. Finally, however, the invitations were sent and the evening of the party arrived. And what a varied and interesting bunch they were!

First of all came Mr. Sherlock Holmes, in a long coat and slouch hat. I suppose he wanted to be there early to see that no crooks slipped in by mistake, and he soon had reason to be suspicious, for Captain Blood arrived a few minutes later. A more suspicious looking figure than this famous pirate presented, I cant imagine. His long, curling, black hair hung down to his shoulders, and his eyes glittered deep blue under the brim of his plumed hat. His suit was of black velvet, richly embroidered; a scarlet sash was tied around his waist, and a great sword and pistol hung from his belt. I introduced him to Mr. Holmes, who seemed much more interested in the Captain than the Captain was in him. Indeed, I fear Captain Blood had a rather dull time until merry, rollicking Falstaff appeared, his broad face beaming good humor.

My guests then began coming thick and fast. The next to arrive was Miss Betsy Trotwood, her grey curls bobbing under the starched white cap she wore; escorted by Mr. Micawber, also dressed in his best. Right on the heels of this quaint pair came Mistress Jane Eyre, prim and sedate as usual, with every pleat and tuck in place. By the time I introduced them all around, a whole crowd of younsters arrived. There was Anne of Green Gables, her red hair flaming; little Alice, whose curiosity is just as great as it was when she went on her marvelous journey thru Wonderland; Little Lord Fauntleroy, his usually serious little face alight with eager interest; and Penrod, freshly scrubbed, brushed, and polished, looking as uncomfortable as is humanely possible. The last to arrive were Mistress Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall, and Lady Macbeth. You should have seen Doll in her sweeping dress of white satin. Yes, she is just as beautiful as ever, and just as mischievous. As for Lady Macbeth, perhaps I should not have asked a murderess to my party, but I've always admired Lady Macbeth for her impressively tragic character. I think her conscience was troubling her enough anyway, for she was rubbing her hand constantly, as if trying to rub the stain off.

Well, as I said before, it was a queer party; but they all enjoyed it. The children swarmed around Captain Blood like bees, while he told them stories of piracy. As I watched, I could almost see the idea formulating in Penrod's brain to grow up to be a gentleman pirate and sail under the noble skull and crossbones emblem. Even Little Lord Fauntleroy confided to me, that next to being like his grandfather, he would want to be like Captain Blood.

Meanwhile, Doll was listening to lectures from Miss Betsy in another corner. As I wanted all of my guests to have a good

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time, I resolved to rescue her. I had no trouble in effecting my purpose as Lady Macbeth joined us just then. Now, Miss Betsy couldn't abide Her Ladyship. She seemed to think that Lady Macbeth had a dagger hidden in her dress with which to stab anyone that bothered her, so she grabbed me by the arm and hurried me off. Looking back I saw Doll edging over to get acquainted with the gallant Captain, whom she immediately captivated.

Later on we had dinner. Mr. Micawber, who was to carve the turkey, stood at the head of the table, a knife in one hand and fork in the other, and delivered a long and impressive speech. Beginning with expressions of his delight at finding himself in such a noble company, he talked on and on, one subject seeming to lead to another. The longer he talked, the more flowery his eloquence became. Miss Betsy got impatient, and so did Falstaff, who was thinking more about the food than anything Mr. Micawber might care to say. At last, Miss Betsy broke out,—"'Drat the man, will he never stop?'" and Falstaff took it upon himself to reply—"'Truely he doth like the sound of his own eloquence. The pompous old Porpoise will let the dinner get cold while he talks.'"

Mr. Micawber heard, and puffing with wounded pride, sputtered adjectives at the laughing Falstaff. Falstaff held his sides and laughed on, and the more he laughed the madder Mr. Micawber got. It was certainly Dickens versus Shakespeare! One of the children giggled irrepressibly, and Penrod took up the cry, "Pompous ol' Porpoise, pompous ol' Porpoise." Things were getting in a nice mess, indeed; — with Mr. Micawber fighting mad, Falstaff shaking with laughter, and Miss Betsy shrieking at the children, and wildly clutching at her cap, which had slipped awry. Lady Macbeth looked scornfully indifferent, and Mr. Holmes, bored. As for Doll and Captain Blood, they were so interested in each other, they probably didn't know what was going on. At last, however, when Miss Betsy sensibly remarked to Mr. Micawber that the dinner *would* get cold if it wasn't eaten, everybody settled themselves and got busy. That was some party, wasn't it now?

From a New York excited over the World Series and the Bankers' Convention, we fled to New Haven. We found New Haven just as excited in its way. Sinclair Lewis had paid a recent visit to his alma mater. He is quite near now, having taken a house in Hartford. Dean Wilbur Cross tells us, among other things, that Henry Augustin Beers reads all the new novels by Yale men, and doesn't think much of many of them. Why should he? There is probably not one of them who has written anything one-half so delightful as his own early short stories! Football is absorbing New Haven, but it has an overflow of enthusiasm; and while Walter Camp and his group sat near us and seemed deep in pigskin strategy, our table preened itself in pride over the success of "Young Boswell", Chauncy B. Tinker's delightful biographical volume, discussed Wilmarth Lewis's "Tutors' Lane" and Stephen Benét's "Young People's Pride", found it gratifying that Philip Barry had won the five hundred dollars for the best play submitted in the Professor Baker contest at Harvard, and were honestly thrilled at the knowledge that a group of young Yale men will shortly launch a weekly magazine of their own called "Time", well organized and well backed. All this will be called "boosting Yale". Why shouldn't we? While acknowledging that with the exception of Sinclair Lewis we see no one in Yale younger literary circles so promising as John Dos Passos, who is indubitably from Harvard, or even Heywood Broun, who is vociferously of the crimson crew, we are yet proud of our alma mater. Proud and flattered; for did not one of the most famous undergraduate quarterbacks come to us and tell us that he subscribes for THE BOOKMAN and, what's more, did he not discuss particular passages in particular articles in *two different* numbers? We shall follow that engaging young man's career with care. On the eve of the big football games, we regard this as the magazine's greatest achievement. Is not the cover of THE BOOKMAN blue?

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